

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

European Front

COALITION war against the Reich is in full swing from the East, West, and South. The pressure on the enemy is so great that we contemplate his collapse — and then wonder whether he will pull a military miracle out of his hat.

Our purpose is to break Hitler's army. To this objective, everything else is secondary. Targets bombed, territory occupied, and positions taken are important only as they contribute to the destruction of the Wehrmacht. Breaking the Wehrmacht calls for the destruction of the German Army in the field or its unconditional surrender — capitulation under circumstances which will make it conclusive to everyone, including future generations of Germans, that any terms given are favors granted by a complete winner.

The Allies cannot be satisfied, as they were in 1918, with getting the drop on Germany, and then allowing the enemy's soldiers to go home under the illusion that the war was ended by bargaining. This time our objective demands a complete and self-evident German defeat.

Hitler's hopes

Hitler, like Frederick the Great before him, has profited by divided opponents. But his genius is political rather than military. In eleven years of power, he has not only taught his enemies his methods, but has also convinced them that his elimination is World Priority Number One. Before he can have a chance to exercise his political skill again, he must persuade one of his enemies that he is too tough to make further fighting worth the heavy cost.

To accomplish this result he depends upon what he calls "the fanaticism of a nation" — upon the German people, who are reasonably well fed, bitter from

bombing, conditioned through a decade for a situation like the present, and afraid, with good reason, that defeat in 1944 will mean greater suffering and humiliation than defeat in 1918.

Hitler depends above all on the German Army, which is far beyond its peak, to be sure, but is still well-equipped, experienced in battle, and has become accustomed to fighting with little air support. It has a fanatical inner core of Nazis, surrounded by an outer ring of patriotic Germans who fear for their country. It is a tough nut to crack.

If this army can stall the Western Allies, and stretch out the Russian offensive until the winter months, Hitler feels that he may have an opportunity to use his political genius again. Moscow has admitted losses of more than five million in killed and captured since 1941, and has probably suffered an equal number of casualties from wounds. For three years the Russian people have lived on a subsistence diet. Prolongation of the war and any failure this year, so argue the Nazis, might create discouragement great enough to tempt the Kremlin to negotiate for peace. This outcome is unlikely, — for the Russians are fighting with confidence and hope, — but Hitler must nourish even the ghost of a chance.

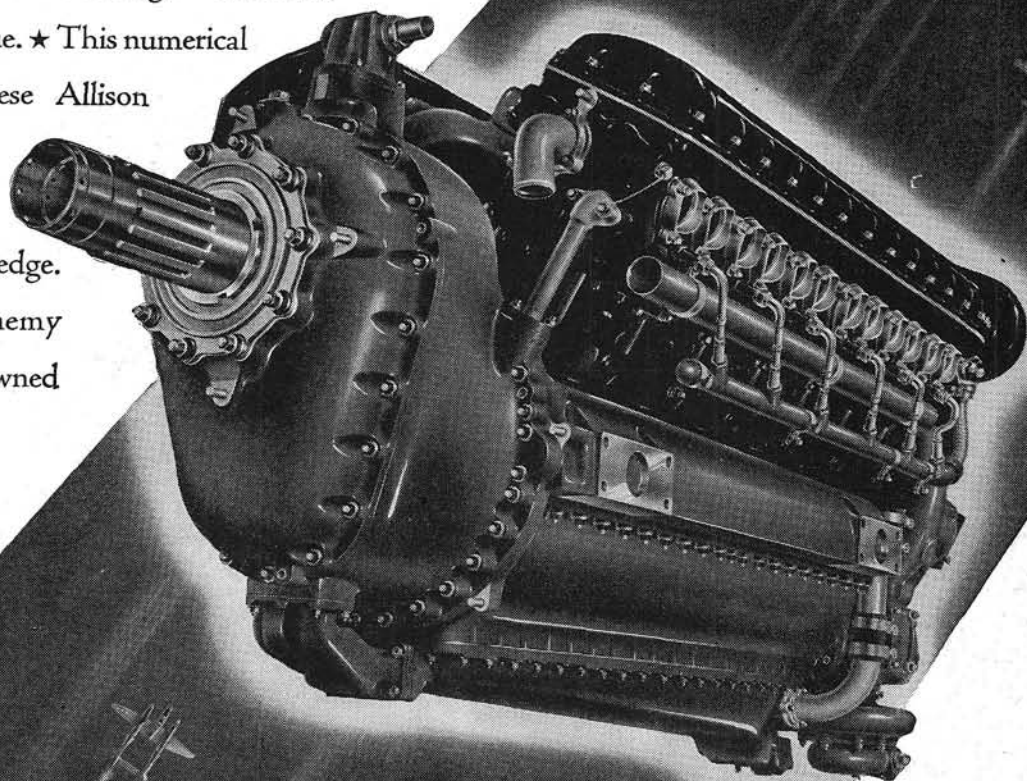
Hemming Hitler in

Germany's central position has one great disadvantage — that the Reich is encircled. The collapse of any front will mean disaster. Such a situation tends to create in the minds of the most experienced commanders an indecision which causes them to spend in dribbles, under pressure, reinforcements which should be saved for big counter-offensives.

The Allies can choose the points of attack, while the German generals remain in doubt. When this supe-

FIGHTING EDGE

U. S. Army pilots have flown more Allison-powered fighter planes into battle than planes powered by any other engine. ★ Pilots like Allison *reliability* to get there and back — *durability* to stand up under more fighting hours — *economy* to extend range — *smoothness* to reduce pilot fatigue. ★ This numerical superiority and these Allison qualities have added much to America's fighting edge. Thousands of enemy planes have been downed by pilots flying Allison-powered fighters.



POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
A-36 and P-51—Mustang
P-63—Kingcobra

Allison has already furnished more than 50,000 engines for use in these planes.

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF



Indianapolis, Indiana

Every Sunday Afternoon

GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

**KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY MORE WAR BONDS**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

riority can be built up to provide the initiative on each separate front, the German Army will be deprived of all power to concentrate against Allied fronts.

Before the landings in France, we had established our initiative in the air over Hitler's Fortress. Air bombardment had reduced the Luftwaffe to a relatively weak force. The setting up of American air bases in Russia meant that our reconnaissance planes and fighter-escorted bombers could cover every inch of German territory. They could eliminate the possibility of surprise by spotting troop movements; they could interrupt communications and smash industry.

In the East, where the Russians face three fifths of Hitler's armies, Soviet forces have possessed the initiative ever since the Battle of Stalingrad, except for brief periods in sectors where the Red Army outran its communications. On the Italian front, Sir Harold Alexander established the Allied initiative by breaking the winter stalemate, taking Rome, and smashing a large part of Kesselring's army.

Allied air and sea supremacy in the West, together with the concentration of huge armies in Britain, gave the Allies the initiative against the European coast from Brest to the Hook of Holland. But this initiative extended to the shore alone. One thing remained. That was to gain superiority on the ground in Western Europe itself. Once that was obtained, our initiative might well be paralyzing, for Tunisia and Italy have proved that Anglo-American armies can defeat the Germans, given enough good weather for the effective use of air power.

The gateway

In preparing the capture of Cherbourg, our air offensive was formidable. Allied planes drove the Luftwaffe back to bases 100 miles inland and smashed communications until railroad traffic in France was reduced two fifths. They destroyed almost all the bridges across the Seine, so that the enemy could not send his regional reserves, his secondary defense, from one side of the river to oppose landings on the other. And still the Germans did not know where the invasion would strike.

The points of landing failed to resolve the enemy's doubt. The British went ashore on the beaches west of the great port of Le Havre while Allied transport planes dropped a large number of dummy parachutes to its northwest. For six days — time we desperately needed to bring heavy weapons ashore — the enemy believed that the Allied objective was Le Havre.

In that period, Allied bombers broke the bridges across the Loire to prevent the defenders of Cherbourg from getting much reinforcement from the

regional reserves to the southwest. They pounded communications between that river and the Seine until enemy railroad traffic there had been reduced 90 per cent.

Within three weeks, the Allies had over twenty divisions in Normandy, and Cherbourg was in our hands. Possession of the port meant that the second front had been fully established in France, beyond any possible German power to drive our armies into the sea.

The Germans believe that Cherbourg alone will be insufficient to maintain an army strong enough to give the Allies superiority on the ground in France. If the Anglo-American armies can be denied the ports of Le Havre and Brest, the ring around Hitler will still be incomplete.

Accordingly, Rommel has committed great forces from his strategic reserves in an effort to block the expansion of Allied forces from Normandy. If he succeeds, he will provide time for a possible miracle in the East. And if he fails, or if the Allies go ashore elsewhere, not all will be lost. The Germans could fall back inland to a second defense zone, based on the command towns of Rennes, Argentan, Beauvais, Arras, and Ghent, backed up by Paris and the old fortifications of the Maginot Line.

The Germans are skilled in the use of what air power they possess. They also know how to make fortifications compensate for inferior numbers. At the worst, Rommel might fight a delaying action all the way to Germany.

The robot planes, jet-propelled from the Pas de Calais area against London and Southern England, have had an important diversionary effect. Steered by a gyroscopic device, they cannot be aimed with much accuracy, and have not disrupted communications, as the Germans admit when they speak officially of "harassing fire" and "vengeance fire." Nevertheless, these flying bombs have caused thousands of casualties and have diverted a large part of the American Ninth Air Force to bomb installations in the Pas de Calais area. They have severely disturbed British nerves. But "harassing" never won an all-out war.

Russia roars in

In the East, the Red Army's first summer offensive struck like a fighter after he has secured a knock-down. Almost uninterruptedly since the Battle of Stalingrad, the Russians have piled offensive on offensive to keep the enemy "off balance" — unable to recover from one blow before the next is delivered. In each campaign Russian troops and their leadership have improved.

The Boy who used to play with Trains



...is running an Engine in Iran

He's passing the ammunition to Russia on one of the world's wildest railroads, the Trans-Iranian line. He's boss of a brand-new Alco-G.E. engine. And he wouldn't swap jobs with the General!

The job of the engine he runs is hauling lend-lease planes and tanks and trucks for Russia—across 150 miles of desert, up a 7000-foot mountain, around 25-degree curves, through 220 tunnels—from the Persian Gulf to Teheran.

These 1000-horsepower diesel-electrics were just right to pull this combination of grades and curves. They have more than doubled the per-train load of supplies delivered to Russia. The engineers of this railroad, operated by the Military Railway Service of the Army Transportation Corps, are likely to wear a sergeant's stripes, but the locomotives wear beneath their war paint the familiar trademarks of American Locomotive and General Electric.

The same G-E engineering that produced the G-E turbosupercharger and the jet propulsion engine in the field of aviation, and the G-E all-electric kitchen for your home, is here combined with the engineering and experience of the American Locomotive Company in the field of railroad transportation. It is another example of the way G-E engineering works to meet America's needs—in war, and peace. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N.Y.*

One of the 1000-horsepower Alco-G.E. diesel-electric locomotives on the Trans-Iranian Railroad.



OLD 6000

Old 6000 is a veteran of two wars. The first electric locomotive built for the New York Central by Alco-G.E., in 1904, today she is in emergency war service, hauling cars in the Mott Haven yards. Look for her next time you ride one of the Central's crack trains into Grand Central. Her present number is 100.

Today many hundreds of Alco-G.E. electric and diesel-electric locomotives are helping American railroads in their magnificent job of serving America's wartime transportation needs. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.*

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The best investment in the world is in this country's future—Keep all the Bonds you Buy

952-610C-211

Yet the Nazi has fought skillful rear-guard actions and escaped from position after position that appeared to promise encirclement. Last spring, when the Russians surprised the Germans by their ability to move in the mud, the Red Army did capture sizable rear guards. But even then the enemy suffered no vast disaster.

Once the second front was established, Stalin appears to have felt that his improved position justified the taking of greatly increased risks. He struck in the center, instead of the south where his blow had been expected. The drive indicates a plan to smash the whole German Army quickly in the East.

The offensive is more daring than any the Red Army has tried thus far. In ten days, it broke the "Fatherland Line," — the strongest system of enemy field fortifications in Russia, — captured Minsk, and smashed at least thirty German divisions. Unlike its predecessors, this drive moved with great speed and took prisoners on an unprecedented scale.

The Germans still have space to trade for time in the West. And the Russians risk outrunning their support. But they have immense power; they are veteran troops skillfully led and possess air superiority to provide reconnaissance and cover.

How will the collapse begin?

There are certain Nazi shortages, any one of which may bring on the collapse of the German Army.

Tanks. Air bombardments, especially Royal Air Force night attacks on Berlin factories, have so reduced tank production that the enemy has been compelled to make use of obsolete French armor and training models.

Gasoline. The British Ministry of Economic Warfare says that air bombardment, chiefly American, has put out of operation two thirds of the Reich's capacity to refine natural and synthetic oil, with the result that the Army is receiving less than half the gasoline it needs. The Luftwaffe and Wehrmacht are stealing each other's gas. What reserves Germany possesses cannot be known, but they cannot last forever.

Manpower. Immense losses, particularly in Russia, have compelled Germany to fill up her ranks with citizens of occupied countries — professional soldiers, most of them, but neither Nazis nor Germans. Allied successes are making further wholesale reductions in the Reich's military strength and accentuating her dilemma.

If Germany attempts to hold her present lines, she will possess little spare manpower for reserves. If

she contracts her front to shorten her lines, the effectiveness of Allied air bombardment will increase. Unexpectedly, the Nazis reinforced Finland, perhaps with the hope that it would contribute toward a miracle on the Russian front. To compensate for this move, Germany may have to withdraw in Italy or the Balkans.

How will Germany collapse? A good army reaches its cracking point when its commander realizes that further fighting is useless. The soldier in the field cannot see the picture as a whole and therefore cannot be sure that the game is up. The commander knows, and he is defeated when he admits to himself that he no longer has a chance. He cannot keep his knowledge from those around him, and the grapevine quickly carries the news through the army.

Exit Hitler?

Germany cracked in 1918 because Ludendorff threw up the sponge; the successful revolt on the home front was an effect and not a cause. But the Reich's commander today is Hitler, a civilian, not a general. Civilians are not so quick as military men to see defeat. Hitler, in addition, is a fanatic who possesses the undoubted leadership of the Reich. In Himmler's men he has a private army personally dependent on him. The German generals may try to shoot him, but he probably cannot be removed without his own connivance.

Conceivably, he is considering such connivance. Should the Red Army completely smash the German Army in the East, Hitler might remove himself by suicide, by exile, or by personal surrender to the Western Allies. Germany would then invite them to occupy the whole Reich — without further cost of life — to spare it the vengeance of the Russians.

Such an offer would pose great difficulties to the Western Allies, particularly in an American election year. And such an act of self-sacrifice on Hitler's part would leave German militarism another legend upon which to build.

If the enemy's political tricks fail, as the Allies seem determined that they shall, what then? So fantastic is the Nazi view of things, so long have Germans lived in its climate, that it is impossible to make a reasonable guess as to the course Allied victory will take.

It may be indescribably bloody, as a defeated army and nation continue trying to defend themselves. Or again, should the army know that the Führer considers further fighting useless, it may surrender quickly, so that the soldiers can go home and begin rebuilding for the day when circumstances will give the Reich a chance to try again.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

The Pacific War

IN THE first year of the war, Japanese fortifications on hundreds of Pacific islands and the immense distances of the Pacific seemed almost impassable barriers between us and Japan. That is what Japan wanted them to seem, and that is probably what Japan expected them to be. Therein lay the defect of Japanese strategy.

We evolved a kind of warfare that enabled us to apply our full power at a great distance from its sources. We developed a fleet that could keep the sea over 6000 miles from continental United States and 3500 miles beyond Pearl Harbor, that included air power as an integral part of itself, and that functioned in the closest relation to ground forces.

Saipan really hurts

The bloody conquest of Saipan is proof of our ability to carry the offensive to the battlefields where the war in the Pacific will be decided. The impact on Japan of our penetration in the Pacific derives not only from the nearness of our forces to Japan itself and the importance of the targets attacked, but also from what is revealed about the kind of power behind our advance.

Japanese propagandists were able to write off the Gilberts, the Solomons, the Marshalls, as isolated and remote outposts of little military significance. They could remind the home front of Truk and Rabaul, portray them as impregnable bastions that seemed to hold the promise of successful counter-offensive, and foster the illusion that a position occupied denoted space dominated. They could emphasize the grim price of our landings and claim great numbers of ships and planes destroyed.

But the speed and power of our advance have forced Japan's propagandists into a position where they

must begin to present the seriousness of our threat to Japan. Cause and effect grew evident as the Pacific became a more closely knit battle front. We were able to support action deep in the Western Pacific from bases below the by-passed Carolines, by pinning down air strength that might otherwise have assisted the Marianas, and by depriving the Japanese fleet of the use of its advanced bases. The vulnerability of the Bonins stems in no small part from Japanese defeat at Guadalcanal. Our recent advances have a cumulative impact, bringing into sharp focus the significance of earlier actions.

We get our second wind

We have obviously been gaining strength as we advanced. There have been no long waits recently, in which we paused to accumulate the energy, men, and weapons that would enable us to move on to the next objective. Each attack has been carried out in greater strength than the attack that preceded it. We are no longer fighting limited campaigns like those in the Solomons.

Each advance has increased our military potential by multiplying the possibilities of strategic combination and the opportunities for surprise and for utilization of our initiative. With a fleet organized to achieve self-contained and mobile striking power, comparatively independent of bases and unrestricted by the length of our supply lines, we have gained more with each new position than we lost in men and matériel expended. The exercise of our offensive power has been creative, not exhausting.

Japanese military thought misunderstood the relation between a navy and the industrial system behind it. The Japanese High Command conceived the war in the Pacific as one to be fought, like the trench warfare of 1914-1918, in terms of area and fixed de-

fenses. We have imagined and built a navy designed to exercise sea power in the broadest sense — to seize and maintain control of the sea. It does not diminish the achievement to say that it grew out of the necessities created by the disaster of Pearl Harbor.

The points we have seized have required consolidation. But we have consolidated them as points of deployment, not as essential parts of our strength. Japan, in her rapid expansion in the early days of the war, was seizing both positions and resources, and now she must defend both. We threaten industrial facilities, vital communications, and sources of raw materials in her pre-Pearl Harbor empire, in her more recent conquests, and in the home islands. Her defense will become more desperate, not only because she is being brought to bay, but also because we are in position to attack the sources of her strength.

Nip and tuck in China

The Japanese Navy has been losing both space and time to the massed weight of the mightiest concentration of sea power that the world has ever known. Now the Japanese Army has assumed the task of winning additional time for Japan.

Our naval war is proceeding brilliantly, but our position on the mainland of Asia has deteriorated. Although the Japanese drive into Manipur has been stopped, the attempt to cut General Stilwell's communications thwarted, and the Chinese offensive across the Salween developed, these are essentially alterations in local strategic positions.

The general position on the Asiatic continent has not been changed. We did not succeed in opening the Ledo Road before the monsoons began; now neither amphibious operations in the Indian Ocean nor the continuing advance by Chinese-American forces in the Burma-India sector can offset or prevent the Japanese offensive in South and Central China. We are winning the war on the ocean; we are barely holding our own on the continent.

The Japanese drive has met little effective opposition. The Chinese have been as much handicapped by the absence of transport as by their relatively weak firepower. Japan has modified her tactics to meet the threat of air strafing and bombing by the Fourteenth Air Force: she makes her thrusts with dispersed columns moving under the protection of darkness.

Japan fights for time

Japan's action in China has been essentially defensive in purpose. General Chennault's Air Force, flying from bases in Eastern China, has been taking heavy toll of Japan's coastal shipping, imperiling the passage through Formosa Strait, and forcing Japa-

nese ships into the open waters to the east where they are vulnerable to our submarines.

Depriving us of the use of bases does more than protect Japan's coastal shipping. It allows her to supplement her shipping with direct overland transport. From these bases also we could have had air support in the assault on the Philippines — and the range of B-29's would have made possible shuttle bombing over the Philippines from China and New Guinea terminals, thereby simplifying our fuel problem by allowing us to transport gasoline by sea. And secure bases in South China would of course support any offensive aimed at Formosa or the China coast.

Shrewdly the Japanese Army has chosen the area where it can cause us and our allies the greatest embarrassment. Japanese success in Southern and Central China, brief though it may be, will slow up the steadily growing weight of our air forces in China. It has already denied us the use of bases for our medium bombers and for what are now our light heavyweights, the B-24's. The heavyweights, the B-29's, still have to carry many additional gallons of gasoline that will cut deeply into their bomb capacity.

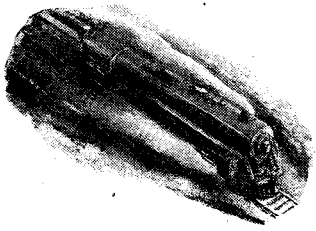
As China's importance as a base for United Nations strength has grown, so has her vulnerability to Japanese attack. Japan is now not only seizing Chinese territory as she has done in the last seven years; she is also denying the use of Chinese bases to the weapons that would permit the Allies in the Far East to carry the war more effectively to Japan.

Japan's campaigns in China can no longer win her anything that will avert eventual military defeat. Her aims in China now are to win time, to delay as long as possible the blows that will fall on her islands. And she still has scope for political maneuver. The more chaos Japan can create in China at this late hour, the weaker China will be at the end of the war. To the degree that China is weak, Japan, no matter how battered, will be strong.

China's two wars

The stresses of a war now entering its eighth year have continued to intensify China's internal weaknesses and cleavages. And the Japanese offensives, coming at a time when China has had some assurances of a victory in the relatively near future, may accelerate the process of deterioration. Economic, social, and political problems have grown more gravely urgent.

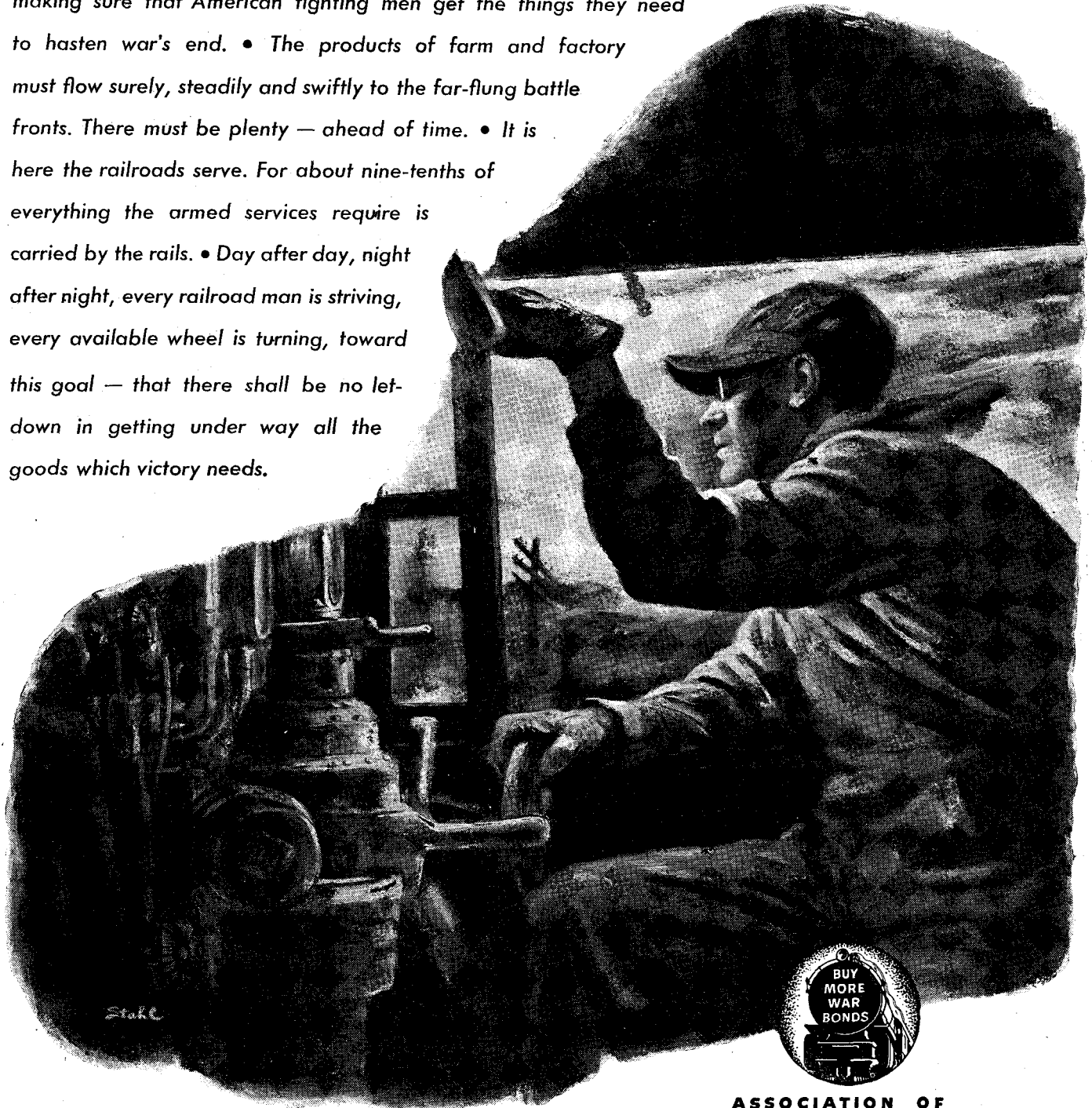
Chungking has sought to postpone inevitable change and reconstruction to the end of the war. The causes of this inertia have been in part a desire to preserve a hard-won and still precarious unity, to avoid change that might increase faction and divert energies. It



FULL THROTTLE TOWARD THE FINAL BLOW

Echoing the roar of guns and throb of tanks on distant battlefields, the hurrying song of giant driver wheels rings without letup along the steel paths of America's railroads.

• The railroads are putting all their steam into a single purpose — that of making sure that American fighting men get the things they need to hasten war's end. • The products of farm and factory must flow surely, steadily and swiftly to the far-flung battle fronts. There must be plenty — ahead of time. • It is here the railroads serve. For about nine-tenths of everything the armed services require is carried by the rails. • Day after day, night after night, every railroad man is striving, every available wheel is turning, toward this goal — that there shall be no let-down in getting under way all the goods which victory needs.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

has been as well a more sinister attempt on the part of some groups in China to preserve the special positions of vantage that they enjoyed before the war.

China's internal strength or weakness, and China's eventual political orientation, affect not only the course of the war but the shape of the peace. China's semi-colonial status in the past was not altogether the product of impairments of her sovereignty, political and economic, by Western imperialism. It was in a measure created and supported by men within China whose vested advantage derived from the maintenance of China's unsound economy.

Should these men dominate China, supported on the shoulders of United Nations military victory, they would retard the entire development toward China's emancipation and the creation of an international order in Asia that would produce peoples capable of self-government and sound, peaceful economic development, free alike from imperialism and from feudal inequalities in their domestic economic structure.

Are we ahead of ourselves?

The very momentum of our military action against Japan may produce a United Nations victory in which China participates without the necessity for carrying out the vital internal reforms essential to make her a more effective military force today. Our naval advance may lessen our dependence on China's military potential. But it does not lessen the dangers implicit in the disparity between China's internal decay and her international responsibilities.

A victorious China will not necessarily be a strong China. Constructive statesmanship in China, however, would make her a more effective military entity now, and a force for the organization and preservation of lasting and equitable peace in the Far East.

We cannot hold ourselves blameless for China's failure to develop internally at a pace commensurate with her progress internationally. Neither can we sit back and regard China's internal problems as a purely Chinese concern. If we look at ourselves honestly, we must admit that our eagerness to help China regain her sovereignty was prompted by the urgent necessity of obtaining as much aid as possible from China in our common war against the Japanese.

China was most valuable to us because of her geographic nearness to Japan. She was the one Asiatic country capable of fighting against Japanese aggression and Japanese ideas. Thus, both militarily and politically, it was essential to us that China be given every appearance of strength and of equality.

China welcomed our concessions, but she must have known, as we did, that they were motivated by expediency. The progress of the war has freed us from our earlier dependence on expediency. Henceforth our influence on China — and thus on Asia — must be derived from the principles we believe essential to the establishment of a decent world order.

Our military might is outrunning our political thinking. The situation grows more acute as we come to grips with the enemy, and as we approach the areas we say we are about to liberate. We and our allies have yet to give definitive expression of our peace aims as they affect the peoples of Asia, free and colonial.

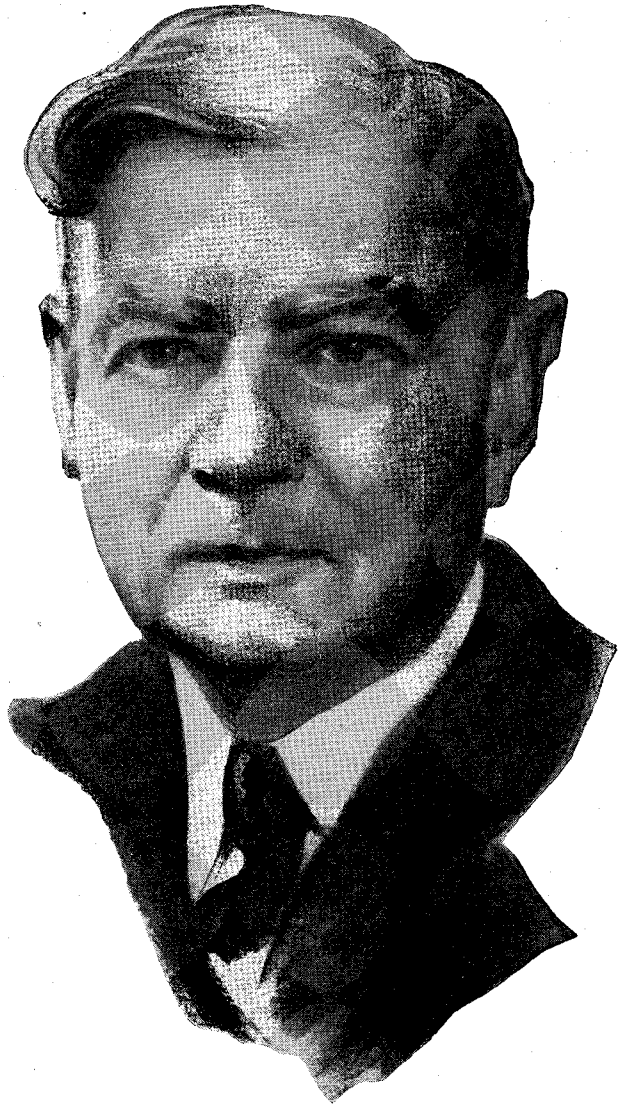
The Chinese and the peoples of Occupied Asia know that we are fighting to defeat Japan's militaristic aggression. They have lived with firsthand knowledge of that militarist aggression, and we know that they are largely hostile to it. But the comradeship of a common hostility will end with Japan's defeat if we defeat only militaristic aggression. It cannot supply the basis for a peaceful and progressive world community. Japan's defeat will leave us the greatest military power the Pacific has ever known. Will our influence rest on our navy or on enlightened and effective statesmanship?

WHAT TO WATCH IN THE PACIFIC

1. The increasing importance of the North Pacific theater of war, and the development of our threats to the Kuriles, which are points of defense for Japan's Manchurian resources as well as for her home islands.
2. The responses of Japanese civilians to direct attacks on their homeland, and to the certainty that Germany has lost the war.
3. The possibility of weakening resistance in Korea and Formosa, the areas longest under Japanese domination.
4. Increasing activity of the British forces in Southeast Asia.
5. Increasing Anglo-Dutch collaboration and the attitudes of the British home population toward the Pacific war.
6. The effects of our war against Japanese shipping and communications on the Japanese economy and military strength, as shipyards as well as ships become vulnerable.
7. Japan's attitudes toward her puppet governments, and the sowing of political booby traps to embarrass the Allies in Asia as Japan faces the necessity of retreat.

"Every American has a Personal Stake in Post-War Foreign Trade"

Says Rep. Schuyler Otis Bland
of Virginia, Chairman of the
House Committee on Merchant
Marine and Fisheries



"Because approximately one-tenth of our total national income will depend on it, every American has a personal stake in our post-war foreign trade. And an American merchant marine, owned by Americans and operating under the American flag, has been demonstrated over and over again to be necessary to promote foreign trade and to protect it against operations prejudicial to the American business man; to help advertise his goods and to keep his trade before the world.

"More than that, as we have had demonstrated to us at such great cost in this war, an American merchant fleet is an absolute necessity for our future defense.

"Today we have the ships, and we have the steamship organizations with their experienced operators and their established foreign offices on our trade routes. We must maintain them, after this war, to promote the world trade so necessary to our prosperity."

Schuyler Otis Bland



THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Latin America

THE air is clear this summer for a final showdown with the Argentine Republic. There is still, of course, in spite of the long list of offenses that the Argentine militarists have given us and our allies, no positive assurance that the showdown is coming. Plenty of powerful influences in Washington and elsewhere are still working against it. But the signs in Washington suggested, as July opened, that patience, along with tempers, was shortening.

With the coming of D Day a stiffer censorship than ever was clamped down on sections of the press favorable to the Allies, so that news of the successful landings in Normandy could barely be printed, and comments explaining the military importance of the invasion could not be published at all.

At the same time Nazi-controlled newspapers appeared day after day with screaming headlines announcing huge shore defeats and fleet losses by the British and Americans, so fantastic as to suggest that even Dr. Joseph Goebbels's fables were being stepped up by his Argentine confederate. The Farrell government was ominously speeding up a huge program for enlarging its war establishment — increasing the army, rushing defense constructions and munitions manufacture, building barracks.

Interestingly, it developed that most of the work contracts for the new militarism were being given to influential German residents of Argentina, notorious for their Nazi sympathies and in many cases known to be party members. Spokesmen for the Farrell government tried to laugh this off with the explanation that these were the same German firms to which Argentina had previously given most of her military construction business. The climax came in a radio speech made by War Minister Juan D. Perón — reputed “boss” of the Farrell regime — on June 10,

establishing a chair of National Defense Instruction at the University of La Plata.

Argentina on the warpath

In the face of Allied war aims for a stable peace and of all the peace-keeping machinery that has been built up among the American nations during the past generation, Colonel Perón declared that all the energies, wealth, industry, and production of Argentina must be dedicated to national defense. He called those who think that future wars can be avoided “Utopians” and their hopes of uninterrupted peace among nations a “mirage.”

Indicating a contemptuous indifference to the outcome of the present war, he announced that the same military dangers would confront Argentina in the post-war period whether the United Nations or the Axis won. The victors, in any case, the “boss” Colonel insisted, will quarrel over the peace table and in the future have “conflicting interests which might lead to a new conflagration among themselves.”

Against all these perils, the War Minister argued, in effect, the Argentine government must protect itself by establishing full — or totalitarian — control over the economic, political, and cultural lives of the people, so that the country's military power to attain its objectives will be unquestioned. “If diplomacy,” he pronounced, “cannot attain the political objectives decided upon, then it undertakes to prepare the best conditions for achieving them by force.”

There were no direct threats in the speech against the territorial frontiers or the political independence of any of Argentina's neighbors. But threats or no threats, there was no question about the meaning of it. Argentina, if Colonel Perón can run its policies, will go to war on the American continent any time it chooses.

Repercussions to this speech were not immediate. But toward the last week in June, Secretary Hull began having an unusual flow of visitors. Practically all the Latin American ambassadors sticking out the early summer heat in Washington passed in and out of the gloomy dignity of his office. Within a few days the meaning of these visits became clear.

United States Ambassador Norman Armour in Buenos Aires was called home for consultations. So were the Mexican, the British, and the Chilean ambassadors to Argentina — although Chile had stuck fast to her old neighbor in February by recognizing the new Farrell regime, while Washington and most of the Latin American countries gagged at it. Our State Department almost cheerfully omitted to discourage newspaper speculations that the ambassador was unlikely to return.

Argentina's military rulers reeled slightly from the shock. Sudden overtures were put out from Buenos Aires about arranging for the return of Axis diplomats — technically out of their posts since last January, but considerably in social and political circulation — to their homelands. But these were received in Allied capitals with chilly indifference.

How much crackdown?

But the calling home of ambassadors is not a complete showdown, and nobody knows this better than the Perón-Farrell government. There was still, however, as Ambassador Armour arrived, a question of how complete the showdown would be.

From the very beginning of our wartime Argentine troubles our State Department has been in a quandary — indeed, in several quandaries at once — on this subject. Suspension of relations has not brought about a change in government. In fact, from some angles, suspension of relations has merely encouraged the super-nationalist leaders of the Perón-Farrell regime to put an extra flourish of exhibitionism in their super-nationalist cakewalks. There may be economic sanctions — such as trade restrictions and the freezing of funds.

But two objections to this course are strongly pressed in the State Department whenever the subject comes up for consideration. First, Great Britain needs Argentine food exports to supply both its armies and its home front. The Churchill government does not want Argentine import trade interfered with by any of the Allies to a point where it might discourage the free flow of these shipments. Second, the State Department fears that a stoppage of essential imports from the United States — and, so far as it could be contrived, from other members of the United Nations — might alienate the great body of liberal opinion in Argentina from its sympathies with the Allies and

unite it behind the totalitarian tub-thumpers in the present government.

All one can say now is that the developments of the past month and Colonel Perón's indiscretions have noticeably strengthened the hands of the policy-makers who believe that, before Argentina goes permanently totalitarian, even an expensive showdown may be worth the cost. On the other hand, especially in business circles interested in Argentina and their spokesmen, the argument is still being pushed that some kind of deal can be made with the Perón school of Fascism, by which Fascism and mutual trade advantages will be retained but the unregenerate will promise to be good boys in international politics. No matter how badly appeasement flops, there are always impressive arguments from interested quarters for a little more of it.

We recognize Bolivia

In any case, as a kind of preparation for rough weather ahead on the Argentine sector, the military junta now governing Bolivia was recognized by Washington and eighteen other American governments on June 23. The Bolivian palace revolution which brought the junta into power last December was largely Argentine fomented and, by the records of its leaders, essentially Fascist in its program.

But in the last few months, to satisfy Washington's sense of correctness, civilian members of the cabinet with Fascist backgrounds became behind-the-scenes directors. And army officers, also with Fascist records in most cases but without formal membership in the pro-Fascist party, were given their places. Eighty-odd Axis agents were sent out of the country for internment — although some of their prominent colleagues have not been "found" yet — so that, in general, the State Department felt itself warranted in extending recognition on the ground that it had won a decision on points.

The real motive behind recognition, however, was to solidify the all-American front for the tighter struggle with the Argentine. Chile, Brazil, and Peru have been objecting on the quiet to the break with Bolivia ever since it was made in December, because suspension of diplomatic relations interfered with their border trade. Less directly concerned republics complained because they saw non-recognition being used in Bolivia's case as a weapon of subtle political intervention.

Theoretically, by restoring Bolivia to the family circle, these fears and suspicions have been quieted. On the surface Chile's "consultation" summons to her ambassador in Buenos Aires goes a little way to prove that solidarity in actions toward Argentina is slightly improved. But we shall see.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Washington

NO QUESTION in Washington evokes more interest than that of the President's health. But it may be taken for granted that the President would not appeal again to the electorate were he incapacitated. There were, however, some in his immediate circle who did not think that he should run. They included Mrs. Roosevelt herself. But it was not on grounds of health that Mrs. Roosevelt was against the President's candidacy for a fourth term. She felt that if he had to work with a Republican Congress the government might lack coherence.

The responsibilities of the Presidency even in normal times are onerous in the extreme. In wartime they are back-breaking. They are especially heavy now, because the President has never developed the habit of delegating authority. He still retains the last word, for instance, in the settlement of labor disputes which come to a national broil.

Yet never in America's history have we had a President upon whom the burden of office has produced less physical strain. As was said of a French king, he knows the trade of being a king. But that is only one explanation of his fortitude. He can shed the cares of the Presidency — which have become the cares of an Atlas — with facility. He does not take any worries to bed.

The President, however, had a very hard winter. Like all Washingtonians during a singularly mild though erratic season, he had his share of colds, and they led to a combination of influenza, sinus, bronchial, and intestinal troubles. His stay at Bernard M. Baruch's place in South Carolina set him up. But it was thought advisable, before he made his decision to run again, to give him a thorough checkup at the Naval Hospital in Washington. The results of the checkup were announced on June 9. His personal

physician, Admiral Ross T. McIntire, declared, "We are well within our normal limits in all regards, and it is a great satisfaction to all of us." Not till this statement was issued would any newspaper correspondent prognosticate a run for a fourth term. In succeeding press conferences the President has looked fit and alert.

Will the South revolt?

The Southern revolt against the President has raised a subject which has had endless repercussions. The movement, of course, has less to do with the voters than with the Southern leaders. The three state conventions in Texas, South Carolina, and Mississippi have decided to free their Presidential electors from the customary obligation to carry out the mandate of the people in casting electoral votes for Presidential candidates. In other words, the electors won't be rubber stamps.

Here is a sword that will hang over the President's head until he conforms to sundry Southern demands in the convention and the campaign. The Southerners want the return to the two-thirds convention rule; they want the displacement of Mr. Wallace; they want a vaguely worded pronouncement in behalf of white supremacy. If Mr. Roosevelt does not conform, he may find his supporters in the three states denied the suffrage when the electors meet. The denouement would, of course, be of revolutionary significance only in a close election. Between them the three states control forty votes in the electoral college. Forty votes have been decisive before, and they may be decisive this year. No wonder, therefore, that the freeing of the electors of the three states has caused considerable perturbation.

What would happen if the threat were carried out and these electors switched their votes to the Repub-



Who travels the last hundred yards to victory?

THIS "TYRANTS' WAR" is a modern war, all right, but—The Infantry is still "Queen of Battles"—still the decisive factor in combat.

For it is the foot soldier who travels the last hundred yards to a decision.

Of course, the magnificent contribution of the Navy and of the Air Forces is absolutely essential to victory. No less vital is the assistance of the Armored and Tank Destroyer units and the Engineers. And the Infantry could not continue to fight but for the Technical and Supply Services which are ever on hand to provide supplies and communications, and to care for the wounded.

But the great goal of the other Arms and Services is to bring the Infantryman to a position from which he may advance to hand-to-hand combat with the enemy.

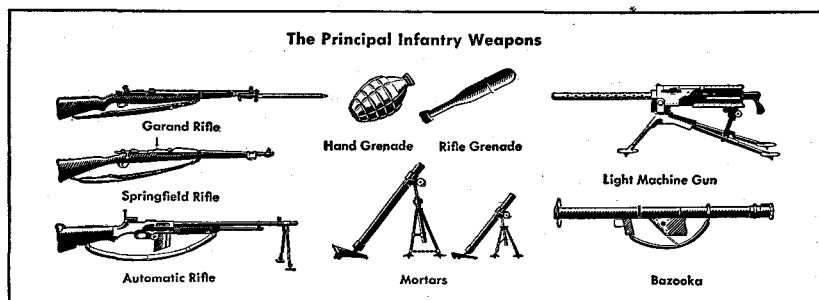
Advancing across that last hundred yards of shell-torn field is the supreme test of battle. Generally it follows a nerve-wracking inching forward under enemy fire, under cover of the supporting fire of artillery, of the Air Forces, and of the heavy weapons of the regiment.

But as the Infantryman approaches the enemy lines, all this supporting fire must be lifted. He is "on his own."

There is nothing in front of the front line of the Infantry except the enemy. Then the outcome rests entirely on the effectiveness of his own individual weapons—the rifle, the bayonet, the carbine, the hand grenade. And, most important of all, on the doughboy's courage and skill.

When you read the newspapers or listen to radio news broadcasts which tell of the capture of an enemy position, salute the foot soldier—the Infantryman who bears the responsibility for the final decision—the decision of Victory.

Back the attack! — BUY MORE THAN BEFORE!



SPERRY

CORPORATION

30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

Through the following Divisions, Sperry precision instruments and controls serve the Armed Forces on land, at sea, and in the air...

FORD INSTRUMENT CO., INC.
SPERRY GYROSCOPE CO., INC. • VICKERS, INC.
Waterbury Tool Division, VICKERS, INC.

lican candidate? President Harrison once said there would be lynchings if the electors did not behave as puppets. Suppose that on the morning of November 8 the people read that they have chosen a President through the orderly processes of our electoral system, and that six weeks later they discover that the voting in the electoral college has nullified their choice. Certainly there would be trouble.

Few feel that the Southerners would dare go through with it. But a Supreme Court justice who discussed the scheme remarked that the judiciary could not prevent it, since the electors can constitutionally vote for whomsoever they please; but he echoed Harrison in adding drily: "There would be civil commotion before the case came before us."

The electoral college

The reaction to the Southern scheme has served to revive a Congressional proposal for the abolition of the electoral college. The college is the vermiform appendix of our political system, anyway. But it stems from the Constitution, and the founding fathers inserted provision for it as a safeguard against what Woodrow Wilson called "the sweep and power of popular majorities."

Resolutions designed to remove it were introduced in both the House and the Senate in 1933, and the Senate resolution fell only two votes short of the necessary two-thirds majority. The fresh resolution, like the old resolutions, would not change the number of electoral votes to which each state is entitled, but the people of the states would vote directly for Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates and not for Charlie McCarthy electors. The resolution will come up after recess.

The hubbub gives point to Mr. Dewey's indictment of the quarrelsomeness of the Roosevelt administration. Two members of the President's official family were mentioned in connection with the electoral stratagem. Both of them have denied participation. But the mention of the alleged activity of one of them, Jesse Jones, has revived wonder that Jones is still retained in the President's cabinet. Jones, however, is one of the great powers of the land. As the Pooh-Bah of the administration, he wields enormous control, and he is, moreover, a person of consequence in Southern politics. It was this influence that persuaded the President to side with him in the Wallace-Jones feud over the purchase abroad of strategical materials.

The two-thirds rule

The Republican platform contained no provision for the modernization of our governmental structure. It might have earned political capital by demanding the excision of the electoral college, for the three-state

maneuver presents Mr. Roosevelt with the issue of popular government itself. Nor did the platform say anything about the need to abolish the two-thirds rule for the ratification of treaties. This is a great disappointment to many.

That a minority of one third, plus one, of the Senate can block treaties is one of the reasons that our allies are skeptical about the coherence of America's foreign policy. They have not forgotten Mr. Wilson's fate at the hands of a "willful minority." The two-thirds rule is as antiquated as the electoral college; and just as the latter was a safeguard against too much democracy, so the former was the safeguard of a nation which the founding fathers imagined would always be a small, defensive power.

American leadership in the World of Nations cannot coexist with the two-thirds rule, and there is a lot of support for the use of executive agreements instead.

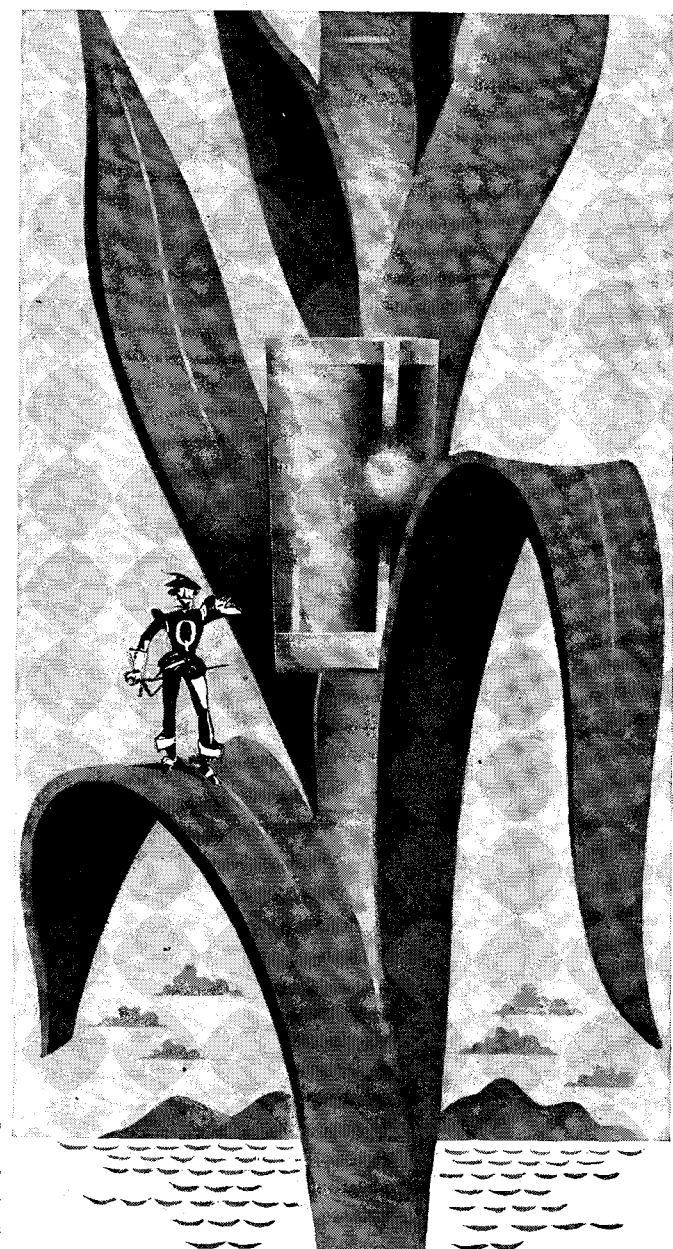
Certainly the executive agreement, which requires only majority ratification, has been used frequently in the past in lieu of treaties. But there are objections to the device. It is never healthy to by-pass the Constitution. It would be much better to make a frontal attack on the two-thirds rule, and the Republican Party, claiming as it does to be forward-looking, should have taken the lead.

Again, the Republican platform said nothing about the need for reform of the machinery of Congress. Just before recess members of Congress, stung perhaps by the avalanche of criticism which has spread from experts in government to the general public, bestirred themselves: the Senate Rules Committee approved the Maloney-Monroney resolution to set up a joint bipartisan committee to study the reorganization of Congress. Quick endorsement of the project appears to be assured when Congress returns. The study may lead to the most profound changes in the history of Congress — changes which have been advertised as urgent by wartime experience.

The theme of the Republican convention was freedom. The enemies of freedom are those who, as Representative Jerry Voorhis says, pin their hopes "upon the ascendancy of the Presidency over Congress." If, therefore, Congress can modernize its machinery, simplify its operations, improve its relations with other branches of the government, it will be better able to meet its responsibilities under our three-power system of government.

CIO in politics

Perhaps the greatest disappointment in the Republican platform was the straddle on our acute labor problem. Give part of the credit to the CIO Political Action Committee. In no other organization (it has

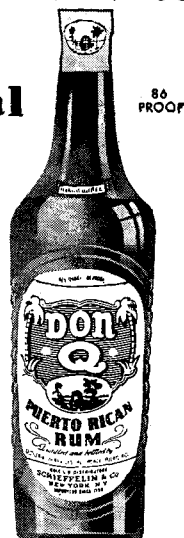


DON Q RUM

Born in tropical cane fields

Born under the Puerto Rican sun . . . distilled with consummate skill . . . Don Q brings you the true flavor of the tropics. It's delicious. Try Don Q in cocktails or tall drinks.

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC.,
Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.



SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

WASHINGTON (continued)

been recruited in the main from Administration resignees) is there better economic talent or more astute political strategy. It may have seemed impolitic of the committee to go to the Republican convention after having endorsed Roosevelt. But hope springs eternal, and a handful of sops went to the Political Action Committee, and to organized labor generally, from the platform drafters. Actually the GOP went so far as to play into the hands of those labor leaders who are trying to tear down the wartime system of wage controls. The platform opposed these absolutely necessary controls. It even questioned the control over job transfer.

Labor, as even the Civil Liberties Union recognizes, requires freedom from irresponsible control exercised by labor tsars. But there is no plan discernible in the Republican platform to work for that freedom. The plank that the Department of Labor should be headed by a representative of labor is a corny suggestion which could scarcely be more ill-advised. That we certainly know from our wartime experience.

In recent crises it has been difficult to obtain impartial handling of labor disputes by labor and industry members of the War Labor Board, and it is fairly generally recognized that the root of the trouble is the tripartite setup. Labor policies, no less than others, should be administered by representatives of the public, not by representatives of a particular class or group.

The Republicans missed a great chance of appealing to middle opinion when they failed to go to the heart of our chaotic labor situation. Certainly a review of the Wagner Act is overdue. It is the law — not the executive edicts which were inveighed against — that has allowed chaos to develop in labor relations.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the capital has swung — if our military pundits are any guide — to overoptimism.

There is, of course, a lively interest in the political campaign. If the election were held now, the President would be handsomely re-elected, for there has been a great unpublicized swing to him since the opening of the western front.

Mr. Dewey will have to work hard to shake the Presidential hold. That is to say, he must show leadership in the sense of policy-making over and above the platform. If, as is said, he intends to conduct a sedate campaign, with a minimum of barnstorming, he might as well fold up his tents. For, aside from the idolatry given to Mr. Roosevelt by the masses, events will work for the President whether the war deteriorates before the election or is obviously in the penultimate stage when voting time comes. And there is no other alternative on the horizon.

AGAIN, ZENITH MAKES HEARING AID HISTORY!

*Brings New Smartness and Style
at No Extra Cost with the*

New Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord

ZENITH made hearing aid history by bringing fine precision *quality* within reach of all. Now Zenith follows through—makes history again—brings you, in its complete production, an entirely new standard of hearing aid *smartness and style!*

With the exclusive New Zenith Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord—developed after years of research—Zenith now does for the hearing aid what modern styling did for eyeglasses! Now America's hard of hearing can wear an aid with visible parts that are *scarcely noticeable*, because they blend with any complexion. Best of all, they are available to present purchasers at no extra cost—*included* at Zenith's history-making low price of \$40!

With this smart new Zenith ensemble, even the most sensitive wearer can feel perfectly poised. For it brings an attractive new "look of youth" to the hearing aid. You'll notice it immediately when you look at yourself in the mirror. Now, no one need feel self-conscious about wearing a hearing aid.

See the proof of this today. And *hear* the proof of excellence in performance that has made America swing *overwhelmingly* to the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid. Visit the Zenith-franchised dispenser nearest you. Or, for complete information by mail, use the convenient coupon below.



THE NEW ZENITH RADIONIC HEARING AID



THE NEW EARPHONE

- Smart, modern, scarcely noticeable! Pleasingly neutral in color so that it blends with any complexion.
- Sturdily constructed of beautiful, long-wearing plastic.
- Comfortable to wear because it's feather-light in weight.



THE NEW CORD

- Made of translucent plastic—looks well with any apparel. Friction or clothing noise is less than with any of the old-fashioned fabric-covered cords.
- Slender, light in weight, infinitely smarter and more comfortable to wear. And it lasts longer.
- Perspiration-proof . . . water-proof . . . kink-proof . . . washable. Will not fray, wipes clean with damp cloth.



Accepted by American Medical Association
Council on Physical Therapy

★

GOOD NEWS FOR CANADIANS

The New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is now available in Canada—*direct by mail only*—at \$40 complete (Canadian currency) with no additional charge for transportation, duties, taxes! For details write our Canadian distributor, Dept. AM-4, Zenith Radio Corp. of Canada, Ltd., Guaranty Trust Bldg., Windsor, Ont.

COPYRIGHT 1944, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

\$40

COMPLETE, READY TO WEAR

With New Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord . . . Crystal Microphone . . . Radionic Tubes . . . Batteries . . . One Quality, Zenith's Best.

BY THE MAKERS OF

ZENITH
"LONG DISTANCE" RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

--- Mail Coupon for Free Descriptive Booklet ---

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Dept. AM-4
P. O. Box 6940A, Chicago 1, Illinois

Please send me your Free descriptive booklet on the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid.

Name

Address

City State

☐ Physicians please check here for special literature.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Freedom of the Press

Sir:

Mr. Robert Lasch's argument ("For a Free Press," July *Atlantic*) that freedom of the press is being impaired by fading competition among newspapers does not seem to me to be fully supported by the facts. "The effects are most serious in the smaller cities," he writes. "Metropolitan populations can and do support some degree of competition, but the people of a thousand cities do not."

Competition has not been eliminated in the one-paper towns. The editors of the Dubuque paper, for an example, are constantly aware of competition from Chicago and Des Moines papers, which deliver to homes here, and from the papers of Mason City, Waterloo, Cedar Rapids, and Madison, which compete vigorously in the overlapping circulation territory. This out-of-town competition has been a much greater force in shaping policies than the pressures from local opposition press that existed some years ago.

Are readers getting fewer facts and opinions than they formerly got? The one-paper editor may play the censor with some contributor who wants a long letter or poem printed, and who formerly would threaten to take it to the "other paper." But the editor could play that game only in trivial cases because competition in the territory would force his hand in important news.

I think Mr. Lasch overlooks the fact that the very economic and financial forces that have transformed newspapers into mechanical giants (killing some in the process) have also vastly increased their capacity for covering news everywhere, including an array of ideas that never reached the newspaper of an earlier day. These are offsetting forces — and who can say that freedom of the press has gained or lost?

H. C. SLICHTER
The Telegraph-Herald
Dubuque, Iowa

Sir:

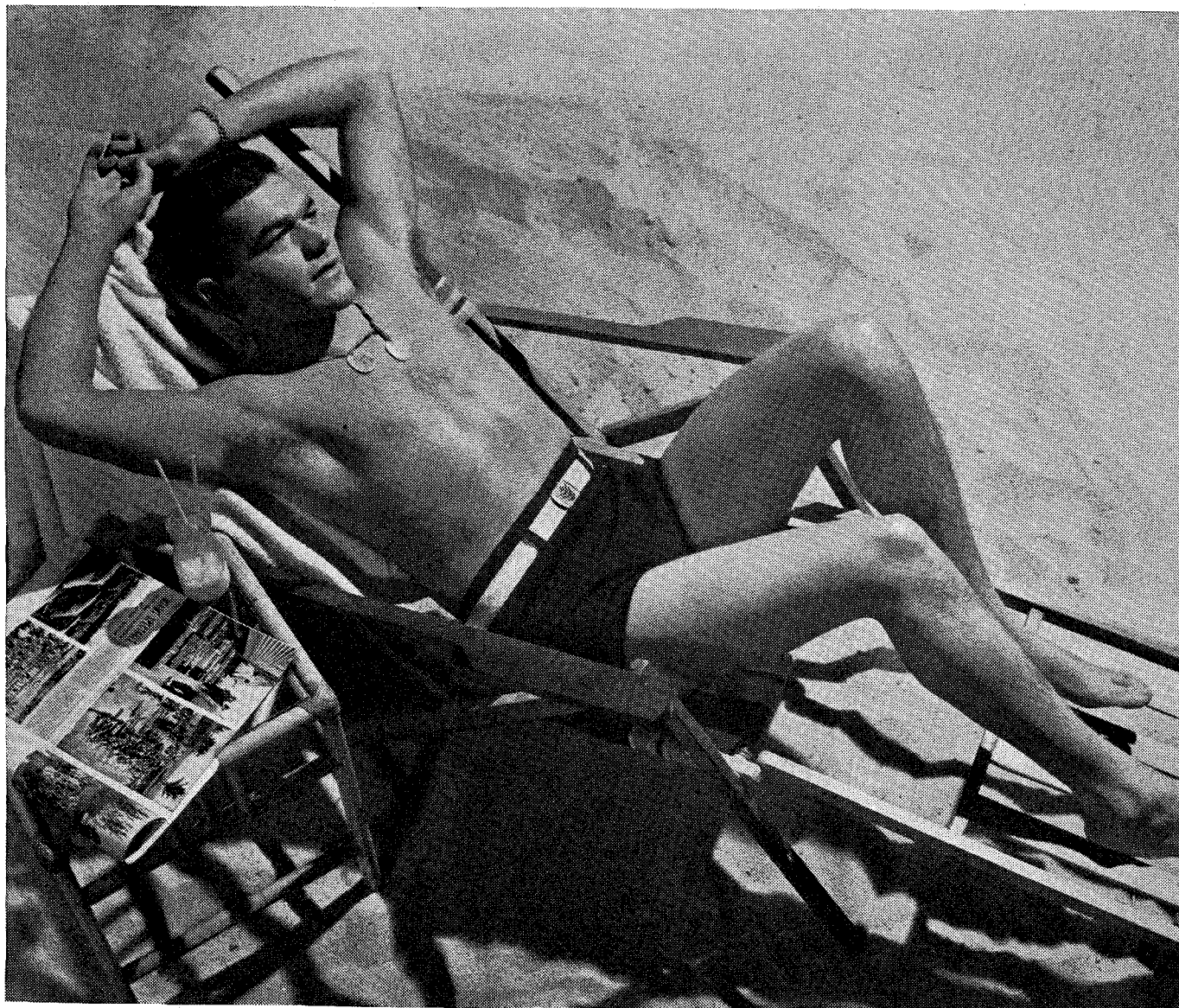
I am shocked that three judges selected by the *Atlantic* to choose the best exposition on a subject of

such general importance should have picked the narrow point of view of a hireling of Marshall Field. As well let the maker of shoe polish cover the place of chemistry in modern industry! Field has but lately shown any interest in any form of press; neither of his publications has yet attained sufficient readers to enable it to continue without drawing on his fortune accumulated in other fields; and it follows that he and those who have taken employment with him are indulging in a minority theory which has not yet won acceptance broad enough to make it important. I would not for a moment deny Mr. Field the right to publish *PM* and the *Chicago Sun* as he chooses; I am disappointed that *Atlantic* judges should convey to a more important audience any impression that the Field point of view is the important thing about newspapers.

For your understanding, I write as one whose livelihood is still largely dependent on weekly earnings. In twenty-four years I have been reporter, news editor in several categories, and am now an editor and managing editor with minority investment in a country daily. At no time have I felt myself or my associates underpaid for the work we elected, although most of us recognize the possibility of greater income in less satisfying lines. Never at any time have I been conscious of evaluating news or writing editorials in line with special interests of publishers, for these, in my experience, have been corporate, with diverse ownership, and hence attuned to the best general interests of the country.

The newspaper press has practical economic problems which do, obviously, curtail its variety. The government has contributed to these limitations although it has not singled out the press. I do contend that the growing centralization of government, with its resultant effective control of information on what bureaucracy is about, is the major menace to freedom of the press, as it is to all freedoms of the people.

I do not begrudge the \$1000 prize to Mr. Lasch, for he has written that money rather than service is his goal, but I do hope that those to whom you are



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Sure cure for a fagged flier

Eddie doesn't wear his Purple Heart and Air Medal on the beach. He's trying to forget them — trying to untie the tangled, jangled nerves that come from many combat missions.

Eddie's at an Air Forces Redistribution Station—where sun, sleep, fun and food are the medicines that make worn men well again — fit to fly or fight or teach. And milk is an important part of the program.

Most such men are eager for milk — remembering how rare it was in England — recalling Pacific outposts "where fresh milk, if there had been any, would have been more precious

than champagne." Many a flier's first act on reaching America is to order a jumbo chocolate milkshake!

Milk, of course, is fine for battle-weary men because it is nature's most nearly perfect food. It appears on regular Army menus for the very same reasons—with butter, cheese, ice cream and other milk products.

While you share some of your milk supply with men like Eddie, we at National Dairy are working in our laboratories — to improve the production and processing of milk—to develop nutritious new foods from milk — and so help the health of the nation.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

A Statement of Policy

from The Homestead Virginia Hot Springs

★ Several times this year, the demand for Homestead accommodations has far exceeded the capacity of even this big hotel.

Deeply as we regret having to decline to take care of our friends at any time, we will not jeopardize THE HOMESTEAD's good will by accepting more guests than we can serve in the established Homestead way.

We think friends of THE HOMESTEAD will understand and approve this policy, though it may sometimes call for suiting their schedules to our facilities more than in the past.

Reservations for September and later now being made. Address The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia, or our New York office in the Waldorf-Astoria.

The
HOMESTEAD
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



**"Now, if we
were only
staying at THE ROOSEVELT"**

When you stop at The Roosevelt you don't risk getting marooned like this. For you'll be within walking range of Manhattan's Midtown activities. Direct passageway from Grand Central Terminal to hotel lobby. A reservation at The Roosevelt liquidates a lot of bother.

Rooms with bath from \$4.50

THE ROOSEVELT

Robert P. Williford, General Manager

MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

—A Hilton Hotel—

OTHER HILTON HOTELS FROM COAST TO COAST:

TEXAS, Abilene, El Paso, Longview, Lubbock, Plainview, NEW MEXICO, Albuquerque, CALIFORNIA, Long Beach, Los Angeles, The Town House, MEXICO, Chihuahua, The Palacio Hilton. Hilton Hotels, C. N. Hilton, President.

making lesser awards will have contributed more deeply and logically, less selfishly and ideologically, to the question you posed.

PAUL S. WALCOTT
Greenfield Recorder-Gazette
Greenfield, Mass.

Yale Tomorrow

Sir:

The article by Charles R. Walker, on the revision of education at Yale (June *Atlantic*), leaves much to be desired. It is unlikely that halfway measures in salvaging liberal education will attract many veterans. To find Alfred North Whitehead quoted in denunciation of "inert ideas," to read his famous statement, "There is only one subject-matter for education, and that is Life in all its manifestations," and then to find the same old classification of sciences, social studies, the arts, and philosophy is to encounter a very serious contradiction in terms.

The student who pursues a liberal arts education is building a life, and one's life no more than one's house is built out of tools. The sciences, the social studies, and the arts are the tools of life-building and can in no sense be made into the realities of education.

How far would a contractor go in building a house if he had a department of saws, a department of ladders, a department of hammers, and a department of hardware? As Whitehead says, these tools and materials are inert ideas until a house is to be built.

Yet it is exactly departments based on tools which the liberal arts college now maintains. What the college student needs to put together is a home, a family life, health, a plan of government (individual and cooperative, and informal and formal), a vocational career and educational plan, a recreational life, and a religion. Until a college or university will organize itself on these departments of life, we can expect little success from liberal education. We shall still have the spectacle of college graduates unable to manipulate even the simplest items in parliamentary law, inhabiting university clubs to play cards late into the night, or taking juvenile exercises in the gymnasium, running into serious difficulties in home relationships, living unhealthily, and maintaining a vocational life without much regard to social or individual well-being.

JOHN M. BREWER
Graduate School of Education
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

I find Mr. Walker's article interesting and stimulating, but I am concerned over possible effects of his statement (page 93) regarding intensive language techniques; namely that they "cut learning time in half." This type of remark has become so dangerous to the proper understanding of what intensive language study is that I am sorry to see it repeated in the *Atlantic*. What is meant is half the *elapsed time*, I presume. Unfortunately, it is too often interpreted as meaning half the *time actually devoted to teaching and studying the language*. At least that is what people not so well informed as Mr. Walker generally take the statement to mean. Usually the comment is accom-

Atlantic Repartee

panied by a reference to "magical new methods" (disclaimed by Mr. Walker on the same page), or by uncomplimentary remarks about the alleged ineffectiveness or even stupidity of language teaching and language teachers prior to the advent of the magic and magicians of the Intensive Language Program (a criticism not indulged in by Mr. Walker).

It is important that we scotch, once and for all, misinterpretations of the time-element as applied to intensive *versus* "traditional" language classes. A pre-war civilian-class "year of foreign language" ordinarily meant three class periods per week of actual instruction for thirty to thirty-six weeks. A "year" of intensive or ASTP language means fifteen to seventeen hours of instruction for thirty-six weeks. If one considers *actual hours of instruction* (in the proportion of three hours per week as compared with fifteen to seventeen hours per week), *an intensive course ought to produce comparable results not in one-half but in one-fifth or less of the elapsed time*. Putting it differently, a "year" of intensive language is the equivalent, in terms of actual instruction time, of *five years or more* of the usual pre-war civilian instruction.

And this does not take into account the ratio of instructors to students — one teacher to five or ten students in ILP or ASTP classes, as compared to one teacher to twenty, twenty-five, thirty, or even more students in many pre-war civilian classes. Nor does it consider the factor of concentration, to which Mr. Walker refers on page 94 when he remarks that "four hours a day spent on a language is not just twice as efficient as two, but four or five times."

I am not critical of the intensive language approach. In fact, I favor it. Because I do, and because I am concerned over the reactions of many people who really know something about language-learning problems and who don't like the extravagant claims of miracle-working or of tremendous savings of time advanced in favor of the intensive approach by lay enthusiasts, I ask you to publish these comments.

HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE
Washington, D. C.

The Immature Germans

Sir:

Mr. Hans Kohn's scholarly and thought-provoking article, "The Mass-Man: Hitler," in the April issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* is unfortunately marred by lavish and indiscriminate use of the words "West" and "Western" in explanation of the origin of "Mass-Man Hitler." He speaks of Western civilization, ideals, forces, and liberalism as something with geographic limits, mentioning the Elbe as boundary. On this erroneous assumption he depicts a sinister Germanic and Eastern civilization diametrically opposed to things "West" and "Western." The simple truth is that some phases of Western civilization are

quite as well developed in Germany, and more recently in Russia, as anywhere else in the world.

Germany's present difficulty is the result of the political immaturity of the German people, who could not readily assimilate the ideals and precepts of the Weimar Republic. The inevitable result follows the pattern of French reaction from the French Revolution. The France of 1800 was no more ripe for democracy than is Germany today.

Describing Napoleon as "the sword of the generous, rational, and humanitarian message of the French Revolution" is hardly a true statement of fact. He was a tyrant just as Hitler is a tyrant, and the French people supported him just as avidly as the German people support Hitler today. The purported dissimilarity between the two is not so great as Mr. Kohn suggests. Only military defeat from without could defeat Napoleon, just as it will be Hitler's final downfall.

ENSIGN JOHN W. CRUTCHER, U.S.N.R.
San Pedro, Calif.

Hong Kong Again

Sir:

I have read with great interest the letter which you have published in your March, 1944, issue from Lieutenant Colonel John Alden Degan on the future of Hong Kong.

I do not understand the reply to this letter from your correspondent on the Pacific War, which seems to mix up extraterritoriality with the acquisition of territory — two totally different things.

It would be interesting to know on what grounds your correspondent bases his statement that Hong Kong is a symbol to the Chinese of Western imperialism. Does he not mean that that is what is imagined by some American journalists, and that if they harp on it long enough, eventually the Chinese might take it up, with a result on Anglo-American relations which can be imagined?

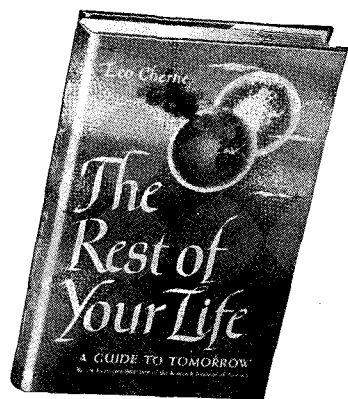
What your correspondent does not seem to understand is that the transfer of Hong Kong from Great Britain to China is an impossibility. What was acquired by treaty from China was a neglected and abandoned island, the home of pirates and of no use to the Chinese. What the British have made of it by equipping the territory with shipping installations, docks, factories, a university, decent government which has led to an influx of people from the Chinese mainland — these things cannot be given back to China any more than the skyscrapers, tunnels, and bridges of New York can be given back to the Red Indians. It seems therefore that your correspondent, before suggesting giving other people's properties, rights, and duties away, should do a little thinking.

ERNEST R. TROUGHTON
London, S.W. 1

Mr. Pogue Replies to Private Dineen

● I have read with care and interest the letter of Private John E. Dineen published in the

"If this
be



TREASON.."

Mike Gold, in *The Daily Worker*, suggests that certain statements in *THE REST OF YOUR LIFE* may be "a form of treason." Is it treason to look ahead? . . . To describe in detail the bad along with the good that is in store for us in the better world we have promised our fighting men? We don't believe it is, but if this be treason, make the most of it!

WENDELL WILLKIE: "An extremely provocative analysis . . . much to stimulate thought and concern for the future."

BEARDSLEY RUMI: "An amazingly complete inventory of the raw material from which the new world will be knit."—*Saturday Review*

C. C. FURNAS: "Recommended reading for those who want to believe that this will eventually be a better world."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

HARRY HANSEN: "Mr. Cherne's mind is one in a million . . . Obviously we ought to listen and prepare."—*N. Y. World Telegram*.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES: "291 pages that will stimulate you, maybe irritate you, and make you a wiser American."—*N. Y. Journal American*.

NORMAN THOMAS: "An extraordinarily valuable book."

LEON HENDERSON: "Leo Cherne has taken a measured look at the rest of your life and has courage not to turn his eyes away. Those who are not afraid to face the future will want to know what Cherne has seen."

THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

by LEO CHERNE

Executive Secretary, Research Institute of America

At your bookseller's • \$2.75 • DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

May *Atlantic*, with reference to my recent article, "Must an Oil War Follow This War?"

Mr. Dineen is in agreement that "actual government participation in the oil industry is a dangerous and undesirable policy," but is apprehensive of exploitation of the peoples of those countries which have large oil deposits. He asks what guarantees we should have that this would not be the case, and would I advocate armed intervention in behalf of such peoples. To the first of these questions I can say that to the best of my knowledge the peoples of the oil-producing countries in which our nationals operate have been benefited and not exploited; there is a reasonable division of the wealth created as between those who supply the capital and technology and those who supply the resource.

The whole purpose of an adequate oil policy is to bring security and economic advancement to all concerned. Fortunately, with wise leadership, that is possible.

As to Mr. Dineen's second question with reference to armed intervention, I am not sure that I understand clearly what he has in mind. Despite beliefs to the contrary, there has never been an oil war. The whole purpose of my essay was to attempt to show how a future oil war could be avoided; naturally I would not favor armed intervention to gain oil developments.

—JOSEPH E. POGUE, *New York City*

I Personally —

Sir:

Is it too late for a prospective veteran to speak against current plans to extend a generous blanket post-war bonus to all who happen to be now in uniform?

For those who during the war suffer any post-war incapacitation, the most liberal financial allowances should in all humility be made, but those of us who "sweat it out" successfully, scarred only by vivid memories, should be content with our health, our service discharges, and our hopes for return to a functioning economy in a peaceful world.

Although it would undeniably be "a nice thing" to dish out a sizable roll of greenbacks to each of the millions of returned servicemen, this nation's financial and economic problems are going to be monumental enough without such an additional weight on the sagging treasury. Economically, a blanket bonus is indefensible; the same amount of money spent *productively* would benefit these same veterans much more.

Politically also, our national and international difficulties are going to be bafflingly complex without adding this golden chance for vote-seeking demagogues to distract public attention from the basic issues.

Finally, do we really believe President Roosevelt's statement that it is a privilege to wear the uniform of our country? Can you pay the soldier in cash for his battle experience? Can you buy patriotism?

A CORPORAL IN THE AAF
Dalhart, Tex.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 174  NUMBER 2

AUGUST, 1944

87th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

POLICING GERMANY BY AIR

by ALLAN A. MICHIE

IN THE Treaty of Mutual Guarantee signed by Britain, Germany, Italy, France, and Belgium at Locarno in 1925, these states agreed to guarantee the status quo on the Franco-Belgo-German frontiers, and to back that guarantee by military action when called upon. That agreement, known as the Locarno Pact, specifically provided that the signatory powers were to come to the assistance of the victims of aggression in case of a breach of the Franco-German or Belgo-German frontiers, or a breach of the provisions of the Versailles Treaty relating to the demilitarized zone.

In thus limiting the use of force to keep the peace in specific areas which, as the Pact states, have "so frequently been the scene of European conflicts," the Locarno agreement marked a step forward from the vague obligations of the League of Nations. The self-interest of the signatory powers was behind the Locarno Pact, and its acceptance by the five powers indicated in 1925 a willingness to improvise a police force for peace.

As the Locarno Pact improved on the League of Nations idea, so the proposal outlined here would implement the Locarno idea by improvising an aerial police force out of the national air units of the United States, Britain, Russia, and China for the limited,

mutual function of checking future aggression on the part of Germany or Japan.

Two "improvised" Allied air forces are in fact now functioning in the war zones. One is in the welding together in the RAF of its varied national components; in addition to the United Kingdom squadrons, most branches of the RAF—fighter, bomber, coastal command, army coöperation, photographic reconnaissance, and so on—at present include Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, Indian, Fighting French, Norwegian, Dutch, Belgian, Yugoslav, Greek, Polish, and British Colonial contingents, some of them organized and operated under their own air force direction, others commanded by British RAF officers, but all working under central control for a common cause.

The other Allied air force is the combination of the RAF and United States Air Force in Britain, the Mediterranean, the Indian-Burma front, and the Pacific areas under one planning authority that directs their common, coöordinated program of attacks against German and Japanese objectives.

It is the vision of both British and American air commanders, who have seen their partnership give birth to the greatest striking weapon the world has known, that that working wartime foundation is the beginnings of an aerial police force which, with the addition of the air force of Russia and, in time, of the growing air strength of China, will enable the free world at long last to secure the peace it has sought.

As an American correspondent assigned to Britain since the early Blitz, ALLAN A. MICHIE has had a close and continuous opportunity of studying air power in action. His books, *Retreat to Victory* and *The Air Offensive Against Germany*, have been widely read here and in England.

Copyright 1944, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

2

OUR disarmament provisions for Germany and Japan, carried out under temporary armies of occupation, must include the scrapping of their military air forces, the prohibition of future construction of military airplanes, and the destruction or surrender of all anti-aircraft weapons (guns, predictors, radar installations). With all opposition from the air thus removed, the Allied aerial police force that will take over control on the withdrawal of the occupational armies need not be large. The main advantage of air control is that a comparatively small number of far-ranging airplanes can police a large geographical area.

A contribution of 100 mixed fighter and bomber squadrons by each of the Big Three powers would be more than adequate to keep down aggression by Germany in Europe and by Japan in the Far East in the immediate years after this war. As China's contribution is added, the squadrons provided by Britain, Russia, and the United States could be correspondingly decreased. In other words, figuring twelve operational and four reserve machines to a squadron, the generally accepted standard, each of the Big Three would be called upon to provide some 1600 aircraft, making a total air police force of some 4800 machines — or about one half of one month's current American wartime production.

Instead of immobilizing many millions of Allied soldiers for long years as armies of occupation, the total manpower needed for such an aerial police force would be no more than 200,000 men, provided equally by the three great powers. Broken down into functions, this force might include 2400 operational and reserve fighter pilots, 24,000 operational and reserve bomber crewmen, some 133,000 in the ground crew services, and some 40,000 administrative men (planning, intelligence, weather, repair and maintenance services).

The component national units of the air police force would remain within their national air forces, but earmarked for the duties of air control; and unless the peoples concerned willed otherwise, it would not be necessary for either the aircraft or the airmen to leave their own nations until called upon. In order to counter American isolationist objections, which will revive with a vengeance after the war, to the establishment of American armed force outside the American hemisphere, the United States squadrons could remain at convenient coastal air bases until their turn came for an air police assignment; or, if the American public after the war retains its wartime realization that it is more sensible to

counter aggression far from home, the United States squadrons assigned to police duty might occupy airfields in Iceland, on a Lend-Lease basis,¹ or base in any one of the half-dozen smaller nations bordering Germany.

British squadrons assigned to air police duties over Germany could remain at their home bases, within reach of a large part of German territory, and the Russian air police units could be based at the airfields in Russia closest to the German border.

Although in the formative stages, at least, the components of the air police force would be furnished by the three great powers, participation in the air control of Germany might later be opened up to the smaller nations of Europe which desire to contribute in the keeping of the peace, once they have recovered from German occupation.

In the first years after the war, while their own air forces are being built up, these smaller nations might put airfields at the disposal of the air police forces of the Big Three. Poland and Czechoslovakia might allocate air bases to the Russian air police units, which could operate from them on a long-term basis or utilize them only when engaged in putting down German aggression. Similarly, Belgium, the Netherlands, Norway, and France might hold airfields ready for the use of the air police units of Britain and the United States. In the Pacific-Far East area, an independent Korea — and, of course, China — would put air bases within striking distance of Japan at the disposal of the peace-keeping air forces.

In actuality there would be two distinct air police forces: one designed for duty in the European theater, the other for the Far East. These units would remain under their own commanding officers, and on a rotating basis the two posts of Air Officer Commanding in these areas would be filled by these national commanders for a term of one year. By this means an American airman would command the Big Three air police force every third year in the European theater, and every third or fourth year in the Far Eastern theater.

These Air Officers Commanding would be bound to select their planning and administrative staffs from the qualified officers of the three or four air police units participating. We have seen during this war, in the effective mixing together of British and American air staff officers in one command in

¹ Iceland, presumably, would provide the airfields in exchange for American goods and services provided by a peacetime version of Lend-Lease. Such a relationship assumes, of course, that the American imperialists who wish to hang on to territories, air, land, or naval bases we have been "invited" to occupy, or that we have constructed as our contribution to the winning of the war, or that we have recaptured from the enemies, will not shape America's post-war policies.

the Mediterranean and also in the Indian-Burma theater, that airmen of two prestige-minded, competitive nations *can* work and plan together.

Participation in the police force I have sketched here does not, as in so many of the earlier schemes for an international air police force, imply disarmament of any nation except the defeated enemy countries, although the continued successful functioning of air control would naturally produce the confidence that aggression is being checked — the very confidence needed to reduce for the peace-loving peoples of the world the crushing burden of armaments.

For the United States in particular the participation in such an air police force has one important aspect. After this war the United States will not dare to lag so far behind in the technological development of military aircraft as we so dangerously did in the years up to — and even for months after — Pearl Harbor. By an inability to assimilate or by deliberately closing our eyes to the performance of the military aircraft of both enemy and friendly nations from 1939 to December 7, 1941, we were caught tragically and criminally without a single combat aircraft of any military type that could match the performance of its equivalent in the German Luftwaffe or the RAF when we were forced into the war. The best way to keep abreast of technical improvements in post-war military aviation is to participate with at least part of our air force in friendly, competitive collaboration with our major allies, and, when necessary, to employ those machines in actual operations to keep aggression in check.

To sum up the advantages of keeping the peace through air power: an aerial police force would require comparatively few aircraft and airmen; it would release millions of Allied soldiers from the non-productive tasks of armies of occupation; by drawing on the existing national air forces, and enabling the allocated police units to remain at their home bases until needed, it would avoid the colossal cost of maintaining either huge armies of occupation or ground striking forces in overseas service; by allowing the air units to serve under their own commanders it would allow each participating nation to retain a great measure of control over its own force.

The most important advantage, however, is that the *yearly* cost of the aerial control duties which the police force would have to undertake would probably not be so great as the combined United Nations expenditure for but *one day* of this war.

An air police force contributed equally by the three or four major powers, such as I have outlined,

is open to the same objection made against most of the earlier proposals for a real international air police force to be put at the disposal of the League of Nations: it is dependent upon the honor and good faith of the powers to respond with their air units when called upon. I accept that objection, but I am strongly convinced that after this Second German War it will no longer be a valid one. In the genuine determination of the Big Three or Big Four to preserve the peace that their bloody sacrifices in this war will win is our certainty that the contributory powers will respond in full faith when called upon.

3

EITHER the “inverted blockade” as used by the RAF in the Middle East, or the “pin-down blockade,” or both, might be adopted and elaborated to serve as the mechanism of air control which the aerial police force would apply to wipe out aggression. I will deal first with the “inverted blockade” technique as it might be applied to Germany.

After Germany's disarmament has been completed under the supervision of Allied commissions, backed by our temporary armies of occupation, those commissions should be replaced by a *permanent* Allied investigating body. This organization, composed of several hundred plain-clothes investigators widely established all over Germany, would act as a body of armament detectives. (In addition to former military men as investigators, I suggest that it include a number of Allied industrial experts, shop foremen, and *so on*, who could see through camouflaged arms production in the guise of peacetime products.) Their job would be to make periodic — and surprise — visits to all German factories in their areas, and to keep watch on Germany's police forces and on the semi-military organizations that will attempt to spring up under the disguise of veterans' organizations. Basically, it would be their responsibility to see that the disarmament provisions of the new treaty are kept to the letter, and to gather evidence of the slightest breach of those provisions.

This time we must not make the mistake we made after the last war, of first asking permission from either the German government or the German military authorities before the Allied commission make their inspections. Too often, last time, the government and the military men quietly tipped off the factories to be visited, enabling them to conceal the weapons being manufactured or to camouflage preparations for arms production. After this war, the Allied investigators must be as much a part of

German industrial life as are safety and fire prevention inspectors in British or American factories, able to move through the plants at will, without prior notification of their visits.

As a check to prevent the misuse of the air police force, and to make certain that a German breach of the disarmament provisions is clearly established, the evidence collected by the investigators might be put before an Allied European Council, composed of representatives of the Big Three powers, meeting in permanent session. On this Council might also sit representatives of the smaller European nations who wish to join in the responsibility for maintaining peace. This Council would have none of the international governmental responsibilities or powers of the League of Nations; it would be a purely deliberative body which would decide on a legal basis whether the evidence put before it established a deliberate breach of the disarmament clauses of the treaty.

Once German guilt was established, the responsibility would then be put into the hands of the officer commanding the air police units in the European theater. His first step would be to inform the management and the workpeople of the offending factory, and perhaps the people of the town in which the plant is located, that their factory has been caught breaking the treaty.

At the same time, the choice before the offenders should be clearly stated. Either the factory must hand over to Allied investigators all weapons already manufactured or under construction and the blueprints for them, or else, at a stated hour on a stated day, Allied air police units will begin the punitive bombardment of the factory. This "either-or" option should allow adequate time for the management, the workers, and, as a further precaution, all those who live in the immediate vicinity of the plant, to remove themselves and their belongings to a place of safety, in case the factory elects to take the aerial consequences.

If there has been no compliance up to the deadline allowed, then at the stated time a small force of Allied air police bombers would appear over the factory and drop their bombs. If German aerial opposition is suspected or anticipated, the bombers could be accompanied by protective fighter squadrons of the air police force. If no opposition is in fact encountered, the unharried air police bombers will be able to bomb with perfect precision and direct their bombs at the one section of the factory that has offended—not necessarily the entire industrial establishment.

The aim of this punitive bombing would not be to kill people. If Allied warnings are seriously heeded

(as they undoubtedly will be after the first few demonstrations that the Allies are determined to use force to keep the peace), and proper precautions are taken in the actual bombing, not a German life need be lost, and there need be no operational casualties among the attacking police units. The aim of such an elaborated "inverted blockade" applied to Germany would be the same as it was in the Middle East—to produce a change of heart among the peace-breaking peoples.

As Sir Charles F. A. Portal has pointed out, that change of heart would not be produced merely by dropping bombs on the offending factory and warning the offenders that if they misbehaved again they would get another dose of bombs. It can be produced only if we can persuade the workers of the factory and the people of the town that it is in their own interest to take *collective responsibility* to see that the disarmament provisions are not breached.

The real aim of punitive, air police bombing as applied to Germany would be to keep the people and the workers away from their offending factories until the discomfort, the stoppage of work, and the inability to hit back produce in them the realization that only when they demonstrate a willingness to keep the peace will they be allowed to live peaceably. As long as they refuse to accept the terms imposed by the peace-keepers, bombers of the air police force would make periodic and surprise flights over the factory, occasionally dropping bombs to keep its workpeople away from it. Then, the minute submission is forthcoming, the air police mechanism can be switched off as quickly as it was put on.

In our local communities we long ago realized that if the rest of us wished to live in peace and security, we had to set up a code of conduct to which the irresponsible among us had to adhere, and we appoint police authorities to make certain that these less responsible elements are kept in check. The Germans must be brought to take the same *collective responsibility* toward the disarmament lawbreakers in their midst.

4

TO TAKE a specific example, suppose that sometime in 1947 one of the Allied investigators comes upon concrete evidence that one German industrial organization—for example, Rheinmetall-Borsig, at Düsseldorf—is secretly engaged in the illegal manufacture of new, improved 88-millimeter anti-tank, anti-aircraft guns. That evidence would quickly be put before the Allied European Council, the members of which would decide whether it is

sufficient to warrant punitive air action. If the evidence so warrants, the case would then be turned over to the officer commanding the air police units in the European theater, who would call for the required squadrons of the air police force from the contributing nations and place them at readiness on Allied airdromes within easy reach of Düsseldorf.

His next step would be to warn the workers of Rheinmetall-Borsig and the people of Düsseldorf, by means of radio broadcasts, leaflets dropped from the air, and warnings in the local newspapers, that the factory had been caught in a breach of the peace. The choice would then be clearly stated. Unless, by a stated time, the factory destroyed the manufactured weapons, diverted to other uses the jigs and tools for making them, and destroyed the blueprints, then at that stated time and at any time thereafter, Allied air police units would be at liberty to bombard the plant.

Plenty of time would be given for the workpeople to leave the factory and, for the sake of safety, for all those living in the neighborhood of Rheinmetall-Borsig to remove themselves and their belongings to another area. Then, at the given hour, unless compliance was forthcoming, a handful of Allied bombers would appear and drop their bombs, not on the entire industrial establishment, but only on the particular section that had broken the peace. On following days, and for as long as Rheinmetall-Borsig refused to submit to the terms, other bombers would appear and, to keep the workers from trickling back to the factory, widen the area of their bombing within the factory bounds.

The moment word came from Rheinmetall-Borsig that it was willing to discontinue the illegal manufacture of armaments and to scrap those weapons already produced, the Allied air police units would cease bombing.

Those of us who have watched at close hand the lesson that air bombardment has written across the face of Germany in this war are convinced that, for generations to come, no German in the industrial areas of his country will take lightly the threat of such aerial punishment; and that, first in the little units of their factories, then in the larger units of their towns, then finally in the nation as a whole, the German people will come to the realization that it is safer, more comfortable, and more honorable to take a *collective responsibility* for keeping the peace.

At least once during the short-lived reaction against militarism following 1918, the German workers demonstrated to themselves and to the world that they had both the will and the power to paralyze their militarists if they acted as a body. In 1920, some of the reactionaries of the Reichswehr,

led by General von Lüttwitz, head of the Berlin Command, and the naval brigade of Captain Ehrhardt, sought to overthrow the government and establish a reactionary dictatorship.

In March of that year they marched on Berlin and installed Dr. Kapp, an official of the East Prussian government, as dictator. Kapp was nothing but a figurehead for the real leaders of the putsch, the most important of whom was old Ludendorff, who remained craftily in the background. This attempt by the militarists was answered by a general strike that paralyzed Germany in a few hours; and when the Reichswehr leaders saw that the whole German nation was in rebellion against them, they quickly retreated to await a better day, leaving Kapp to hold the bag.

With that potent weapon of a strike in their hands, the German workers have it in their power after this war to break the militarists of Germany.

5

BUT, say the skeptics, wouldn't it be possible for the German industrialists to build their factories underground, and thus escape destruction from the air? There has been a great deal of ill-founded speculation during the war concerning the possibility that the Germans have built underground factories, safe from the danger of Allied air raids. The Germans have experimented with underground factories, as have the British, but such factories are only a fraction of Germany's total industrial plant. There are limiting factors to the erection of underground factories, and for the most part the experiment so far has been confined to small firms making arms components and aircraft parts. It is a physical impossibility for the Germans, or anyone else, to attempt to move underground their heavy industries — the steel and chemical plants of the Ruhr and Rhineland, the coke ovens, and the great rolling mills of Germany's western areas.

However, if an underground factory is discovered flouting the disarmament provisions of the treaty after this war, and it is impossible to compel it to desist by the mere threat of air bombardment, then the air police units can be applied against the aboveground factories that are supplying it with raw materials or component parts. At one stage or another in the manufacture of illegal weapons, the air police force can be applied to stop that manufacture.

Nor will it be possible for the Germans to move their arms-producing factories to remote areas out of range of Allied police bombers, for with the coöpera-

tion of the Big Three and the smaller neighbors of Germany, every square mile of the Reich will be within comfortable range of the air police units.

Still other skeptics may contend that while the air police force by the threat of air bombardment might prevail upon the Germans to destroy their weapons and the jigs and tools used in the making of them, it is impossible to be certain that all the blueprints for the manufacture of those weapons will be destroyed. Blueprints, after all, exist first in the minds of the creators and only secondly on paper. That is true, but the mechanism of air control can be turned on and kept on for an indefinite period, and as long as German factories come forth with new blueprints the air police units will be on hand to strike.

Although the "inverted blockade" technique could successfully be used to keep people away from the arms-making factories until they agree to stop making arms, it may not be the most suitable technique for imposing control over other breaches of the disarmament provisions. For example, it might not be effective in preventing the re-establishment of German military organizations, such as the General Staff Corps, under new peacetime guises; or for rounding up freebooting private armies that may take to the countryside, as they did after 1918; or for unearthing concealed stores of arms on the Junker estates, if any such estates remain after this war. For these special cases, however, the air police units might apply a variation of the RAF's "pin-down blockade."

Suppose, for instance, that Allied investigators discovered that huge stores of weapons were being concealed on a remote country estate. Instead of giving the offenders warning, and thus enabling them to spirit the weapons away to another hiding place, units of the air police force, both fighters and bombers, would suddenly appear in the air over the grounds. Warnings would be issued, by wireless and loud-speakers, that anyone attempting to leave the estate would be machine-gunned or bombed from the air. Then, while the air police aircraft held the area in quarantine, Allied investigators, aided if necessary by German police forces, would surround the estate and begin their search.

The same technique might be used to round up para-military formations operating in the countryside, or to raid suspected hideouts and headquarters of the underground Nazis or German Army plotters.

There are those in the democratic nations who still feel, despite two abortive German attempts to enslave the world, that we must avoid any post-war control over Germany that might arouse the resentment of the German people. In the minds of those who incline towards a "soft peace" for Germany, this application of air control without occupation may seem too harsh a technique.

To them I answer that there is no reason why the use of either the "inverted" or the "pin-down" blockade *should* create resentment among the German people. If, as these apologists for Germany assert, the bulk of the German people after this war will be ready to live at peace with the world, and will regard their militarists as their real enemies, then they should be ready to support a peace-keeping technique that is designed to impose control on those militarists and on no one else.

Twice in one generation the Germans have seen their militarists prepare for a war and then lose it. This time the German people must crush those elements which made war in 1914 and 1939. If they succeed by themselves in eliminating these war-making groups from their midst, the air police force will not have to go into action. But if they fail once again to gain control over their and our warmaking enemies, the air police will be available as the free world's weapon of self-protection.

In the application of air control, no lives need be lost, not a drop of German blood spilled — and as long as the German people eagerly assumed a *collective responsibility* for keeping their own militarists in check, there would be no need to apply air control at all. Under ideal conditions — undoubtedly more ideal than we can hope for — the air police units would exist only as a precautionary weapon in case Germany's militarists again gained the upper hand.

But even if the continued threat of aerial punishment for misbehavior should bring some resentment in Germany — and, in my opinion, *any* form of control, however mild, will be resented for some time by many Germans who will remember in their defeat only how close they came to victory — the victorious Allied powers must keep uppermost in their minds that more than the fate and feelings of sixty-eight million Germans is at stake. It is the future of the world's two billion inhabitants, and the millions yet unborn, who will have to suffer what two generations have already suffered if we fail again in our responsibility to keep the peace.

WHAT TO DO WITH BAD BOYS

A Symposium

In the May *Atlantic* Judge Perkins of the Boston Juvenile Court examined the practice and theory of Individual Treatment as it has been applied to juvenile offenders. Responding to his leading article, "Common Sense and Bad Boys," came many letters and articles by social workers and psychiatrists, by penologists and guards in our prison camps, by fellow jurists, heads of foundations, and parents.

From this remarkable body of evidence we have drawn the seven statements which follow: the first by a social worker, JEAN M. CLUETT, the second by a trio of doctors, the third by DR. RODNEY H. KIEFER of the Pittsburgh Criminal Court, the fourth by IMRA WANN BUWALDA of California, the fifth by JOHN BARKER WAITE of the Michigan Law School, the sixth by HARRY BURROUGHS of the Burroughs Newsboys Foundation, and the seventh by SANFORD BATES, Commissioner of Parole of the State of New York.

I SHOULD like to tell my fellow social workers, who are now raging in controversy over Judge Perkins's provocative article in the May *Atlantic*, to keep their shirts on. Thoughtful examination of his thesis will show that the Judge is less opposed to our precious doctrine of individual treatment than he declares himself to be.

Of Henry, who was sent to the Lyman School, it is said, "Finally the Superintendent managed to arouse his interest. Satisfaction came with legitimate achievement." In other words, success resulted from the *individual* job an *individual* person did with an erring *individual*. A purpose or an ideal, or a measure of strength with which to pursue one, was in some way transmitted from person to person, and this is always the primary means by which success is achieved. In this instance, it was transmitted by the superintendent of a training school. It might have been transmitted equally well by the corner grocer or the family doctor. But while waiting for the appearance of someone who had the particular thing that he needed and who could successfully transfer it to him, the boy and society were both being protected.

Judge Perkins's real quarrel — and in my opinion a justified one — is not with a theory, but with certain misguided practitioners within our profession. Those whose faults show up glaringly in the article are of three different kinds: the group of social workers and therapists who persist in thinking of an individual only as an *individual* and not as an *individual in society*, which is what he really is; the group of institution workers who because of their lack of both insight and initiative have permitted institutions to be grouped together and thought of

as places of punitive custody for bad people; and the kind of worker with whom Judge Perkins was dealing in the case of Brown and Smith, who makes the presumptuous statement that one boy is "better material" than the other, and that the better material should go to a foster home and the worse to a reform school.

Judge Perkins is right in his insistence that conformity be demanded of an individual by society, if that individual wishes to claim his right to belong to society. Should the court make the individual welfare of each delinquent the sole criterion of what action it should take? Judge Perkins implies the answer should be "No." I say the answer can be "Yes" in the broadest sense, because it does not contribute to the welfare of the delinquent to allow him to make harmful mistakes or assume responsibilities he is not ready to assume. This may mean, therefore, isolating him.

The unfortunate thing, however, is that the Judge does not recognize, for those who have been excluded from society because of their failure to conform, any alternative other than that of the state school as we now know it. If a distinction could be made between correctional institutions or training schools, and custodial institutions, many problems would find solution.

Judge Perkins explains that a musician is excluded from the orchestra, regardless of the personal effect upon him, if he fails to play in time and in tune. What he fails to say is that upon such exclusion two alternatives are open to the orchestral musician: to retire to his practice room and with help and persistent exertion, through trials and errors, successes and failures, so to perfect his technique that he can

rejoin his orchestra; or to accept the fact that he has not the required ability, and to leave the profession.

The same should be, and to a limited extent is, true of the child in society. Conformity must be required of him, and if he fails to meet society's demands, he should be retired from society *to a place where he has the maximum opportunity to learn social living, with minimum danger to himself and society*. "Bad boys" who have finally been able to realize their latent abilities have made some of the finest contributions to society, and society cannot afford to deny them the help they need in converting their potentialities into actualities.

I do not mean to ignore the place of punishment in corrective treatment; it does have a place. But I do mean to say that *by itself* it never accomplishes anything of constructive and lasting value. It must be accompanied by an influence of equal force in the positive direction. In nearly every case where a change for the better appears to result from punitive action, it is traceable to some constructive relationship to a program or a personality experienced during the time of punishment.

If our "training schools" were actually, as their name suggests, schools for training in citizenship and social living, there would be no question of discrimination as, for instance, in the case of Brown and Smith. The school would be no "worse" than a foster home and placement in it would give no more reason for being interpreted as punishment. Decision would be made not on the basis of the arbitrary judgment of which boy is good and which poor material, but on whether the nature of the crime made it advisable to protect society by isolation of the individual; and that is a criterion which any boy could understand and accept.

Then there is the other alternative I mentioned in connection with the musician: retirement from the group. Similarly, the individual who shows no indication of ever being able to conform to society must be permanently retired from society. It is for this group that the other type of institution — the custodial institutions — should exist. Yet even in them, attempts to work with such children should not be abandoned, for our diagnostic and therapeutic techniques are not yet so perfect that we can say conclusively that the confirmed, pathological criminal may not some day become a socially acceptable person, under the proper stimulus.

Judge Perkins has written a stinging indictment, not so much against the doctrine of individual treatment, as against the individuals who are supposedly doing the treating. And who can blame him if twelve years as judge of a juvenile court has brought him into contact only with "correctional"

institutions which are veritable prisons, and social workers who labor under the illusion that they either have or are the answer to every wayward youth's problem. I do not believe that the kind of thinking, on the part of "socially-minded" people, which has prompted Judge Perkins to say some of the things he does represents the best that the social work profession has to offer. It would appear, however, to be the most prevalent, and I hope that the Judge's remarks will challenge us all to justify our position with regard to individual treatment by producing results instead of mere theories.

JEAN M. CLUETT
New York City

WE CANNOT agree with Judge Perkins's opinion on the way in which we can get criminals to discipline themselves. He states that we "cannot give them self-control — they must get it by their own efforts." This statement reveals a misconception of the nature of self-control.

To meet life in a manner acceptable to the community as well as to oneself, the individual must not only have the ability and the opportunity to learn acceptable behavior, but he must have the physical equipment to maintain control over his actions.

The ability to control behavior so that one is not unduly influenced by emotional factors depends upon the integrity of control by the higher centers of the brain (cortical control) over emotional and motor reactions. The failure to establish such control may result from a hereditary defect, such as epilepsy and other genetic disorders, from actual damage to the brain during the birth process, or as a result of accident or disease. Children with this inability are impulsive, usually overactive, fail to adjust in all areas of adaptation, and often have temper outbursts, enuresis, headaches, dizzy spells, sleep disturbances, or amnesic periods. They may show specific defects in learning, such as inability to read, or they may have a hearing loss.

These facts are evidences of the presence of an organic defect which prevents the normal exercise of self-control. It is important to realize that such children do not "profit from experience" since they cannot be guided in period of stress by what they have learned. It is essential that the precise type of defect present be recognized so that these children may receive the treatment which will help to rectify their defects of control.

Such "discrimination" is quite acceptable to other children in the group. They recognize the possibility of various defects, as they demonstrate by offering handicaps to the awkward runner

and by failing to include the impulsive player on their teams. When normal children are informed of their ability to conform and the responsibilities they must carry, they do not feel "discriminated against," but are proud that they do not need extra opportunity and treatments. On the other hand, the inadequate child must be helped to face his defects and to see the necessity for limiting his freedom until treatment can help him develop the necessary control to keep out of trouble. Children are grateful for this help and, in our experience, by no means infer from it that they are "superior" and beyond the need for conforming.

By all means let us recognize the twofold necessity for protecting society from the unpredictable behavior of unstable individuals and at the same time enabling handicapped individuals to develop the desire and the ability to contribute to the functioning of productive society. If the court and the social workers do not recognize that a large group of the children presenting delinquent behavior have defects making adequate performance and emotional control inhumanly difficult, and that, for the well-being of all, they are entitled to every possible resource for helping them to fit in — then heaven help society!

ESTHER BOGEN TIETZ, Psychiatrist
MILDRED MALM, Psychologist
VIRGINIA ARMON, Psychologist
Los Angeles Juvenile Hall Hospital

JUDGE PERKINS's article is a timely topic, well presented and justifiably defended.

In my comparatively brief experience of eight years in psychiatry (two of which have been spent in the Behavior Clinic of the Criminal Court in Pittsburgh) I have been constantly aware of the trend in our social thinking towards individual treatment. It would seem to me that the Freudian psychology of unconscious motivations, and therefore of lack of responsibility for our behavior, has so infiltrated and incorporated itself in the philosophies of many that they lose sight of the real purpose of our laws. There are those who have become so dominated by this type of thinking that they would have us believe that every crime is a medico-psychiatric problem rather than a socio-legal one. We are confronted with such a problem in this Clinic, and I thought perhaps it would be interesting to others to know how we discharge this responsibility.

Judge Perkins's work with juveniles is, in many respects, different from ours, inasmuch as we see only those over-eighteen years of age who are held

for Criminal Court. We believe, however, that our responsibility is to present to the trial judge a comprehensive picture of the type of personality committing the crime. We endeavor to present a concise report summarizing the individual personality, including psychological and physical findings, the motivation for the offense (if possible), and the degree of responsibility, or mitigating circumstances. We believe that the judge then has at his disposal an aid which will facilitate his arriving at a just punishment.

We rarely speak of "treatment," unless the individual is psychotic and committable to a mental hospital or suffering from a severe psychoneurosis which presents a medical rather than a socio-legal problem. We realize that to speak of "treatment" for those borderline groups of psychopaths, alcoholics, emotionally unstable individuals, is merely altruistic and actually beyond the realm of present-day possibility. We know that psychiatric treatment is time-consuming, expensive, and with these groups very discouraging at best. Probably there are not enough psychiatrists in the United States to treat *adequately* all the delinquents and criminals in Massachusetts or Pennsylvania alone.

It would seem that it is high time we stopped kidding ourselves with words and faced facts. There is no legalistic view or medical view alone, but rather a common-sense, logical view which we have found to work well in this particular Clinic, and it is apparently well accepted and appreciated by our judges and the Bar Association.

RODNEY H. KIEFER, M.D.
*Behavior Clinic of the Criminal Court
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

FRANKLY I am writing in order to get some sleep! As a "Caltec" faculty wife with four children, in a community where the cooks and maids are off happily riveting and spot-welding, I need my sleep. I am tired of staying awake at night arguing with Judge Perkins. So here is what I said to him last night.

First, Judge Perkins, let me compliment you on the excellent "individual treatment" you administered in the case of the boy you discussed. You have proved by it that you are a better psychiatric social worker than the ones you quoted.

I find myself amazed to the point of incredulity at what you report to be the almost universal attitude of psychiatrists, social workers, and socially-minded people in general, and of the philosophy of the Youth Correction Authority in particular, in respect to the doctrine of individual treatment. You credit them

with the belief that the "individual welfare of each delinquent should be the *sole* criterion of what action should be taken." Then you proceed — and very ably too — to shoot this premise as full of holes as it deserves.

Well, Judge, maybe I have been meeting the wrong people all these years. Because, to the people I know, the primary and all-important objective of protection of society is so axiomatic as scarcely ever to need mention. The very purpose of all penal reform, of the Youth Authority Act, of the juvenile court and probation, police participation in crime prevention through trained juvenile officers, of community programs for "spotting" and dealing with "pre-delinquents," is the protection of society.

Whom have I met? Well, Judge, in the aggregate, and over the years since the time when I was a policewoman in Washington, D. C., during the winter of 1918-1919 (attempting to apply a little individual treatment to juveniles), I have met many of the country's experts in these lines. In New Haven (my Yale professor husband's war job in Washington being finished) I did much the same work as I had done in Washington, but for a private agency. Here in California I have been on crime problem, women offender, juvenile delinquency, and assorted commissions and committees under the last four California governors, besides those to which I was self-appointed. In 1940, together with Governor Earl Warren (then Attorney General) and O. W. Wilson (then Professor of Police Administration at the University of California at Berkeley and now Police Chief of Naples), I was appointed a "consultant" of the American Law Institute on its Youth Correction Authority plan.

Here in California we once had a fellow named Hickman — you may have heard of him even in Boston, Judge Perkins, since he left the dismembered body of his twelve-year-old victim on the lawn for the girl's father for the ransom money. That chap had come into conflict with the law before. If California had *then* had "individual treatment," Hickman could have been recognized for what he was and could have been confined. The girl's life would have been spared and the taxpayers of our county saved the \$600,000 the long hunt and the trials were said to have cost us. This is the side of the picture that you so surprisingly and completely ignore, Judge Perkins. Treat them as patients? Yes. But although you don't beat or send to jail a patient for an infectious disease, *neither do you turn him loose until he is no longer infectious.*

That sounds like common sense to me, and so it sounded to the people of California, who overwhelmingly adopted the California version of the

Act in 1942. As a vice president of the California Prison Association, which sponsored the project, I am in a position to state authoritatively that there was no high-pressuring to "put the law across."

As I said in the beginning, Judge, I hope that someone has written you of our Youth Authority in action, as it is developing under Karl Holton, with the full support of Governor Warren — of its camps for boys, its training schools and diagnostic center; above all, perhaps, of the crime prevention program, coördinating and helping the distracted agencies and local communities, swamped as they are by the flood of war workers and members of the armed forces and their families. But through it all runs — as a central theme — the *protection of society* through the *common-sense* use of expert advice in dealing with individual offenders.

IMRA WANN BUWALDA
Pasadena, California

EDDY MURPHY made Detroit headlines recently by his hundredth conviction of crime, and police files are filled with reports of five, ten, fifteen repeated punishments for more serious crime. In the penitentiaries of every state more than half the inmates have served terms of imprisonment before. The unhappy truth is that most of the country's burden of crime comes from a "stage army" of offenders, marching into the courts, through the penitentiaries, behind scenes for a moment of freedom, back into the courts again. To check this repetition of crime by known offenders, a model Youth Correction Act which differs fundamentally from conventional methods has been proposed by the American Law Institute for enactment in state legislatures.

Our conventional treatment of convicts is based on the theory of imposing such unpleasant consequences for crime that, once experienced, they will not be risked again. But never in history has this appropriately named *soc et tuum* process produced satisfactory results — not even when its penalties were most horrific. When the consequence of conviction was loss of an ear, there were many with both ears gone.

The deterrence-through-fear method fails, and must always fail, for clear-cut reasons. In the first place it is a group treatment, operating essentially alike on all its subjects; dealing with convicts in the mass, not as individuals; relying for its preventive effect wholly on the assumption that if the consequence of conviction is fearsome enough, potential wrongdoers will choose not to offend. It seeks neither to learn the cause of an individual convict's criminality nor to correct it if known.

But we know now that the causes of crime are more than a simple misjudgment in balancing desired gain against probable pain; they are varied and complicated. Sometimes the cause is no more than economic incompetence; sometimes it is obviously physiological; sometimes it is complicatedly psychological. We have learned, too, that such causes if discovered can often be eliminated, economic competence can be increased by education and training, physical handicaps or impulses can be removed, psychological abnormalities can be corrected.

A second basic reason why the conventional method fails to prevent repetition is that, having turned its victims back into society even less fitted to live honestly than before their imprisonment, it deserts them — leaves them to their own provedly insufficient and now weakened capacities to refrain from crime. A Wall Street embezzler, when released, may be offered employment as manager of a friend's estate. A vice lord may be promptly elected to Congress. A scar-faced income tax evader may retire to his own sea-island property.

Even prisoners released on parole, before the years of their sentence have been served, are little better off. They must have a job before release; but when that job ends, the states give no more help. Parole officials watch for parole violations, but they have neither time nor money to help prevent violations. What a prison social worker once said to me of her prostitutes applies fairly to the whole conventional process of punishment and release: "We cure these women of their diseases and keep them in the House of Correction for the term of their sentence. Then we turn them onto the streets with no home, no money, no job, no place to sleep with honesty. Is it surprising that they are soon sent back?"

Two other faults in the conventional punitive process also account for its failure in prevention. The first: mass treatment inevitably tends to deterioration of character. When comparative innocence is contaminated by wickedness, when unsophistication is educated by experience, or when casual wrongdoing is developed by prison associations into pervading viciousness, the very desire to abstain from crime is destroyed, not strengthened. The second: a merely punitive purpose forces the release of men who have been "punished" all they "deserve," regardless of their fitness for freedom. When Dominick Piccone had served his sentence for felonious assault the prison psychiatrists reported him "definitely assaultive and potentially homicidal." Yet he was released; and in two weeks he had murdered three desirable citizens. There are many offenders who for the safety of society should be kept where repeated crime is impossible.

It is such major causes of failure in the conventional methods that the Correction Act was designed to remedy. Its application is confined to "Youth" merely because change in the entire preventive system, all at one time, though logical enough, would be practically impossible. The Act creates a commission for its administration, though many of the commission's functions will necessarily be performed through expert agencies. To this commission convicted youths will be committed by trial judges. The commission's function is to study carefully the needs of each youth from the crime prevention point of view, then to put into operation whatever corrective procedures seem reasonably necessary. Its duty is to separate the impressionable from the hardened and vicious; to provide facilities for education, training in trade skills, and general betterment of a convict's capacity as well as of his desire for honest living; to offer him whatever of surgery or psychiatry may correct the causes of his criminality; in short, to do whatever is calculated to make *safer* citizens, instead of merely more fearful and more vicious ones.

The commission may give a youth supervised freedom at once; it must release him from confinement as soon as his freedom is compatible with public safety. It may, within narrow limitations and under careful safeguards against abuse, keep him in custody until release is safe. Perhaps as important as anything else, when he is released the commission is specifically empowered to assist him thereafter in any practicable crime-preventive manner.

Costly? Of course — in the beginning. No truly preventive process is possible by mere mass treatment; individualization in study and correction will necessitate a different personnel and a more suitable plant. But the original cost will pay high dividends in more effective prevention. As repetition decreases, the saving in costs of crime, conviction, and punishment over and over unendingly will far exceed the greater costs of initial treatment.

The proposal of course evokes objections other than its cost — objections specious and plausible, but not sound. At its conceivable worst, *corrective* treatment must necessarily be a more effective preventive of repeated crime than mere ill-treatment has been or ever can be.

JOHN BARKER WAITE
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

THE judges of juvenile courts in Massachusetts supposedly operate under Chapter 119 of the General Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachu-

setts, Section 53, which says: "Sections fifty-two to sixty-three, inclusive, shall be liberally construed so that the care, custody and discipline of the children brought before the court shall approximate as nearly as possible that they should receive from their parents, and that, as far as practicable, they shall be treated, not as criminals but as children in need of aid and encouragement and guidance. Proceedings against children under said sections shall not be deemed criminal proceedings."

The function of the judge who deals with children is not punitive, but corrective. He stands *in loco parentis*. At the present time, forty-six of our forty-eight states, as well as many foreign countries, have laws pertaining to juvenile delinquency, and the keynote everywhere is correction and prevention rather than punishment. The law assumes that not all parents are capable and intelligent enough to guide their children properly. Therefore, when a child is in difficulty, the law puts a learned judge in the place of the parents. Does a good parent help or punish?

From my experience in dealing with thousands of boys since the establishment of the Burroughs Newsboys Foundation of Boston in 1927, I firmly believe that kindness, understanding, and helping a boy according to his individual problems are more effective than summary punishment in bringing reformation.

Judge Perkins is not in accord with the doctrine of individual treatment because, I believe, he does not grasp its full purpose and meaning. From my experience, Rule One of this doctrine, by which each offender receives individual treatment based on personal characteristics, makes good sense. I believe that when a boy commits a wrong or violates a code established by society, we must probe into the *reason* and the motivating force behind it. We must ascertain (a) whether the boy was mentally able to distinguish right from wrong; (b) whether his actions were deliberate, wicked, malicious, or merely brought about by lack of proper training or environment.

The community owes him the chance to improve himself and should provide the proper means for rehabilitation and guidance. Surely such guidance and rehabilitation cannot possibly come from jails and reformatories as they are now constituted.

The good sense of Rule Two of the doctrine, by which discipline is applied individually, cannot be argued against, since the mentality and understanding of individuals admittedly differ.

Rule Three of the doctrine, — that correction should be the sole criterion of the discipline used, — to which Judge Perkins objects, is partly covered by

the General Laws, already quoted, under which the Judge must administer his court. The law does not intend the court to seek revenge by punishment. Protection and correction are requirements of the juvenile law. It should be ascertained whether the delinquent's mental processes of reasoning and his conception of right and wrong have been derived from his background and environment. Many people are unable to reason through a problem. A person's reasoning powers may be influenced a great deal by environment, even though he may be possessed of a good mentality. He may be living in a community where certain prohibited acts are considered right.

One of the questions on the questionnaire which boys seeking membership in the Burroughs Foundation are asked to fill out is: "What do you want to be when you grow up?" Under prohibition, many answered that they wanted to be bootleggers. When it was called to their attention that bootlegging was against the law, they were amazed, because in their environment it was considered an honorable profession enabling people to ride in big cars and gain the respect of their neighbors.

Punishing a boy for the influence of environment on him will not eliminate the cause of his wrongdoing. The community has the responsibility of seeing that the individual is not subjected to evils and disadvantages that work against decent behavior.

"Punishment may be necessary for therapeutic purposes," Rule Three says. I certainly do not advocate doing away with punishment in all cases. Sometimes punishment is necessary in order to deter, where the state of mind of the boy is such that reason and guidance will not help. I have had many cases where reasoning alone did no good because the mentality of an adolescent was that of a young child. Therefore, it was necessary to resort to punishment as therapeutic treatment by depriving the boy of certain privileges which he enjoyed.

Where the mind is not developed sufficiently to judge right from wrong, should the individual be corrected, under proper influences that are safeguards to society, or should he be punished as a criminal when a law is violated? It is obvious that he should be corrected, not as one who has committed a wrong against society, but as one who cannot reason.

As to the case cited by the Judge of a fourteen-year-old boy who liked to steal cars and drive at seventy miles an hour, the social service worker who asked special consideration was partly right. Her contention that there was a motivation which made this boy do what he did obviously had some foundation.

That boy was evidently getting a thrill out of

speed without realizing the dangerous consequences. His case reminds me of a boy at the Foundation who was convinced that he had the right to use a gun to make a living because his mother did not have enough food and he was not going to let her starve. Although his motive was good, in his thinking he did not carry through the consequences of his act. When I suggested to him that he might kill someone, he still did not care. The primary force in his thinking was that he had to take care of his mother. When I took the next step *for him*, and made him realize the effect on his mother, should her son be branded a killer, he saw the thing as a whole and turned his gun over to me. We helped him to get a job; today he is a good, law-abiding citizen.

The story of Smith and Brown, as cited by Judge Perkins, has aroused widespread discussion and controversy. Both boys had committed the same crime, neither dominating the other. A clinic recommended to the Judge that one boy go to a foster home because he had superior qualities, whereas the other, Smith, should go to an industrial school because he had lesser possibilities of reform. Judge Perkins states that he refused to "discriminate," on the grounds that he would be playing favorites, and that he sent both lads to the school.

This case brings to my mind one in which two boys came before me. Both denied stealing automobiles as charged when confronted by the authorities. When I questioned them separately, one admitted the theft and said, "Mr. Burroughs, I cannot lie to you." But the other was adamant and defiantly insisted that he had not stolen. Was I to treat both boys alike?

If all that is required of a judge is to punish, then we might as well get our justice through a slot machine. For stealing, push this button and receive the penalty; for burglary, another button. We could then do away with the huge expenses entailed in running courts and in paying the salaries of judges, probation officers, clerks, district attorneys, and instead re-establish the whipping post and the stocks.

Judge Perkins contends that a criminal who appears before a court is not in the category of an individual going voluntarily to a doctor. Suppose an individual does not have the money to pay a doctor when he is sick. Would the community not hire one for him rather than have him die or infect others? The same principle should be applied by courts and judges.

The Judge says that imposing so-called punishment or treatment "isn't doctoring." The mother doctors her child, the good teacher doctors his pupils, the physician doctors his patient. There should be

someone who will doctor so-called *bad boys* before they come up for slot-machine justice.

HARRY E. BURROUGHS
Burroughs Newsboys Foundation
Boston, Massachusetts

THE indignant expostulations of Judge John F. Perkins of Boston are easy to understand. He asserts that certain enthusiastic psychiatrists and social workers with whom he has talked (in every movement there are proponents who sometimes injure their own cause by overenthusiasm) have erroneously discarded the reliance on punishment or deprivation or disciplinary control as a deterrent or dissuasive force; and he questions the efficacy and wisdom of the individualized approach to the young offender.

The Judge's first contention is that to treat youngsters on the basis of their individual needs is to lay the foundation for allegations of favoritism *by the boys themselves*. It goes without saying that justice should be impartial, and that where punishment is imposed as *punishment*, there should be no favoritism growing out of any political influence, undeserved preferment, prejudice, or ignorance of the circumstances. Such favoritism unfortunately prevails in business life, in school, and even at times in our courts of justice. Everywhere in life nature plays her favorites. There are individuals whose qualities of body, brain, and heart point them towards a successful life and there are others who are destined to falter in the battle for survival.

It would be difficult to prove that the indiscriminate, impartial imposition of punishment has had regenerative effects *upon the individual so punished*. It is perhaps less difficult to prove that punishment, or the prospect of deprivation of liberty, or social degradation deters potential criminals — at least those whose reasoning powers are intact. Both nature and society set us many examples of how we suffer when we disregard their laws.

It is when we consider the reformatory or curative aspects of penal discipline that we find ourselves forced to consider the needs, the character, and the potentialities of the individual. Social treatment no less than medical must follow accurate diagnosis. Assuming with Judge Perkins that the carriers of communicable diseases and those with homicidal tendencies should be restrained for the good of society, it is still advisable to take their temperature and their blood pressure and utilize the innumerable scientific tests which are now available. To say that treatment of bad boys should be the same no matter what these tests show is to speak in terms that long

ago have been discarded. It is not progress to disregard the findings of the social sciences and substitute a reliance on punishment, which alone has never yet accomplished either reformation or deterrence to a satisfactory degree.

Nor do I think, when boys appreciate the fact that differences do exist within themselves and in their capabilities, that they will resent such differentiation in treatment, *provided the discrimination is based upon sound, scientific, non-prejudicial knowledge of the facts* and is wisely and patiently interpreted to them.

The Judge's second point is that to lead young people to believe that they cannot cure themselves is a dangerous policy and will weaken their character and resistance to evil. Due allowances can nevertheless be made for the effect upon personality of early neglect or destructive influences, and to make such allowances would enhance the sense of justice within the individual rather than destroy it.

There is no greater need at all ages than to instill self-reliance into our citizens, but self-reliance can come through guidance, training, and sympathetic understanding as well as through a relentless, rigorous determination to force the youngster to "take the consequences." The whole concept of the juvenile court presupposes a sort of immaturity and dependency inherent in childhood and adolescence which must be considerably manipulated rather than treated on the basis of full responsibility.

The Judge's final assertion is that the application of the doctrine of individual treatment in effect results in injustice. This presupposes that all boys start on an equal basis, whereas they do not, and to such a degree that equal treatment of them all may in itself be *injustice*. Important as it is to consider the rights of the community first, it would be almost equally disastrous to ignore the fact that different types of men and boys do not respond in an identical or stereotyped fashion. To contend that they do would be to advocate the maximum of deterrent punishment for all, for psychopaths, traffic violators, drug addicts, confirmed bandits, policy players, hillbillies, city gangsters, Wall Street manipulators, the slick, the dumb, the rich, the poor, the wise, the simple, the old, the young, men, women, adolescents, and children. The fact of the matter is that the only system of just punishment is that which inquires into and understands the personality, the potentialities for both good and evil, of each offender, at least to the extent that it seeks to *cure* the individual.

The word "merit" never can become obsolete in our system of modern penology. Nor is it to be supposed that knowing more about an individual will necessarily make us more tolerant and lenient toward him and expose the community to greater danger. The reverse is likely to be true. In my experience of twenty-five years, I have noted on countless occasions that the psychiatrist with an accurate knowledge of human frailties is less likely to advocate the release of an individual than the police chief, district attorney, or judge. I have also noted that the modern penologist has been in the vanguard in demanding better methods of law enforcement.

I hold no special brief for the psychiatrists. They can be as dogmatic in one direction as the legalists can be in another. What we all need to be in these days is as realistic and objective towards the problem as possible, to realize that there are definite limitations on the effect of punishment on the individual. We send men to institutions *as* punishment and not *for* punishment, for the greatest deterrent force among the great mass of the public grows out of their fear of losing their liberty, their self-respect, and the esteem of their neighbors. Disclosure and the disgrace of being classed as a lawbreaker often act as a more effective deterrent than the character or length of punishment for an offense. Scientists also tell us that men and children are swayed more by the promise of reward than the threat of punishment.

There is nothing mutually exclusive, as Judge Perkins seems to imply, in a modern program which both safeguards the public and reforms the offender. It is possible to undertake the task of protecting the public through the deterrent forces of exposure, deprivation, and segregation and at the same time to utilize recent discoveries in the fields of medicine, psychiatry, and social treatment, in the hope that criminal careers may be terminated or diverted.

There is also an outstanding reason for continuing our studies of the individual criminal, because only by the light of knowledge so acquired may those who come after us direct their efforts towards the prevention of future crime and delinquency with greater assurance of success.

Judge Perkins has done us a service in reminding us that there are two facets to this problem of delinquency. Neither one can be overlooked.

SANFORD BATES
New York State Board of Parole

(A second article by Judge Perkins will appear in the September issue of the Atlantic.)

READING YOUR MIND

by DUNNINGER

1

NEARLY everyone can become a mind reader. This may be regarded as a conservative statement, inasmuch as a prominent scientist was recently quoted as making a similar pronouncement, without the modification of the word "nearly." However, from my own observations while conducting experiments as a mind reader, I am not convinced that the ability is universal; but it appears to exist in the vast majority of persons.

Mind reading depends upon telepathy, which was formerly termed "thought transference" or "mental telegraphy." While the physical causes of telepathy have not been determined, the faculty has itself been demonstrated; and therefore we have some knowledge of how it functions, even though we do not know exactly why it does so.

Basically, telepathy is a matter of impressions. These are elusive, and are lost if one tries to force them. When telepathic impressions are experienced, they are at first vague, lacking shape and perspective. Their development, if noted, is gradual. But it is not always noted; for this reason persons are sometimes surprised by what may be termed a telepathic "flash," which gives them the erroneous idea that completed thoughts are obtained rapidly.

Therefore, in beginning experiments in telepathy it is important to seek impressions only. These will demonstrate whether or not the individual possesses telepathic ability; and they accomplish that aim better than more advanced experiments.

Certain experimenters have concluded that telepathic ability is comparatively rare, possessed by only about one person in five. Others consider it so very rare that they regard persons with telepathic ability as mental prodigies.

JOSEPH DUNNINGER's prowess as a "mind reader" is put to the test each Wednesday night on a coast-to-coast broadcast. His accomplishments are spectacular, to say the least, and to those who remain skeptical or mystified he explains that the answer is simple telepathy. For this article the *Atlantic* has drawn a number of the more striking episodes from Mr. Dunninger's new book, *What's on Your Mind?*

What proportion of people are specially suited subjects—that is, persons who are naturally telepathic? I should say one in ten, though the rest could be classified in varying degrees. It should not be difficult to rate persons according to a "telepathic quotient," and simple experiments designed to such an end should be made a part of all laboratory work.

Assuming that we have picked the one of ten typical subjects, it is simply a case of using the right methods with the others in order to bring out their latent telepathic ability. A high-average subject might balk at a single test, but respond to all others. Those of lower averages might respond to only one or two types of test. I am not sure that *any* would fail utterly, if tested exhaustively from all angles.

By picking the best subjects and concentrating upon them, high results can be obtained, and I think this is the right way to go at it. Too many experimenters approach telepathy as though they were trying to find the percentage of salt in sea water—namely, by simply dipping out a bucketful and analyzing it.

But what they should be going after is pay dirt, and nobody would go around scooping earth from any back yard to see if he could find gold in it. There are certain places where gold is likely to be found, and those are the places where you go to hunt for it. Occasionally a strike is made in some unexpected location; and similarly, persons with remarkable telepathic ability are sometimes discovered through sheer accident. But it is no accident that I find good subjects, because I am constantly giving mental demonstrations for large audiences representing men and women from many walks of life, and—as I shall discuss later—telepathic ability is often related to environment, experience, occupation, and other factors that go toward maturing the mind.

Contrast this with telepathic tests that have been made at colleges, where practically all of the subjects are members of the student body. In such instances the limitations are plain. All the subjects are

from the same age group, have the same immediate environment and the same amount of education, and, with comparatively few exceptions, are of approximately the same intelligence.

Under such conditions it is hard to get results, particularly with tests that are not geared to the mode of thought found in such a group. Yet results have been obtained in college laboratories devoted to para-psychology, and occasionally subjects showing a high telepathic quotient have been tested further with sustained results.

My demonstrations strike a high because I have been giving them for years, all the while seeking more and more to tune in my thoughts with those of my volunteer subjects. I have learned to classify people automatically according to their mental reactions and I gauge my own mood accordingly. This is something that is almost entirely overlooked in laboratory experiments.

2

AT ONE of my radio broadcasts, Edwin C. Hill, the noted commentator, was present. Observing him from the platform, I introduced him to the audience and proceeded with my usual demonstration in which I read the thoughts of strangers. But I found myself thinking of Mr. Hill and recognized immediately that he had formed some mental impression that concerned me.

Now it is my rule to perform all public tests with strangers in order to avoid any charges of collusion. In this case, I departed from that rule for two reasons: first, because I knew that everyone would accept the word of Mr. Hill that he was not my confederate; secondly, because his mental impression was so persistent that I found it interfering with those of other persons.

The impression that I received was very curious. I seemed to see Mr. Hill seeing me. That is, the whole situation was like a scene inside a scene. Along with this, I caught certain recollections that enabled me to place the picture, so I turned to Mr. Hill and asked if he happened to be concentrating upon a definite thought.

When he said yes, I told him he was thinking of a demonstration that I had given several years before where I had been before a private audience in a large room, performing the very tests that I was doing now. Mr. Hill was picturing that occasion to learn if I could gain his thought.

I was correct as to the occasion and therefore the general thought impression. He stated, however, that he was *not* thinking of that part of the perform-

ance, but was picturing the events following my mental demonstration when, on the same platform, I had duplicated certain so-called spirit manifestations as performed by mediums.

In brief, Mr. Hill's thoughts either had progressed ahead of mine, or, in picking up his thought impression, I had stopped after identifying the preliminary situation which led to the one he had in mind.

In either case, the test was definitely successful, since the mere naming of the occasion was satisfactory evidence that I had read the thought. But it also indicated the ability of Mr. Hill to draw a single instance from a vast field of recollection and concentrate upon it to the exclusion of other ideas, something which would be impossible for a person lacking in long experience.

The fact that this thought impression literally shouted itself above those of a large audience illustrates my point that the restrictions of a college laboratory, with students as the only subjects, are not conducive to the results that can be obtained in a broader setting.

At another of my demonstrations I recognized a well-known bookdealer in the audience and introduced him by name. Naturally I associated him with books, and while I was introducing him, a curious impression struck me. It was one of the "incomplete type," which always registers well, for the very reason that it is bothering a person's mind and is, therefore, likely to be conveyed.

I turned to the bookdealer and said: "I know what's on your mind now. You are thinking of a set of books from which Volume Two is missing. You are eager to replace that missing volume, but you haven't been able to do so."

My impression was correct. It was the very thought the man had in mind, as would be the case with almost any bookdealer who wanted to fill a valuable set. As for my ability to obtain that impression, there was nothing uncanny about it. First, I felt that something was on the gentleman's mind; next, I recognized that it had to do with books; finally, I identified the books along with the problem relating to them. This process was almost instantaneous, though I have often had to probe such cases and solve them by degrees.

Perhaps his face told me he was troubled. Again, it may have been chiefly intuition that made me attribute that worry to books, which were the things that most concerned him. But the final stage, the identification of the books and their missing volume, was distinctly telepathic. That being the case, the whole process can be defined as thought reading, for it is impossible to tell precisely where observation blends into intuition and finally into telepathy.

3

In all my broadcasts I project a thought to the radio audience with a request for replies. In every instance, the figures have run far above the law of averages. Here are some of the results: —

For one of my projections I took the titles of the Four Freedoms. These were read aloud to the radio audience, after which I chose one mentally and projected my impression. I wrote the name on a slip of paper which was placed in an envelope to be kept until the next broadcast.

Members of the studio audience wrote the name of the Freedom they had received mentally and left their notations on the way out. During the following week members of the radio audience sent in their impressions and these were tabulated by the time of the next broadcast. The returns were announced before the envelope was opened.

My choice was "Freedom from Want." By the law of chance, it should have polled about 25 per cent of the total and the other Freedoms should have run the same. Instead, "Freedom from Want" ran about 60 per cent better than its nearest competitor. That fact was phenomenal in itself; that it should have occurred with the particular Freedom which I selected was a remarkable coincidence — if it can be termed a coincidence at all.

I attribute it to the telepathic quotient for the simple reason that the same rule has held true in my other thought projections, the figures varying only in relation to the number of potential choices in any given projection, which is why results have been tabulated in comparative percentages.

Here in brief form are the tabulations of other projections, which in each case involved the choice of one name from five that were read aloud to the listeners before I projected my own choice. I am citing these not only because they represented a uniform type of projection test, but because in these cases separate figures are available covering the studio audience and the listening audience.

Choosing from the names of islands in the Pacific Ocean, all taken from those which had come into prominence during the campaigns of the present war, I projected the name "Tarawa." Results showed that with the studio audience "Tarawa" ran 70 per cent above the next choice; with the listening audience, 65 per cent.

From five well-known songs, all old-time favorites, I chose and projected "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." This song topped all others in results, the studio audience giving it a margin of 45 per cent, the listening audience a margin of 35 per cent.

Another which struck a theme of popular interest was my projection of one of Walt Disney's famous cartoon characters chosen from a list of five, including his perennial favorites, Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. I chose Bambi, less well known. Not only did Bambi top the list, but it came through with a high margin: 55 per cent from the studio audience, 50 per cent from the listening audience.

Among the figures at hand, the only case where the listening audience showed a higher percentage than the studio audience was when I tried a "one in seven" projection which I purposely used because it involved names so familiar that there could be no hesitation on the part of any listeners.

The names I chose were those of the days of the week. The one that I projected was Wednesday. This test brought an unusually large number of responses, and since the studio returns, already tabulated, showed only a 15 per cent majority in favor of Wednesday, there was much speculation regarding how the listening audience would come through, if at all. With days of the week, any personal matter such as an appointment or a theater party might throw off the projection.

I felt no doubt myself, because the studio returns proved that the projection had registered. When the final returns were in, it was found that the listeners not only picked Wednesday as the top choice but gave it a 25 per cent margin as opposed to the studio audience's 15 per cent.

It will be noted that in these tests I have repeatedly demonstrated the positive factor which experience has shown to be constant in all telepathic experiments. I feel that my projections prove conclusively that the potential based on the telepathic quotient is much higher than anyone has rated it.

Previously recognized as a probability only when viewed in relation to many series of tests, this factor asserts itself as an actuality in the single series which I have conducted. It raises only one question, and a new one: Why should my series of projections show such a high percentage of consistent success?

The reason for this is simple. My thought projections always follow my demonstration of answering questions that are in the minds of the studio audience. Therefore, I command the attention of all persons who have receptive ability, thus building up more than a 10 per cent potential. Or putting it from another standpoint, I encourage the latent ability of many persons who would not be reached if they were not keyed to the situation, thus raising their telepathic quotient where the thought projection experiment is concerned.

The fact that the studio audience runs higher in correct results than do listeners at large is not an in-

dication that distance interferes with thought projection. It is due, in my opinion, to the fact that the studio audience does not have the distractions during the broadcast that many home listeners have, and should naturally rate higher.

4

I HAVE frequently gained impressions of facts that a person has forgotten, but which were checked later and found to be correct. At one of my demonstrations Betty Smith, author of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, was present as member of a committee that was to give me a special test.

Very appropriately, the committee had buried a sealed box under a tree somewhere in Brooklyn, and I was to name the address of the house and the owner of the property. Since Betty Smith knew her Brooklyn, I concentrated upon her thoughts and gave the location, only to find that she couldn't recall it. We checked by another committee member and found that I had given the correct location.

It could have been a crossed thought, since the other members of the committee were concentrating on the location, but I still am certain that I gained the impression from the Brooklyn writer. Telepathy consists in receiving subconscious impressions, and a memory lapse does not interfere, since memory itself resides in the subconscious. Even if Miss Smith could not consciously recall the location, I was able to get the thought from her subconscious.

The reason for my certainty dates back to another committee test which took place in Philadelphia. There I gained an impression of a name that was in the mind of the curator of a museum. He had noted the name some time previously, but had partly forgotten it and concentrated upon a name that was similar.

The name that I gave was correct and therefore did not fit with the one that he had concentrated upon. When we checked the name itself, it proved that I was right. Unquestionably, even while concentrating on the wrong name, this gentleman transmitted to me the name that had actually registered in his subconscious mind.

In the use of all of our senses, we frequently call upon some outside manifestations to verify them. We catch a glimpse of a flash of light, and then an ensuing peal of thunder tells us that what we saw was lightning, and a shower is approaching. Similarly, we often hear sounds that are difficult to identify, particularly as to the direction of their source, until we see something that gives us the needed clue.

The backfire of an automobile might be identified as a pistol shot without the aid of sight. The hissing of a steam radiator might be regarded as a snake's warning without visual assistance in interpreting it. Behind these actual identifications lies man's ability to reason, and the same ability is needed in sorting telepathic impressions. Sometimes one impression blends with another, producing confusion that leads to a wrong interpretation.

The ability of the mind reader depends upon the correct interpretation of telepathic impressions, as well as the instinctive knowledge of when to reject confusing ideas. Frequently, however, when a completed thought is gained, the rejected impressions can be separately identified. In that case, reason figures most prominently, and often it is needed in completing a basic telepathic picture. Two cases from my own experience will illustrate both points.

In one instance a young lady had written a word which she wanted me to discover. She concentrated upon the word as she had written it and I eventually named the word. During that process I experienced a color impression which I identified as red, although it had nothing to do with the word itself. Upon naming the word I asked the young lady to close her eyes and visualize the word in large letters, precisely as she had written it. My own concentration naturally produced a written word, since our thoughts were identical by mutual consent.

My visualization of the word brought what I expected. The letters appeared boldly and they looked red. Through process of reasoning I began to grasp the answer. Confident of it, I told the young lady that the word, as she visualized it, was in red letters. She replied that the statement was correct. Whereupon I told her exactly why. Lacking a pencil, she had written the word in lipstick, thus producing bold red letters that had come through with the other thought impressions.

The second instance shows the use of reason in actually obtaining the object itself. On this occasion my impression was that of a seashore — sand, waves, and birds flying above. Though the sand and waves were regular, the thought of birds swept in and out, sometimes obliterating the rest of the scene. Taking that as the strongest impression, I stated that the person was thinking of a bird, which proved to be correct. Upon further concentration, I could obtain no image of any species of bird, but the previous scene repeated itself.

The sand and waves became valuable impressions when applied upon a basis of reasoning, rather than strict telepathy. Since the impression was definitely telepathic, I stated that the bird was a sea gull, and that proved correct.

WAS THIS ROMANCE?

by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

1

THAT reading could be a joy and a resource came to me as a glad surprise when I was given the Dotty Dimple and the Five Little Peppers books. It is difficult to analyze why a certain series becomes so popular with a child, but the ingredients that make for this success seem to be a large family, so that one can identify oneself with a character one's own age, a day by day account of the characters, and great dullness. There is a fascination about dullness. It immediately eliminates competition.

Dotty was the youngest member of the Parlin family. She had two older sisters, Prudy and Susy, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Parlin. There were also Aunt Madge, who visited them for many months, Mrs. Read, their Quaker grandmother, and a mischievous little cousin who lisped, called Flaxie Frizzle.

The sisters dressed in the morning, they went to school, they came home, they ate their meals, they played a little, they went to bed. It was as absorbing as an account of the Borgias. I loved the Parlins. I worried over their troubles and rejoiced in their happiness. I secretly became Prudy. My only fear was that the books would end, but year after year Sophie May continued to play Boswell to this blameless family.

Mrs. Parlin was very unlike my own mother. She wore an apron and was always ready with a cookie and a bit of advice. When Prudy told her "white lie," the climax of many chapters, Mrs. Parlin resorted to tears and an apple. The Parlin girls also wore aprons and bonnets and tippets. They had little duties to perform, like sweeping the hearth or getting father his slippers. I would have gladly brought my father his slippers, but he always changed his shoes in his own room and seemed to need no help.

GRETCHEN FINLETTER is the daughter of Walter Damrosch. She and her three sisters grew up in a home dominated by pianos, rehearsals, and arias. She has been adding to our gayety with her irresistible narratives of New York in the early 1900's.

When an older person addressed the girls, they answered, "Yes'm" or "No'm."

"Thee must think before thee speaks, little Prudy," said Grandmother Read.

"Yes'm," answered Prudy earnestly.

Aunt Madge, who was pretty, sewed very well. The sisters would sit in her bedroom and would make the most remarkable variety of interesting things under the direction of "her nimble fingers." Now I had an Aunt H. who was also very pretty. But she did not wear an apron. We never sat with her through the long afternoons while "her needle flashed in and out of the soft muslin." We often went into her room. But it was to examine all the silver brushes and bottles she had on the dressing table, or to try on her hats.

The Five Little Peppers were much poorer than the Parlins. They lived in a little brown house and their mother was a widow. Mrs. Pepper was really up against it. Often there was no coal, the furniture was broken, and the lack of clothing was a serious problem. But such was the indomitable spirit of Mrs. Pepper that the little brown house was always full of hope.

Polly, the oldest girl, was the heroine of the series. She had brown hair which curled a little, and brown eyes, and she helped "Mamsie," as the children called their mother, see the family through their troubles. Mamsie was not so gentle as Mrs. Parlin. It seemed to me she almost preferred the hard way.

"Oh, I wish," said Joey discontentedly, pushing back his bowl of mush and molasses, "we could have something new to eat."

"Better be glad you've got that, Joey," said Mrs. Pepper, taking another cold potato and sprinkling a little salt on it.

In the town where the Peppers lived was a rich old man called Mr. King, who had a son Jasper just two years older than Polly. Jasper began to sneak away

from his home full of rugs and conservatories and a grand piano, and go to the little brown house.

Well, you can imagine what happened. Mr. King was indignant and wanted the Peppers thrown out of the town. Little Phronsie Pepper, a girl of about five, went to see Mr. King and told him exactly how she felt. And as Jasper's health had improved, — he was a delicate boy, — Mr. King swallowed his pride and called on Mamsie. Then, after considering the matter very briefly, Mr. King invited Mamsie and the five children to come and live with him in his carpeted home, and asked Mamsie to become his housekeeper. That he wanted her for this particular role was surprising, for Mrs. Pepper's ideas of food were, to say the least, austere. But Mamsie always seemed to inspire confidence in older men. Several years later she married Dr. Fisher, a widower with gleaming spectacles, who adored the way she cooked.

As Polly grew older, I began to suspect that Jasper was falling in love with her. There was only a hint here, a hint there, but if one studied the passages very carefully, it was fair to conclude that something was happening. I had never read a love scene. Finally, in the sixth volume, the twenty-second chapter, I came to it. Polly had been away in the city as a music teacher and had just returned home.

Polly, in a soft white gown, sat on a low seat by Mother Fisher's side, her head in Mamsie's lap. It was after dinner and the gas was turned low.

"Mamsie," said Polly, and she threw one hand over her head to clasp Mother Fisher's strong fingers closer, "it's so good to be home — oh! you can't think how I wanted you."

Just then somebody looked into Mother Fisher's bedroom.

"Oh! beg pardon," said Jasper, as he saw them. But there was so much longing in the voice that Polly called out, "Oh! Come, Jasper. May he, Mamsie?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Fisher, "come in, Jasper," and made room for him to sit down by her side.

"Now isn't this nice!" breathed Polly, lifting her head out of her mother's lap to look at him on Mamsie's other side.

"I want to tell you something," began Jasper quietly to Mrs. Fisher, "— and to you too, Polly. Mrs. Fisher — may I speak?" He leaned over and looked into the black eyes above Polly's shining brown hair.

"Yes," said Mother Fisher as quietly.

"Polly," said Jasper, "look at me, do, dear!"

Polly lifted her brown eyes quietly. "Why, Jasper?"

He put out his hand and Polly instinctively laid her own warm palm within it. "Do you think you could love me — I've loved you ever since the Little Brown House days, dear!"

"Oh, Jasper!" Polly cried, with a glad ring in her voice, "how good you are," and she clung to his hand across Mamsie's lap.

"Will you, Polly?" cried Jasper, holding her hand so tight that she winced a bit, "tell me quickly, dear."

"Will I what?" asked Polly wonderingly.

"Love me, Polly."

"Oh! I do — I do," she cried, "you know it, Jasper. I love you with all my heart."

"Polly, will you marry me? Tell her, Mrs. Fisher, do, and make her understand," begged Jasper, turning to Mother Fisher imploringly.

"Polly, child," said Mamsie, putting both arms around her, careful not to disturb Jasper's hand over Polly's, "Jasper wants you to be his wife — do you love him enough for that?"

Polly, not taking her brown eyes from Jasper's face, laid her other hand upon his. "I love him enough," she said, "for that; oh, Jasper!"

"I always wanted to call you Mamsie," said Jasper looking into Mrs. Fisher's face, "and now I can!"

I was outraged. Was that the way a proposal was made? Was this romance? Dimly I felt that here art was not imitating nature. It was not true. I turned from the Peppers. I did not like them.

That same sense of fury came to me again a year or two later. But this time I had to believe it, for it was a great book — *Little Women*. I was reading about real, unpredictable people and everything seemed right, and then — Jo did not marry Laurie. Amy married him and Jo married Dr. Bhaer. I wonder how many people feel with me that a great wrong was done by these alliances? Why did Laurie have to choose the blonde Amy? I never liked her. Why did he not win Jo, who was the grand character of them all? My resentment against Louisa Alcott on this score has never died.

2

ONE cannot read without sooner or later wanting to try to write oneself, and fortunately there was a door wide open to young authors — the *St. Nicholas Magazine*.

The first part of the *St. Nicholas* was an honest-to-goodness magazine. There were short stories, articles, poems, pictures, and two serials. For many years Ralph Henry Barbour was its Trollope. He never stopped writing. Hardly had the last word appeared in *The New Boy at Hilltop* than *Tom, Dick, and Harriet* began. On the heels of *Harry's Island* came *Captain Chub* and *The Magic Foot-ball*. Though the books were for boys, the girls read them. They were very exciting. A fine fellow was accused of cheating and took the blame so that it would not fall on his best friend, who was also under suspicion, and it was not until nearly the last chapter that the whole matter was cleared up and a very unpleasant boy was found to be the guilty one.

Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote *Racketty-Packetty House* for *St. Nicholas*. George Madden Martin wrote *Emmy Lou* and *Abbie Ann*. Alice Hegan Rice frequently contributed. The best writers were there. But the serial system was tantalizing and the words "To be continued" an agony. It was too long to wait a whole month to see what happened.

This torture was as nothing to the anticipation of a contributor to the *St. Nicholas* League. There were about eight pages of competitions in the back of the magazine. They were in Verse, Prose, Drawing, Photography, Puzzle Making, and Puzzle Answers. There were stern rules for the contestants. One was allowed to write on only one side of the paper, and the writing must be in ink. The contribution had to be in by a certain date. Parents or teachers countersigned the paper, attesting that they were convinced beyond doubt that the contribution had not been copied. But if one carefully lived up to all the rules, the possibilities of reward were enormous.

One could win a gold or silver medal. One could be on the Roll of Honor. At one time there were cash prizes of five dollars. But best of all there was one's own worked-over poem or story actually in print, like a book, under one's own *printed* name.

The subjects were varied. The artists drew "A Heading for March" or "My Favorite Nook." The photographers took pictures of "A Hot Day," "A Busy Street," or "An Animal Friend." They were all snapped by Brownie Jr. Kodaks.

The poets and prose writers were the most persistently regular contributors. They drew the deepest on their own inspiration and worked the hardest. A silver medal for a poem meant much more than a silver medal for a snapshot. It was the real thing. The poets wrote verses on "The Land of Romance," "The Star," "A Patriot," and "Friendship." A girl called E. Vincent Millay won medal after medal. Two boys, S. V. Benét and Robert Hillyer, did exceptionally well.

In the prose articles the authors really let themselves go and ran the whole gamut of experience. "A Historic Christmas" or "A Family Tradition" produced fairly orthodox pieces. The Editors must have had in mind the training of future writers for the *Reader's Digest* when they asked for articles on "What Experience in My Life Has Been of the Greatest Help to Me." But sometimes the subjects were too popular and the medals had to be given right and left. This occurred when the authors were asked to give an account of "Lost in a Storm."

It seemed as though every reader of the *St. Nicholas* had had this dreadful experience. Hundreds of

harrowing stories poured in. America was full of children huddled under pine trees, deserted in ravines, nearly struck again and again by bolts of lightning, hanging desperately to overturned canoes, lost and lost again, and yet miraculously saved and able to describe their terrible adventures.

Rachel Field was a heavy contributor. She made many of the other authors jealous. They felt she must be showing off, she used such long words. A puzzle extremely difficult to solve was sent in by a boy named Hamilton Fish Armstrong. It was called "A Roman Zigzag." For this he received a medal.

3

THERE was still one further opportunity for writing, and that was to The Letter Box. Boys and girls from all over the world wrote in, describing their foreign homes and their glad excitement when the *St. Nicholas* arrived by camel or sled. Foreign children who were also members of the League sent greetings to the American members.

YALTA, CRIMEA, RUSSIA

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—

I seldom see letters from Russia so I thought I would write you one. I am a pupil of the Imperial Lyceum at St. Petersburg. I am staying for my health in the Crimea, a few versts from Sevastopol. The railway goes no further than Sevastopol.

The Emperor has a palace called Livadia, about 2 versts from Yalta; almost every day we see some of the imperial family driving about. Yesterday there was a grand bazaar at which were present all the imperial family. The Empress and the four Grand Duchesses, her daughters, presided at the stalls.

My eldest sister who is now married to the Russian naval attaché in Washington took you when she was a girl. I am taking you for the third year and I especially like the serial, "The Runaway."

I am your very interested reader,

VLADIMIR RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF (age 14)

TOKIO, JAPAN

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—

For a few months I have been getting you sent by a grown-up friend of mine. I have been your lover since I had you first given by him. . . . I was sorry that I had no father, as he, who was an officer, fell in the Russo-Japanese War; but happy now as I have found a good friend in you. . . .

I am teaching English to myself by helps of some books. It seems to me a rather hard task to master certain language thoroughly. But I shall fight and conquer all the difficulties and I shall gain your prize. I wish to contribute you proses, in which I tell you something about Japan. . . . Japan is the romantic realm of the world; her national idea, sceneries, and what belongs to Japan is all romantic. I dare say, I am myself a romantic boy.

I always wish that many American boys could correspond with us the Japanese, as I believe that the correspondence would, no doubt, produce an appreciable friendship. . . . That friendship might be called "Little Jap-American Alliance." . . .

With best wishes, I am

Your loving reader in Japan,

PENTARROW MOCHIZUKI

Editorial comment: —

Here is a very interesting and highly creditable letter from a "romantic" boy-reader of this magazine, in far away Japan. His resolve to master the difficult English language, and his evident friendly feeling for America are heartily to be commended.

4

It must have rained a great deal in the days of *St. Nicholas*. I do not wish to pass a moral judgment on the virtue of rain, but there is no doubt that when the heavens opened and one was shut in the house, it was up to one's own ingenuity to provide amusement.

There was making fudge. It took about forty minutes, and no one ever had sufficient patience to let it harden enough. The *St. Nicholas* gave a great deal of advice on fudge.

There was cutting out and pasting. We all had big scrapbooks which were called houses. We cut out of magazines pictures of elegant sofas and chairs and pasted them in the rooms. The kitchen was full of hardware advertisements, the garden a mass of seed catalogue suggestions.

We dressed up. We took what we dared of my mother's dresses and hats and then we either played store or called on each other, talking in high-pitched and cultured voices which we had never heard used by any adult. As we poured water out of a china teapot into little cups, we crooked our fingers.

Polly always took the name of Madame Delton. Wearing a tall turban and a spotted veil, she would tell us how things were going in the Delton ménage and we in turn would describe our own affairs. The point of the tea party was of course to do all the talking and keep the conversation on oneself. Then Polly would skillfully begin to hog the subject. She would throw out dark hints about Mr. Delton. He had not been around lately. She thought he might be in prison. It was almost discourteous not to ask what Mr. Delton had done. Polly seized her opportunity.

"The Inspector came to see me last night."

Our own accounts of shopping expeditions and

children's diseases paled. Mr. Delton was not the best of husbands. He was in fact quite awful. But he had that rare quality of interest. No matter what new evil he dreamt up to inflict on the unfortunate Madame Delton, we grudgingly but inevitably wanted to hear the whole story.

The monsoons must have continued, for finally the *St. Nicholas* decided to do something about it. The editors ran a group of rainy-day suggestions for mothers and nurses. This was a great mistake. One of these was headed "How to Make a Suspension Bridge out of Old Spools," and was full of diagrams with dotted lines. Another described "Useful Ornaments for the Home Made of Colored String." No household had enough old spools or colored string. No nurses, much less mothers, wanted to be bothered. The projects were never finished. They were in fact impossible. The *St. Nicholas* decided to give up about the weather.

And they were right. These ideas were not really needed. When all the painting and pasting and dressing up was over, children turned to the bookshelves and hauled out the old red volumes of *St. Nick* of the eighties. Lying on their stomachs they turned the pages and were absorbed in the children of another day; those remote children who wore such different clothes, who had never seen an automobile, who studied by lamp instead of gas light. How strange not to have known of all the exciting things that were ahead of them. Those early children of *St. Nicholas*, so old-fashioned, so different, one could almost pity them. And yet in all the pictures they were laughing too.

Then, as the rain fell against the windows, children went into a strange, fantastic dream called the future. It was difficult to imagine, but it seemed that there would be a time when one would be grown-up oneself — say twenty years old, or maybe even thirty. Other children then would appear with new ways of doing things. It was not the new children that were so interesting; it was the thought of oneself as different. The dream went into materialistic channels — oneself with an automobile, oneself wearing clothes of one's own choice.

People said the world changed. But it didn't seem likely that much would happen. As one looked at the old books, there had been wars — the Civil War and Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish War. There wouldn't be anything so exciting as that again. That was in history. No, the world seemed pretty well set. The changes would be in that eternally absorbing subject, oneself.

I TRIED TO BE A COMMUNIST

by RICHARD WRIGHT

I

ONE Thursday night I received an invitation from a group of white boys I had known when I was working in the post office to meet in one of Chicago's South Side hotels and argue the state of the world. About ten of us gathered, and ate salami sandwiches, drank beer, and talked. I was amazed to discover that many of them had joined the Communist Party. I challenged them by reciting the antics of the Negro Communists I had seen in the parks, and I was told that those antics were "tactics" and were all right. I was dubious.

Then one Thursday night Sol, a Jewish chap, startled us by announcing that he had had a short story accepted by a little magazine called the *Anvil*, edited by Jack Conroy, and that he had joined a revolutionary artist organization, the John Reed Club. Sol repeatedly begged me to attend the meetings of the club.

"You'd like them," Sol said.

"I don't want to be organized," I said.

"They can help you to write," he said.

"Nobody can tell me how or what to write," I said.

"Come and see," he urged. "What have you to lose?"

I felt that Communists could not possibly have a sincere interest in Negroes. I was cynical and I would rather have heard a white man say that he hated Negroes, which I could have readily believed, than to have heard him say that he respected Negroes, which would have made me doubt him.

One Saturday night, bored with reading, I decided to appear at the John Reed Club in the capacity of an amused spectator. I rode to the Loop and found the number. A dark stairway led upwards; it

RICHARD WRIGHT is an American Negro whose schooling carried him through the grammar grade and who has been educating himself ever since. His novel, *Native Son*, which was widely discussed in the year of its publication (1940), and his forthcoming autobiography, which will appear later this year, proclaim him as one of the most forthright and eloquent authors of his race. This is the first of two installments.

did not look welcoming. What on earth of importance could happen in so dingy a place? Through the windows above me I saw vague murals along the walls. I mounted the stairs to a door that was lettered: THE CHICAGO JOHN REED CLUB.

I opened it and stepped into the strangest room I had ever seen. Paper and cigarette butts lay on the floor. A few benches ran along the walls, above which were vivid colors depicting colossal figures of workers carrying streaming banners. The mouths of the workers gaped in wild cries; their legs were sprawled over cities.

"Hello."

I turned and saw a white man smiling at me.

"A friend of mine, who's a member of this club, asked me to visit here. His name is Sol —," I told him.

"You're welcome here," the white man said. "We're not having an affair tonight. We're holding an editorial meeting. Do you paint?" He was slightly gray and he had a mustache.

"No," I said. "I try to write."

"Then sit in on the editorial meeting of our magazine, *Left Front*," he suggested.

"I know nothing of editing," I said.

"You can learn," he said.

I stared at him, doubting.

"I don't want to be in the way here," I said.

"My name's Grimm," he said.

I told him my name and we shook hands. He went to a closet and returned with an armful of magazines.

"Here are some back issues of the *Masses*," he said. "Have you ever read it?"

"No," I said.

"Some of the best writers in America publish in it," he explained. He also gave me copies of a magazine called *International Literature*. "There's stuff here from Gide, Gorky —"

I assured him that I would read them. He took me to an office and introduced me to a Jewish boy

who was to become one of the nation's leading painters, to a chap who was to become one of the eminent composers of his day, to a writer who was to create some of the best novels of his generation, to a young Jewish boy who was destined to film the Nazi occupation of Czechoslovakia. I was meeting men and women whom I should know for decades to come, who were to form the first sustained relationships in my life.

I sat in a corner and listened while they discussed their magazine, *Left Front*. Were they treating me courteously because I was a Negro? I must let cold reason guide me with these people, I told myself. I was asked to contribute something to the magazine, and I said vaguely that I would consider it. After the meeting I met an Irish girl who worked for an advertising agency, a girl who did social work, a schoolteacher, and the wife of a prominent university professor. I had once worked as a servant for people like these and I was skeptical. I tried to fathom their motives, but I could detect no condescension in them.

2

I WENT home full of reflection, probing the sincerity of the strange white people I had met, wondering how they *really* regarded Negroes. I lay on my bed and read the magazines and was amazed to find that there did exist in this world an organized search for the truth of the lives of the oppressed and the isolated. When I had begged bread from the officials, I had wondered dimly if the outcasts could become united in action, thought, and feeling. Now I knew. It was being done in one sixth of the earth already. The revolutionary words leaped from the printed page and struck me with tremendous force.

It was not the economics of Communism, nor the great power of trade unions, nor the excitement of underground politics that claimed me; my attention was caught by the similarity of the experiences of workers in other lands, by the possibility of uniting scattered but kindred peoples into a whole. It seemed to me that here at last, in the realm of revolutionary expression, Negro experience could find a home, a functioning value and role. Out of the magazines I read came a passionate call for the experiences of the disinherited, and there were none of the lame lisplings of the missionary in it. It did not say: "Be like us and we will like you, maybe." It said: "If you possess enough courage to speak out what you are, you will find that you are not alone." It urged life to believe in life.

I read on into the night; then, toward dawn, I swung from bed and inserted paper into the type-

writer. Feeling for the first time that I could speak to listening ears, I wrote a wild, crude poem in free verse, coining images of black hands playing, working, holding bayonets, stiffening finally in death. I felt that in a clumsy way it linked white life with black, merged two streams of common experience.

I heard someone poking about the kitchen.

"Richard, are you ill?" my mother called.

"No. I'm reading."

My mother opened the door and stared curiously at the pile of magazines that lay upon my pillow.

"You're not throwing away money buying those magazines, are you?" she asked.

"No. They were given to me."

She hobbled to the bed on her crippled legs and picked up a copy of the *Masses* that carried a lurid May Day cartoon. She adjusted her glasses and peered at it for a long time.

"My God in heaven," she breathed in horror.

"What's the matter, Mama?"

"What is this?" she asked, extending the magazine to me, pointing to the cover. "What's wrong with that man?"

With my mother standing at my side, lending me her eyes, I stared at a cartoon drawn by a Communist artist; it was the figure of a worker clad in ragged overalls and holding aloft a red banner. The man's eyes bulged; his mouth gaped as wide as his face; his teeth showed; the muscles of his neck were like ropes. Following the man was a horde of nondescript men, women, and children, waving clubs, stones, and pitchforks.

"What are those people going to do?" my mother asked.

"I don't know," I hedged.

"Are these Communist magazines?"

"Yes."

"And do they want people to act like this?"

"Well —" I hesitated.

My mother's face showed disgust and moral loathing. She was a gentle woman. Her ideal was Christ upon the cross. How could I tell her that the Communist Party wanted her to march in the streets, chanting, singing?

"What do Communists think people are?" she asked.

"They don't quite mean what you see there," I said, fumbling with my words.

"Then what do they mean?"

"This is symbolic," I said.

"Then why don't they speak out what they mean?"

"Maybe they don't know how."

"Then why do they print this stuff?"

"They don't quite know how to appeal to people

yet," I admitted, wondering whom I could convince of this if I could not convince my mother.

"That picture's enough to drive a body crazy," she said, dropping the magazine, turning to leave, then pausing at the door. "You're not getting mixed up with those people?"

"I'm just reading, Mama," I dodged.

My mother left and I brooded upon the fact that I had not been able to meet her simple challenge. I looked again at the cover of the *Masses* and I knew that the wild cartoon did not reflect the passions of the common people. I reread the magazine and was convinced that much of the expression embodied what the *artists* thought would appeal to others, what they thought would gain recruits. They had a program, an ideal, but they had not yet found a language.

Here, then, was something that I could do, reveal, say. The Communists, I felt, had oversimplified the experience of those whom they sought to lead. In their efforts to recruit masses, they had missed the meaning of the lives of the masses, had conceived of people in too abstract a manner. I would try to put some of that meaning back. I would tell Communists how common people felt, and I would tell common people of the self-sacrifice of Communists who strove for unity among them.

The editor of *Left Front* accepted two of my crude poems for publication, sent two of them to Jack Conroy's *Anvil*, and sent another to the *New Masses*, the successor of the *Masses*. Doubts still lingered in my mind.

"Don't send them if you think they aren't good enough," I said to him.

"They're good enough," he said.

"Are you doing this to get me to join up?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Your poems are crude, but good for us. You see, we're all new in this. We write articles about Negroes, but we never see any Negroes. We need your stuff."

I sat through several meetings of the club and was impressed by the scope and seriousness of its activities. The club was demanding that the government create jobs for unemployed artists; it planned and organized art exhibits; it raised funds for the publication of *Left Front*; and it sent scores of speakers to trade-union meetings. The members were fervent, democratic, restless, eager, self-sacrificing. I was convinced, and my response was to set myself the task of making Negroes know what Communists were. I got the notion of writing a series of biographical sketches of Negro Communists. I told no one of my intentions, and I did not know how fantastically naïve my ambition was.

3

I HAD attended but a few meetings before I realized that a bitter factional fight was in progress between two groups of members of the club. Sharp arguments rose at every meeting. I noticed that a small group of painters actually led the club and dominated its policies. The group of writers that centered in *Left Front* resented the leadership of the painters. Being primarily interested in *Left Front*, I sided in simple loyalty with the writers.

Then came a strange development. The *Left Front* group declared that the incumbent leadership did not reflect the wishes of the club. A special meeting was called and a motion was made to reelect an executive secretary. When nominations were made for the office, my name was included. I declined the nomination, telling the members that I was too ignorant of their aims to be seriously considered. The debate lasted all night. A vote was taken in the early hours of morning by a show of hands, and I was elected.

Later I learned what had happened: the writers of the club had decided to use me to oust the painters, who were party members, from the leadership of the club. Without my knowledge and consent, they confronted the members of the party with a Negro, knowing that it would be difficult for Communists to refuse to vote for a man representing the largest single racial minority in the nation, inasmuch as Negro equality was one of the main tenets of Communism.

As the club's leader, I soon learned the nature of the fight. The Communists had secretly organized a "fraction" in the club; that is, a small portion of the club's members were secret members of the Communist Party. They would meet outside of the club and decide what policies the club should follow; in club meetings the sheer strength of their arguments usually persuaded non-party members to vote with them. The crux of the fight was that the non-party members resented the excessive demands made upon the club by the local party authorities through the fraction.

The demands of the local party authorities for money, speakers, and poster painters were so great that the publication of *Left Front* was in danger. Many young writers had joined the club because of their hope of publishing in *Left Front*, and when the Communist Party sent word through the fraction that the magazine should be dissolved, the writers rejected the decision, an act which was interpreted as hostility toward party authority.

I pleaded with the party members for a more lib-

eral program for the club. Feelings waxed violent and bitter. Then the showdown came. I was informed that if I wanted to continue as secretary of the club I should have to join the Communist Party. I stated that I favored a policy that allowed for the development of writers and artists. My policy was accepted. I signed the membership card.

One night a Jewish chap appeared at one of our meetings and introduced himself as Comrade Young of Detroit. He told us that he was a member of the Communist Party, a member of the Detroit John Reed Club, that he planned to make his home in Chicago. He was a short, friendly, black-haired, well-read fellow with hanging lips and bulging eyes. Shy of forces to execute the demands of the Communist Party, we welcomed him. But I could not make out Young's personality; whenever I asked him a simple question, he looked off and stammered a confused answer. I decided to send his references to the Communist Party for checking and forthwith named him for membership in the club. He's O.K., I thought. Just a queer artist.

After the meeting Comrade Young confronted me with a problem. He had no money, he said, and asked if he could sleep temporarily on the club's premises. Believing him loyal, I gave him permission. Straightway Young became one of the most ardent members of our organization, admired by all. His paintings — which I did not understand — impressed our best artists. No report about Young had come from the Communist Party, but since Young seemed a conscientious worker, I did not think the omission serious in any case.

At a meeting one night Young asked that his name be placed upon the agenda; when his time came to speak, he rose and launched into one of the most violent and bitter political attacks in the club's history upon Swann, one of our best young artists. We were aghast. Young accused Swann of being a traitor to the workers, an opportunist, a collaborator with the police, and an adherent of Trotsky. Naturally most of the club's members assumed that Young, a member of the party, was voicing the ideas of the party. Surprised and baffled, I moved that Young's statement be referred to the executive committee for decision. Swann rightfully protested; he declared that he had been attacked in public and would answer in public.

It was voted that Swann should have the floor. He refuted Young's wild charges, but the majority of the club's members were bewildered, did not know whether to believe him or not. We all liked Swann, did not believe him guilty of any misconduct; but we did not want to offend the party. A verbal battle

ensued. Finally the members who had been silent in deference to the party rose and demanded of me that the foolish charges against Swann be withdrawn. Again I moved that the matter be referred to the executive committee, and again my proposal was voted down. The membership had now begun to distrust the party's motives. They were afraid to let an executive committee, the majority of whom were party members, pass upon the charges made by party member Young.

A delegation of members asked me later if I had anything to do with Young's charges. I was so hurt and humiliated that I disavowed all relations with Young. Determined to end the farce, I cornered Young and demanded to know who had given him authority to castigate Swann.

"I've been asked to rid the club of traitors."

"But Swann isn't a traitor," I said.

"We must have a purge," he said, his eyes bulging, his face quivering with passion.

I admitted his great revolutionary fervor, but I felt that his zeal was a trifle excessive. The situation became worse. A delegation of members informed me that if the charges against Swann were not withdrawn, they would resign in a body. I was frantic. I wrote to the Communist Party to ask why orders had been issued to punish Swann, and a reply came back that no such orders had been issued. Then what was Young up to? Who was prompting him? I finally begged the club to let me place the matter before the leaders of the Communist Party. After a violent debate, my proposal was accepted.

One night ten of us met in an office of a leader of the party to hear Young restate his charges against Swann. The party leader, aloof and amused, gave Young the signal to begin. Young unrolled a sheaf of papers and declaimed a list of political charges that excelled in viciousness his previous charges. I stared at Young, feeling that he was making a dreadful mistake, but fearing him because he had, by his own account, the sanction of high political authority.

When Young finished, the party leader asked, "Will you allow me to read these charges?"

"Of course," said Young, surrendering a copy of his indictment. "You may keep that copy. I have ten carbons."

"Why did you make so many carbons?" the leader asked.

"I didn't want anyone to steal them," Young said.

"If this man's charges against me are taken seriously," Swann said, "I'll resign and publicly denounce the club."

"You see!" Young yelled. "He's with the police!"

I was sick. The meeting ended with a promise from the party leader to read the charges carefully and render a verdict as to whether Swann should be placed on trial or not. I was convinced that something was wrong, but I could not figure it out. One afternoon I went to the club to have a long talk with Young; but when I arrived, he was not there. Nor was he there the next day. For a week I sought Young in vain. Meanwhile the club's members asked his whereabouts and they would not believe me when I told them that I did not know. Was he ill? Had he been picked up by the police?

One afternoon Comrade Grimm and I sneaked into the club's headquarters and opened Young's luggage. What we saw amazed and puzzled us. First of all, there was a scroll of paper twenty yards long — one page pasted to another — which had drawings depicting the history of the human race from a Marxist point of view. The first page read: *A Pictorial Record of Man's Economic Progress*.

"This is terribly ambitious," I said.

"He's very studious," Grimm said.

There were long dissertations written in long-hand; some were political and others dealt with the history of art. Finally we found a letter with a Detroit return address and I promptly wrote asking news of our esteemed member. A few days later a letter came which said in part: —

DEAR SIR:

In reply to your letter, we beg to inform you that Mr. Young, who was a patient in our institution and who escaped from our custody a few months ago, has been apprehended and returned to this institution for mental treatment.

I was thunderstruck. Was this true? Undoubtedly it was. Then what kind of club did we run that a lunatic could step into it and help run it? Were we all so mad that we could not detect a madman when we saw one?

I made a motion that all charges against Swann be dropped, which was done. I offered Swann an apology, but as the leader of the Chicago John Reed Club I was a sobered and chastened Communist.

4

THE Communist Party fraction in the John Reed Club instructed me to ask my party cell — or "unit," as it was called — to assign me to full duty in the work of the club. I was instructed to give my unit a report of my activities, writing, organizing, speaking. I agreed and wrote the report.

A unit, membership in which is obligatory for all Communists, is the party's basic form of organiza-

tion. Unit meetings are held on certain nights which are kept secret for fear of police raids. Nothing treasonable occurs at these meetings; but once one is a Communist, one does not have to be guilty of wrongdoing to attract the attention of the police.

I went to my first unit meeting — which was held in the Black Belt of the South Side — and introduced myself to the Negro organizer.

"Welcome, comrade," he said, grinning. "We're glad to have a writer with us."

"I'm not much of a writer," I said.

The meeting started. About twenty Negroes were gathered. The time came for me to make my report and I took out my notes and told them how I had come to join the party, what few stray items I had published, what my duties were in the John Reed Club. I finished and waited for comment. There was silence. I looked about. Most of the comrades sat with bowed heads. Then I was surprised to catch a twitching smile on the lips of a Negro woman. Minutes passed. The Negro woman lifted her head and looked at the organizer. The organizer smothered a smile. Then the woman broke into unrestrained laughter, bending forward and burying her face in her hands. I stared. Had I said something funny?

"What's the matter?" I asked.

The giggling became general. The unit organizer, who had been dallying with his pencil, looked up.

"It's all right, comrade," he said. "We're glad to have a writer in the party."

There was more smothered laughter. What kind of people were these? I had made a serious report and now I heard giggles.

"I did the best I could," I said uneasily. "I realize that writing is not basic or important. But, given time, I think I can make a contribution."

"We know you can, comrade," the black organizer said.

His tone was more patronizing than that of a Southern white man. I grew angry. I thought I knew these people, but evidently I did not. I wanted to take issue with their attitude, but caution urged me to talk it over with others first.

During the following days I learned through discreet questioning that I had seemed a fantastic element to the black Communists. I was shocked to hear that I, who had been only to grammar school, had been classified as an *intellectual*. What was an intellectual? I had never heard the word used in the sense in which it was applied to me. I had thought that they might refuse me on the ground that I was not politically advanced; I had thought they might say I would have to be investigated. But they had simply laughed.

I learned, to my dismay, that the black Communists in my unit had commented upon my shined shoes, my clean shirt, and the tie I had worn. Above all, my manner of speech had seemed an alien thing to them.

"He talks like a book," one of the Negro comrades had said. And that was enough to condemn me forever as bourgeois.

5

IN MY party work I met a Negro Communist, Ross, who was under indictment for "inciting to riot." Ross typified the effective street agitator. Southern-born, he had migrated north and his life reflected the crude hopes and frustrations of the peasant in the city. Distrustful but aggressive, he was a bundle of the weaknesses and virtues of a man struggling blindly between two societies, of a man living on the margin of a culture. I felt that if I could get his story I could make known some of the difficulties inherent in the adjustment of a folk people to an urban environment; I should make his life more intelligible to others than it was to himself.

I approached Ross and explained my plan. He was agreeable. He invited me to his home, introduced me to his Jewish wife, his young son, his friends. I talked to Ross for hours, explaining what I was about, cautioning him not to relate anything that he did not want to divulge.

"I'm after the things that made you a Communist," I said.

Word spread in the Communist Party that I was taking notes on the life of Ross, and strange things began to happen. A quiet black Communist came to my home one night and called me out to the street to speak to me in private. He made a prediction about my future that frightened me.

"Intellectuals don't fit well into the party, Wright," he said solemnly.

"But I'm not an intellectual," I protested. "I sweep the streets for a living." I had just been assigned by the relief system to sweep the streets for thirteen dollars a week.

"That doesn't make any difference," he said. "We've kept records of the trouble we've had with intellectuals in the past. It's estimated that only 13 per cent of them remain in the party."

"Why do they leave, since you insist upon calling me an intellectual?" I asked.

"Most of them drop out of their own accord."

"Well, I'm not dropping out," I said.

"Some are expelled," he hinted gravely.

"For what?"

"General opposition to the party's policies," he said.

"But I'm not opposing anything in the party."

"You'll have to prove your revolutionary loyalty."

"How?"

"The party has a way of testing people."

"Well, talk. What is this?"

"How do you react to police?"

"I don't react to them," I said. "I've never been bothered by them."

"Do you know Evans?" he asked, referring to a local militant Negro Communist.

"Yes. I've seen him; I've met him."

"Did you notice that he was injured?"

"Yes. His head was bandaged."

"He got that wound from the police in a demonstration," he explained. "That's proof of revolutionary loyalty."

"Do you mean that I must get whacked over the head by cops to prove that I'm sincere?" I asked.

"I'm not suggesting anything," he said. "I'm explaining."

"Look. Suppose a cop whacks me over the head and I suffer a brain concussion. Suppose I'm nuts after that. Can I write then? What shall I have proved?"

He shook his head. "The Soviet Union has had to shoot a lot of intellectuals," he said.

"Good God!" I exclaimed. "Do you know what you're saying? You're not in Russia. You're standing on a sidewalk in Chicago. You talk like a man lost in a fantasy."

"You've heard of Trotsky, haven't you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you know what happened to him?"

"He was banished from the Soviet Union," I said.

"Do you know why?"

"Well," I stammered, trying not to reveal my ignorance of politics, for I had not followed the details of Trotsky's fight against the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, "it seems that after a decision had been made, he broke that decision by organizing against the party."

"It was for counter-revolutionary activity," he snapped impatiently; I learned afterwards that my answer had not been satisfactory, had not been couched in the acceptable phrases of bitter, anti-Trotsky denunciation.

"I understand," I said. "But I've never read Trotsky. What's his stand on minorities?"

"Why ask me?" he asked. "I don't read Trotsky."

"Look," I said. "If you found me reading Trotsky, what would that mean to you?"

"Comrade, you don't understand," he said in an annoyed tone.

That ended the conversation. But that was not the last time I was to hear the phrase: "Comrade, you don't understand." I had not been aware of holding wrong ideas. I had not read any of Trotsky's works; indeed, the very opposite had been true. It had been Stalin's *National and Colonial Question* that had captured my interest.

Of all the developments in the Soviet Union, the way scores of backward peoples had been led to unity on a national scale was what had enthralled me. I had read with awe how the Communists had sent phonetic experts into the vast regions of Russia to listen to the stammering dialects of peoples oppressed for centuries by the tsars. I had made the first total emotional commitment of my life when I read how the phonetic experts had given these tongueless people a language, newspapers, institutions. I had read how these forgotten folk had been encouraged to keep their old cultures, to see in their ancient customs meanings and satisfactions as deep as those contained in supposedly superior ways of living. And I had exclaimed to myself how different this was from the way in which Negroes were sneered at in America.

Then what was the meaning of the warning I had received from the black Communist? Why was I a suspected man because I wanted to reveal the vast physical and spiritual ravages of Negro life, the profundity latent in these rejected people, the dramas as old as man and the sun and the mountains and the seas that were taking place in the poverty of black America? What was the danger in showing the kinship between the sufferings of the Negro and the sufferings of other people?

6

I SAT one morning in Ross's home with his wife and child. I was scribbling furiously upon my yellow sheets of paper. The doorbell rang and Ross's wife admitted a black Communist, one Ed Green. He was tall, taciturn, soldierly, square-shouldered. I was introduced to him and he nodded stiffly.

"What's happening here?" he asked bluntly.

Ross explained my project to him, and as Ross talked I could see Ed Green's face darken. He had not sat down and when Ross's wife offered him a chair he did not hear her.

"What're you going to do with these notes?" he asked me.

"I hope to weave them into stories," I said.

"What're you asking the party members?"

"About their lives in general."

"Who suggested this to you?" he asked.

"Nobody. I thought of it myself."

"Were you ever a member of any other political group?"

"I worked with the Republicans once," I said.

"I mean, revolutionary organizations?" he asked.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I sweep the streets for a living."

"How far did you go in school?"

"Through the grammar grades."

"You talk like a man who went further than that," he said.

"I've read books. I taught myself."

"I don't know," he said, looking off.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "What's wrong?"

"To whom have you shown this material?"

"I've shown it to no one yet."

What was the meaning of his questions? Naïvely I thought that he himself would make a good model for a biographical sketch.

"I'd like to interview you next," I said.

"I'm not interested," he snapped.

His manner was so rough that I did not urge him. He called Ross into a rear room. I sat feeling that I was guilty of something. In a few minutes Ed Green returned, stared at me wordlessly, then marched out.

"Who does he think he is?" I asked Ross.

"He's a member of the Central Committee," Ross said.

"But why does he act like that?"

"Oh, he's always like that," Ross said uneasily.

There was a long silence.

"He's wondering what you're doing with this material," Ross said finally.

I looked at him. He, too, had been captured by suspicion. He was trying to hide the fear in his face.

"You don't have to tell me anything you don't want to," I said.

That seemed to soothe him for a moment. But the seed of doubt had already been planted. I felt dizzy. Was I mad? Or were these people mad?

"You see, Dick," Ross's wife said, "Ross is under an indictment. Ed Green is the representative of the International Labor Defense for the South Side. It's his duty to keep track of the people he's trying to defend. He wanted to know if Ross has given you anything that could be used against him in court."

I was speechless.

"What does he think I am?" I demanded.

There was no answer.

"You lost people!" I cried, and banged my fist on the table.

Ross was shaken and ashamed. "Aw, Ed Green's just supercautious," he mumbled.

"Ross," I asked, "do you trust me?"

"Oh, yes," he said uneasily.

We two black men sat in the same room looking at each other in fear. Both of us were hungry. Both of us depended upon public charity to eat and for a place to sleep. Yet we had more doubt in our hearts of each other than of the men who had cast the mold of our lives.

I continued to take notes on Ross's life, but each successive morning found him more reticent. I pitied him and did not argue with him, for I knew that persuasion would not nullify his fears. Instead I sat and listened to him and his friends tell tales of Southern Negro experience, noting them down in my mind, not daring to ask questions for fear they would become alarmed.

In spite of their fears, I became drenched in the details of their lives. I gave up the idea of the biographical sketches and settled finally upon writing a series of short stories, using the material I had got from Ross and his friends, building upon it, inventing. I wove a tale of a group of black boys trespassing upon the property of a white man and the lynching that followed. The story was published in an anthology under the title of "Big Boy Leaves Home," but its appearance came too late to influence the Communists who were questioning the use to which I was putting their lives.

My fitful work assignments from the relief officials ceased and I looked for work that did not exist. I borrowed money to ride to and fro on the club's business. I found a cramped attic for my mother and aunt and brother behind some railroad tracks. At last the relief authorities placed me in the South Side Boys' Club and my wages were just enough to provide a bare living for my family.

Then political problems rose to plague me. Ross, whose life I had tried to write, was charged by the Communist Party with "anti-leadership tendencies," "class collaborationist attitudes," and "ideological factionalism" — phrases so fanciful that I gaped when I heard them. And it was rumored that I, too, would face similar charges. It was believed that I had been politically influenced by him.

One night a group of black comrades came to my house and ordered me to stay away from Ross.

"But why?" I demanded.

"He's an unhealthy element," they said. "Can't you accept a decision?"

"Is this a decision of the Communist Party?"

"Yes," they said.

"If I were guilty of something, I'd feel bound to keep your decision," I said. "But I've done nothing."

"Comrade, you don't understand," they said. "Members of the party do not violate the party's decisions."

"But your decision does not apply to me," I said. "I'll be damned if I'll act as if it does."

"Your attitude does not merit our trust," they said.

I was angry.

"Look," I exploded, rising and sweeping my arms at the bleak attic in which I lived. "What is it here that frightens you? You know where I work. You know what I earn. You know my friends. Now, what in God's name is wrong?"

They left with mirthless smiles which implied that I would soon know what was wrong.

But there was relief from these shadowy political bouts. I found my work in the South Side Boys' Club deeply engrossing. Each day black boys between the ages of eight and twenty-five came to swim, draw, and read. They were a wild and homeless lot, culturally lost, spiritually disinherited, candidates for the clinics, morgues, prisons, reformatories, and the electric chair of the state's death house. For hours I listened to their talk of planes, women, guns, politics, and crime. Their figures of speech were as forceful and colorful as any ever used by English-speaking people. I kept pencil and paper in my pocket to jot down their word-rhythms and reactions. These boys did not fear people to the extent that every man looked like a spy. The Communists who doubted my motives did not know these boys, their twisted dreams, their all too clear destinies; and I doubted if I should ever be able to convey to them the tragedy I saw here.

7

PARTY duties broke into my efforts at expression. The club decided upon a conference of all the left-wing writers in the Middle West. I supported the idea and argued that the conference should deal with craft problems. My arguments were rejected. The conference, the club decided, would deal with political questions. I asked for a definition of what was expected from the writers — books or political activity. Both, was the answer. Write a few hours a day and march on the picket line the other hours.

The conference convened with a leading Communist attending as adviser. The question debated

was: What does the Communist Party expect from the club? The answer of the Communist leader ran from organizing to writing novels. I argued that either a man organized or he wrote novels. The party leader said that both must be done. The attitude of the party leader prevailed and *Left Front*, for which I had worked so long, was voted out of existence.

I knew now that the club was nearing its end, and I rose and stated my gloomy conclusions, recommending that the club dissolve. My "defeatism," as it was called, brought upon my head the sharpest disapproval of the party leader. The conference ended with the passing of a multitude of resolutions dealing with China, India, Germany, Japan, and conditions afflicting various parts of the earth. But not one idea regarding writing had emerged.

The ideas I had expounded at the conference were linked with the suspicions I had roused among the Negro Communists on the South Side, and the Communist Party was now certain that it had a dangerous enemy in its midst. It was whispered that I was trying to lead a secret group in opposition to the party. I had learned that denial of accusations was useless. It was now painful to meet a Communist, for I did not know what his attitude would be.

Following the conference, a national John Reed Club congress was called. It convened in the summer of 1934 with left-wing writers attending from all states. But as the sessions got under way there was a sense of looseness, bewilderment, and dissatisfaction among the writers, most of whom were young, eager, and on the verge of doing their best work. No one knew what was expected of him, and out of the congress came no unifying idea.

As the congress drew to a close, I attended a caucus to plan the future of the clubs. Ten of us met in a Loop hotel room, and to my amazement the leaders of the clubs' national board confirmed my criticisms of the manner in which the clubs had been conducted. I was excited. Now, I thought, the clubs will be given a new lease on life.

Then I was stunned when I heard a nationally known Communist announce a decision to dissolve the clubs. Why? I asked. Because the clubs do not serve the new People's Front policy, I was told. That can be remedied; the clubs can be made healthy and broad, I said. No; a bigger and better organization must be launched, one in which the leading writers of the nation could be included, they said. I was informed that the People's Front policy was now the correct vision of life and that the clubs could no longer exist. I asked what was to become of the young writers whom the Communist Party

had implored to join the clubs and who were ineligible for the new group, and there was no answer. "This thing is cold!" I exclaimed to myself. To effect a swift change in policy, the Communist Party was dumping one organization, then organizing a new scheme with entirely new people!

I found myself arguing alone against the majority opinion and then I made still another amazing discovery. I saw that even those who agreed with me would not support me. At that meeting I learned that when a man was informed of the wish of the party he submitted, even though he knew with all the strength of his brain that the wish was not a wise one, was one that would ultimately harm the party's interests.

It was not courage that made me oppose the party. I simply did not know any better. It was inconceivable to me, though bred in the lap of Southern hate, that a man could not have his say. I had spent a third of my life traveling from the place of my birth to the North just to talk freely, to escape the pressure of fear. And now I was facing fear again.

Before the congress adjourned, it was decided that another congress of American writers would be called in New York the following summer, 1935. I was lukewarm to the proposal and tried to make up my mind to stand alone, write alone. I was already afraid that the stories I had written would not fit into the new, official mood. Must I discard my plot-ideas and seek new ones? No. I could not. My writing was my way of seeing, my way of living, my way of feeling; and who could change his sight, his sense of direction, his senses?

8

THE spring of 1935 came and the plans for the writers' congress went on apace. For some obscure reason — it might have been to "save" me — I was urged by the local Communists to attend and I was named as a delegate. I got time off from my job at the South Side Boys' Club and, along with several other delegates, hitchhiked to New York.

We arrived in the early evening and registered for the congress sessions. The opening mass meeting was being held at Carnegie Hall. I asked about housing accommodations, and the New York John Reed Club members, all white members of the Communist Party, looked embarrassed. I waited while one white Communist called another white Communist to one side and discussed what could be done to get me, a black Chicago Communist, housed. During the trip I had not thought of my-

self as a Negro; I had been mulling over the problems of the young left-wing writers I knew. Now, as I stood watching one white comrade talk frantically to another about the color of my skin, I felt disgusted. The white comrade returned.

"Just a moment, comrade," he said to me. "I'll get a place for you."

"But haven't you places already?" I asked. "Matters of this sort are ironed out in advance."

"Yes," he admitted in an intimate tone. "We have some addresses here, but we don't know the people. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand," I said, gritting my teeth.

"But just wait a second," he said, touching my arm to reassure me. "I'll find something."

"Listen, don't bother," I said, trying to keep anger out of my voice.

"Oh, no," he said, shaking his head determinedly. "This is a problem and I'll solve it."

"It oughtn't to be a problem," I could not help saying.

"Oh, I didn't mean that," he caught himself.

I cursed under my breath. Several people standing near-by observed the white Communist trying to find a black Communist a place to sleep. I burned with shame. A few minutes later the white Communist returned, frantic-eyed, sweating.

"Did you find anything?" I asked.

"No, not yet," he said, panting. "Just a moment. I'm going to call somebody I know. Say, give me a nickel for the phone."

"Forget it," I said. My legs felt like water. "I'll find a place. But I'd like to put my suitcase somewhere until after the meeting tonight."

"Do you really think you can find a place?" he asked, trying to keep a note of desperate hope out of his voice.

"Of course I can," I said.

He was still uncertain. He wanted to help me, but he did not know how. He locked my bag in a closet and I stepped to the sidewalk wondering where I would sleep that night. I stood on the sidewalks of New York with a black skin and practically no money, absorbed, not with the burning questions of the left-wing literary movement in the United States, but with the problem of how to get a bath. I presented my credentials at Carnegie Hall. The building was jammed with people. As I listened to the militant speeches, I found myself wondering why in hell I had come.

I went to the sidewalk and stood studying the faces of the people. I met a Chicago club member.

"Didn't you find a place yet?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I'd like to try one of the hotels,

but, God, I'm in no mood to argue with a hotel clerk about my color."

"Oh, hell, wait a minute," he said.

He scooted off. He returned in a few moments with a big, heavy white woman. He introduced us.

"You can sleep in my place tonight," she said.

I walked with her to her apartment and she introduced me to her husband. I thanked them for their hospitality and went to sleep on a cot in the kitchen. I got up at six, dressed, tapped on their door, and bade them good-bye. I went to the sidewalk, sat on a bench, took out pencil and paper, and tried to jot down notes for the argument I wanted to make in defense of the John Reed Clubs. But the problem of the clubs did not seem important. What did seem important was: Could a Negro ever live halfway like a human being in this goddamn country?

That day I sat through the congress sessions, but what I heard did not touch me. That night I found my way to Harlem and walked pavements filled with black life. I was amazed, when I asked passers-by, to learn that there were practically no hotels for Negroes in Harlem. I kept walking. Finally I saw a tall, clean hotel; black people were passing the doors and no white people were in sight. Confidently I entered and was surprised to see a white clerk behind the desk. I hesitated.

"I'd like a room," I said.

"Not here," he said.

"But isn't this Harlem?" I asked.

"Yes, but this hotel is for white only," he said.

"Where is a hotel for colored?"

"You might try the Y," he said.

Half an hour later I found the Negro Young Men's Christian Association, that bulwark of Jim Crowism for young black men, got a room, took a bath, and slept for twelve hours. When I awakened, I did not want to go to the congress. I lay in bed thinking, "I've got to go it alone . . . I've got to learn how again . . ."

I dressed and attended the meeting that was to make the final decision to dissolve the clubs. It started briskly. A New York Communist writer summed up the history of the clubs and made a motion for their dissolution. Debate started and I rose and explained what the clubs had meant to young writers and begged for their continuance. I sat down amid silence. Debate was closed. The vote was called. The room filled with uplifted hands to dissolve. Then came a call for those who disagreed and my hand went up alone. I knew that my stand would be interpreted as one of opposition to the Communist Party, but I thought: "The hell with it."

(To be continued)

MARK TWAIN: BUSINESS MAN

Letters and Memoirs

Edited by SAMUEL CHARLES WEBSTER

WHEN Sam Clemens began his training as a river pilot, he made his home with his sister, Pamela Clemens Moffett, in St. Louis. Pamela's daughter Annie, five years old at the time, fell in love with her dashing, chestnut-haired uncle Sam. When Annie grew up, she married Charles L. Webster, who for many years was to be Mark Twain's publisher, man of business, and close friend. Annie's recollections and the hundreds of Mark Twain letters to her husband have been skillfully edited for the *Atlantic* by her son, Samuel Charles Webster. None of this correspondence has been published before. This is the third of several installments. — THE EDITOR

1

IN TELLING the real story of Mark Twain's publishing and business ventures, I am not trying to discredit him. I feel a good deal the way Hamlet must have felt when he wanted to see justice done his father—except that he had no love for his uncle, and I was fond of mine. But truly it was my father's tremendous expenditure of work and energy that, in two years, made Charles L. Webster & Company one of the leading publishing houses of its day.

Fortunately, the truth does more credit to Mark Twain than his own fiction. There is a pettiness in the reminiscences of *Mark Twain in Eruption* that was not present in the letters he wrote when the events were happening. Uncle Sam may have been a distracting man to work with, for he went in eight different directions at once, but he was a lovable person.

His business ventures into such things as a patent steam generator, a steam pulley, and a new method of marine telegraphy cost him only twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars apiece. These sums were merely chicken-feed, but he got into big business when he started to finance the Paige typesetter.

Paige was a Hartford inventor whose unperfected machine Mark Twain began to promote in October, 1881. References to it crop up in the letters often from now on. The typesetter was a monster; year after year it swallowed money and demanded more. It consumed \$195,000 in eight years. It was one of the tragedies of Mark Twain's life.

In the letter that follows, we find the first reference to the typesetter. The Mr. Whitford men-

tioned was from Fredonia, New York. He was with Alexander & Green, who were lawyers—not pirates, as Uncle Sam intimates in *Mark Twain in Eruption*. Kaolatype was an invention for casting illustrative plates (described in detail in the letters published in the July *Atlantic*). When my father took over this business for Uncle Sam, it was losing money. For some time it continued to die “lingeringly and expensively.”

HARTFORD, *Monday*

DEAR CHARLEY,

Mr. Wm. Hamersley, our City Attorney, will call on you at your Engraving office, at 10 o'clock Thursday morning.

He & I are stockholders in the Page [Paige] Type-Setting Machine. This company wants to let a contract to somebody with \$300,000 in his pocket, who can clear \$2,000,000 on said contract in four or five years. I said Mr. Whitford, or you & Mr. Whitford between you, could probably find such a man (or men) if it could be made pecuniarily worth your while to do it. Mr. Hamersley will explain the matter to you; & then perhaps both of you had better step over & explain it to Mr. Whitford.

It seems to me that it is a thing which might be arranged in New York without much difficulty. It ought to be easier than to make capitalists see money in Kaolatype. . . .

I had to order new Prince & Pauper stamps from the die-sinkers. The fault was not in the *casting*, but in the crudeness of the original pattern; the lines were not perfect in shape, the lettering was not

shapely. The cutting in Kaolatype was too hurriedly done, I suppose.

It is only a temporary failure, for we *can* make nice & sharp & shapely Kaolatype patterns; & we can reproduce them in brass, too. What has been done in brass during your absence? Let me know.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

The correct spelling of the inventor's name was "Paige" but it is always "Page" in Uncle Sam's letters. The name will be corrected in future letters. He persisted in this inaccuracy, although his spelling was unusually exact.

HARTFORD, Oct. 25, '81

DEAR CHARLEY —

How did you know where to look for Hamersley? Did he leave word at your office?

He tells me you & Mr. Whitford are to send an expert to examine the machine, & that if the report is fully favorable the proposed business can be engineered.

Of course the expert's report *will* be thoroughly favorable; it certainly will be, if he is an old practical typesetter (like myself), for he will perceive the value of the thing.

Hamersley said that the foreman of the Herald composing rooms was here last Saturday to examine the machine, was satisfied with it, & said he should advise the Herald to order \$150,000 worth (30 machines). (More than necessary, I should think, for 30 of them would do the work of 150 men.)

However, my object now in writing, is to say, if you *should* carry Hamersley's project through, telegraph me when it is actually done, for I shall want to scrape up some money & buy another block of this stock, here, if I can get it. I reckon it will take about a hundred thousand machines to supply the world, & I judge the world has got to buy them — it can't well be helped.

How did you find out where Hamersley was?

And how is your brass?

Yr truly

S. L. C.

From the next letter it appears that my father was not too keen about the prospect of making a fortune out of the Paige machine, though he did take several people to look it over.

HARTFORD, Oct. 26 '81

DEAR CHARLEY —

Ah, but I don't work for nothing, either. I only do friendly offices for nothing; so I have done what I

could to assist Hamersley in his enterprise, by a note of introduction & a hearty good word in favor of his project. But there I stop. Don't stand me up & lecture me violently about what has got to be done, or what hasn't got to be done. Write to Hamersley, not me — the affair is his, not mine. In undertaking it, you give to it time & energy which would otherwise be used to my advantage in Kaolatype & brass, & the success of these are of higher importance to me than Hamersley's matter is. So, you see, Hamersley is the favored party. I thought perhaps you might make something out of the thing, & yet use more of Mr. Whitford's time than your own. I think so still. I thought there was a fine chance for a capitalist to tackle a dead sure thing. And I think so still. But lord, I ain't going to help — too much business on hand already. I don't need to do anything to protect the \$5000 invested in that machine; it is safe, there, & is very much the best investment I have ever had. I want an opportunity to add to it — that is how I feel about it. And this is why I say that if Hamersley's project *should* be accomplished, I want to know it by telegraph, so that I can go out & try to buy some more stock. . . .

If you should come up here, I shall want to talk a little about tackling this Publishing Co.¹ at law; claiming damages, in that they have paid 25 per cent too much for the manufacture of the *Tramp Abroad*, from the beginning — a loss to me of \$5,000 & upwards. (My bottom object would be, to frighten them into giving up all my copyrights to me, on condition that I withdraw the lawsuit — for they've got no money & can't raise any.) Their last quarter's business was even wretcheder than the previous one; & *it* was next to nothing at all, you remember. I wish to talk with you, but not until after you shall have shown this paragraph to Mr. Whitford; for unless his firm will undertake this project of scaring these publishers, I shall drop the idea.

I enclose \$525.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

HARTFORD, Jan. 21 '82

DEAR CHARLEY

Suppose you put in an hour or two of your time for me at one of the big advertising agencies where they keep full files of the daily papers. Just quietly copy off & send to me every remark which the Tribune has made about me *since the end of October*, up to present date. Keep your own counsel; say nothing to anybody about this. As I understand it,

¹The American Publishing Company.

these remarks have usually been brief original paragraphs on the inside pages, & *borrowed* slurs on the other pages. Copy them *exactly*, punctuation & all; & give the *origin* of the borrowed ones.

Yr truly

S. L. C.

At this time Webster was working nights trying to achieve the impossible; he was also settling his family, including two children, in New York, and his co-worker, Marsh, was away. Now he is asked to spend "an hour or two" going through a three months' file of the *Tribune* to find some imaginary slurs that Uncle Sam had been told the *Tribune* had been making against him. Uncle Sam's own story of this is told in a letter to William Dean Howells of January 28, 1882 (Albert Bigelow Paine, *Mark Twain's Letters*, p. 413).

Uncle Sam had been writing long tirades against the *Tribune* and preparing a most ambitious revenge when, as he said, "the thought came to my mind (from Mrs. Clemens's): 'wouldn't it be well to make *sure* that the attacks have been 'almost daily'?' There turned out to be no slurs beyond some unfavorable mention of *The Prince and the Pauper*, and that was copied from English reviewers who felt that the sacred history of England had been tampered with.

2

LIKE most authors, Uncle Sam thought he was being robbed. This feeling is what prompted him to join with my father in starting his own publishing house in 1883.

July 8, '82

DEAR CHARLEY —

Yes the Bank Note Co. stock arrived all right.

The American Publishing Co. declared *another* 5 per cent div. July 1, making the third since I sold out. In over *nine* years they paid no dividend; *in which time they sold, say*

75,000 Roughing It
60,000 Gilded Age
40,000 Tom Sawyer
40,000 Sketches
70,000 Tramp Abroad

285,000 books, & 15,00 [0] Innocents —
300,000 in all.

Since then they have sold 10 or 15,000 books and paid \$7,500 in dividends. How's that?

When the expert comes, let him do his level best to find out exactly how many of each of my books

have been sold, if possible. And especially how many *Sketches* — for when they have sold 50,000 *Sketches* they will owe me a rebate of 2½ per cent on each copy of the whole 50,000. It is a three-dollar book — so the rebate coming to me will be \$3,750. You perceive the importance of finding out about this.

Yr truly

S. L. C.

ELMIRA, July 18, '82

DEAR CHARLEY —

Don't forget to send me Bliss's check.

Please send me ½ dozen of my small scrap-books — size of this page or somewhat larger.

Mrs. Moffett offers me her Watch stock at par. I suppose it is well enough to take it, isn't it?

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

In looking back on these days it always seems to us as if our ancestors had wonderful opportunities to make us rich if they had only shown a little sense. I often think of the fine stocks I could have picked out for my father. But there seem to have been hundreds of concerns with bright prospects that were never realized. This watch company was one of them. Uncle Sam seems to have pulled out suckers while others were landing the trout.

ELMIRA, Aug. 8, '82

DEAR CHARLEY —

Go to Mr. W. M. Laffan (at Harper's) & ask him to introduce you to the firm for me; then you can ask them to give you a note of introduction to such other publishers as you may wish to consult. This will afford you every opportunity you require. Drop a note to Laffan asking when you may call on him with a small matter of business from me.

Look here, have the Am. Pub. Co. swindled me out of only \$2,000? I thought it was *five*. It can't be worth while to sue for \$2,000, can it? If we gain it will it pay lawyer's fees? . . .

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

ELMIRA, Aug. 9, '82

DEAR CHARLEY —

K. flourishes, better & better, but the monthly drain has always remained about the same since its earliest days. By the way — was the Slote note collected last month? — am hanged if I can remember now whether it was or not. How do the K. accounts stand, now? Let Marsh send me a statement — not one of these damned incomprehensible professional-

technical debtor-&-creditor enigmas, which none but gods & bookkeepers can make head or tail of, but a plain sensible *written-out* statement of the case, which Jean [his daughter] can understand.

Look at the stamp on the "White Elephant." It is small, & perfectly simple — another sight simpler and smaller than the stamp which cost Osgood "probably" \$56. Well, I am charged \$45 for it — which I judge includes design — say \$10. Now, do you imagine it would cost you \$10 to cast that thing in spelter & then in brass? Why did your plate cost \$28? Your part of the work did not cost you \$3 if that famous Prince & P. picture cost you only \$1.50. Osgood will presently be in as a part owner, & he shall give his entire attention to that brass — for it *shall* succeed. I hear Orion [his brother] is very sick with gastric fever.

I like that big stamp — a gouge or two with a graver's tool would perfect it. Suppose it *did* cost \$28 — it won't cost \$10 when I get the facilities together. I think the brass man charged \$18 or \$20 anyhow, for rent. Perdition catch him. I shall call on him & ask him for statistics when I go to New York. Meantime, you ask him for them. It will puzzle the head entirely off his shoulders to explain that \$25. Ten dollars for his work, \$3 for yours — liberal sums, both. If he can explain the rest of the \$28, raising the dead is foolishness to *his* talent. Inquire of him, Charley, for I am all impatience to know. And tell him to make his statistics simple & easy, for I want to take them to other founders for verification. . . .

Yr truly
S. L. C.

Sept. 19, '82

DEAR CHARLEY —

I want Messrs. Alexander & Green to go for these people at once & lively, on *some* charge or other. They are using my name to sell stuff which I never wrote. I would not be the author of that witless stuff (*Bad Boy's Diary*) for a million dollars.

I want them salted well for saying I am author of *Bad Boy's Diary*, too.

Get & send me this "Ha-ha-ha."

Yr truly
S. L. CLEMENS

[P. S.] Go for 'em lively & at once.

Bad Boy's Diary was a piece of trash — poor English, poor spelling, and very poor humor — published anonymously in 1880 by J. S. Ogilvie & Company, who probably encouraged the fiction that it was written by Mark Twain. *Ha! Ha! Ha!*, which bore the subtitle "72 pages of fun by leading humor-

ists" and sold in paper for 10 cents (or 25 cents for the de luxe edition in boards), was published by Ogilvie in March, 1882. Uncle Sam's indignation was certainly justified in this case. He wasn't exactly a Milquetoast, and he had pride in his craft. Having his name used to exploit stuff that was not his was worse than piracy. Some of the jokes in the "pages by leading humorists" were evidently uncopyrighted matter that he had written, as he admits in a subsequent telegram to Webster, but he adds: "If people have a right to use my name to advertise a body of rubbish which I did not write I want to find it out."

3

UNCLE SAM was saved from losses at this time at the hands of some people he refers to as the "watch thieves." These were not pickpockets, but two Fredonia men who had started a watch company. I don't know whether they sold many watches, but they sold a good deal of stock in Fredonia, where people naturally thought that their early environment had made them honest.

This time Uncle Sam didn't yell for a lawyer. He sent the following statement to my father with the brief note: "Put this one time in *Buffalo Courier, Express & Censor & Advertiser & Union*, also in posters in Fredonia": —

\$5,000 WATCH STOCK FOR SALE

I desire to sell \$5,000 of stock in the Independent Watch Co., of Fredonia, N. Y. Lest the possible purchaser pay too much and afterward upbraid me, I will lay the facts bare before him; then he can buy wittingly.

Two or three years ago, some persons called the Howard Brothers (given names — & —) born & reared in Fredonia & favorably known to everybody there, conceived the idea of getting up a watch manufacturing Company. Their cipherings & prophecies were specious & plausible, & the stock was promptly subscribed by the confiding villagers. It is not unlikely that the Howards intended, from the beginning, to unload profitably, in due time, leaving the rest to save themselves as best they might; in any case, what is not unlikely, but certain, is, that they *did* presently unload a large portion of their stock — offered to sell me \$25,000 of it, I to allow *them* to control & vote upon it several months & until after the next ensuing annual meeting(!) And next the Company declared a dividend — not from earnings, therefore unlawfully, & consequently laying themselves heavily liable — & on the strength of the fresh confidence thus created by this sign of (apparent) prosperity, the Howards worked off nearly all the rest of their stock — taking most any description of property for it that offered. The Howards are virtually out, now, & fortified with fresh capital wherewith to push their patent medicine business; and the rest of us are still in

— but most of us do not know how to make watches or manage watch factories. Therefore I desire to withdraw. Persons wishing to make me an offer (an exorbitant one not required) may address S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Hartford, Conn.

Webster did not publish the advertisement, but he seems to have found a satisfactory way of handling the situation:—

ELMIRA, Sept. 19, '82

DEAR CHARLEY —

You did miraculously with the Watch thieves. It was an ugly job well carried through. The Howards were wise to hold their temper & come to our terms; for if they hadn't we would have made it warm for them & the rest of the directors on that fraudulent dividend. I have put the note & the accompanying paper in J. L. & Co.'s safe, here. . . .

I am not well yet, & my book¹ drags like the very devil. Some days I cannot write a line.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

Sept. 23, '82

DEAR CHARLEY —

Is not using my name in that way a kind of forgery, or obtaining money under false pretenses? And can it not be punished?

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

[P. S.] . . . How *much* could I punish them? To what extent? Jail? — or several thousand dollars damages? Ask Mr. Whitford. Meantime I have a suit pending in Chicago which may cover the case of these Ogilvie bastards. S. L. C.

The illegitimate Ogilvies were the people who had published someone else's book under his name.

The next letter is a little confusing because I don't know whether "these thieves" are the same as the watch thieves, or the same as the "Ogilvie bastards," but I think they are a new lot entirely. Mark Twain was like the man in the Bible who fell among thieves. But he didn't wait for a good Samaritan to come along.

ELMIRA, Sunday, Sept. 24, '82

DEAR CHARLEY —

Be sure to have this advertisement in the Herald Personals *Tuesday* morning — & keep it there 7 years unless these thieves pay up sooner. Their sale is Tuesday & Osgood will be there. He will stop at the Brunswick — saves you a trip to Boston.

¹ *Life on the Mississippi*, published in May, 1883.

If you prefer, you can show the ad to Sheldon before publishing; but my judgment is, publish *without* seeing them. I leave you free in the matter. They must promptly do certain things, or I will come down on them in print in an exceedingly vigorous way.

They must make to you a *detailed* statement of account.

They must pay the money, & also *interest*.

I should say, don't show them the ad — for I shall publish them by & by anyhow, whether they pay up or not. . . .

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

[P.S.] . . . If I could find out how many cloth-bound books Sheldon sold, I would require him to pay me 25 cents on every one over the 75 copies (he was to bind no more than that). S. L. C.

The following enclosure is the copy for the advertisement mentioned in the letter:—

Will the publishers, Sheldon & Co., furnish to the undersigned a statement of account (now eight years overdue, although several times demanded) & accompany it with the overdue cash, or will they not?

And will they also be warned & make no attempt to sell certain stereotype plates advertised by them, except to be broken up? Address MARK TWAIN, Hartford, Conn.

One of the charges that Mark Twain (in eruption) made was that my father was always running to lawyers. He probably was.

Oct. 6, '82

DEAR CHARLEY —

Find out, in Chicago, how my *old* books are now sold — by canvassers? or are they *ordered* by individuals, or by publishers? What is to account for their continuous & regular sale? It is a sale which keeps right along; this last quarter equals what they used to be, in old Bliss's time. *How* are these sales accomplished? Find out the method while in Chicago.

I've got an idea. The Am. Pub. Co. might be crowded, by this suit, into this compromise — I to withdraw the suit, & they to turn over my copyrights to me one or two years from now.

Book contracts seem to be usually limited to 3 years or 5, but as I had the monumental fool of the 19th century for a lawyer, these endure forever.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

HARTFORD, Oct. 30th, 1882

DEAR CHARLEY,

Give this man the papers he wants, or kill him,
I don't care which.¹

Yours truly,
S. L. CLEMENS

HARTFORD, Dec. 30th, 1882

DEAR CHARLEY: —

Here is the usual bill for the "Portfolio." I subscribed for it for one year, and ordered that year to be paid for. I never subscribed a second time, but have done my best to keep them from throwing away that excellent work upon me. I do not want to have to refuse to receive the publication from the post-man, for that is an offense which I don't wish to offer to anybody. I never see the post-man anyway, and could not offer the offense if I wanted to. I wish you would explain the case to Mr. Bouton and have the periodical stopped without bloodshed. . . .

Yr truly
S. L. C.

Webster noted on the letter: "Attended to Jany 2nd 1883. Mr. Bouton said he would stop it. C.L.W." But it crops up again from time to time.

Jan. 3, 1883

S. L. Clemens, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

We are beginning to receive reports from canvassers with applications for the premiums offered for the largest bona fide lists of subscribers. Kindly give us such instructions as you deem necessary for the method of awarding these premiums.

Yrs truly,
JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co.

[S. L. C. pencil notation:] Charley, if there are any instructions to be given, you may give them—I will not interest myself in *anything* connected with this wretched God-damned book.²

If you know of no other instructions, you can write them & tell them I say invent instructions of their own. S.L.C.

The next letter is from Aunt Livy, who frequently appealed to my father for help.

DEAR CHARLEY —

Will you find out for me at Tiffany's the price of the small Chime *traveling* clocks. I would like to

¹My father killed him. S. C. W.

²*Life on the Mississippi*.

have you write & tell me about different sizes & prices.

Hoping this will not trouble you I am

very truly yours,
OLIVIA L. CLEMENS

4

THE next letter was written just before the publication of *Life on the Mississippi*. By this time Webster was practically Mark Twain's publisher, with Osgood being merely the manufacturer of the books. Mark Twain records that *Life on the Mississippi* cost him fifty thousand dollars to manufacture and print, "but Osgood was a lovely fellow." Probably the latter part of the statement is correct.

DEAR CHARLEY —

If you are to be absent from New York any more than 48 hours, don't go to Fredonia. Have somebody do the packing under Annie's supervision. After all our efforts & all our hopes we are going to have a brief canvass at last. Your canvassers are not all secured yet — yet we have but 5 or 6 weeks left before publication. Bliss never issued an octavo for me with less than 43,000 subscribers. I was expecting to beat Bliss this time. Our main harvest has *got* to come before the issue of the book; so I strongly advise against the Fredonia trip. Your personal presence in New York is worth that of a dozen Marshes or other subordinates at this most important time.

Your aunt Livy is not getting along fast; is very weak & wasted to a shadow. Gains a trifle of strength in the daytime, & loses it again at night through loss of sleep.

Yr truly
S. L. C.

[P.S.] At the T. S. [typesetter] meeting there were about 60 stockholders. They conferred full powers on the Directors to raise capital, &c. Paige was brought to book — that is, made to stand up & distinctly say he knew the machine to be now flawless. A capital of \$1,000,000 was proposed to be raised. . . .

There is something illogical about that forced confession of faith, but I can't put my finger on it. However, it seems to have satisfied Uncle Sam, because for the next ten years he put something like \$30,000 a year into the "flawless" machine.

After a hurried trip to Canada to secure copyright on his new book — a necessary nuisance in those days — Mark Twain was in a dither to get to the peace of his summer home in Elmira.

HARTFORD, June 8, '83

DEAR CHARLEY —

Go to the D L & W RR office in New York (26 Exchange Place, I think), (Delaware, Lackawanna & Hudson RR I mean) & see if they will rent me a *special sleeping car to Elmira, on daylight train next Friday* the 15th. Telegraph me their answer & let me know the hour the train leaves. I think it leaves at 1 p.m., but am not sure.

We go Thursday from here, & *Friday* from New York unless death or desperate illness interfere.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

[P.S.] Have formerly got the car from Mr. A. Reasoner — wrote him a day or two ago, but have received no answer yet. Go directly to the President of the road & he will tell you how to proceed. Hurry! S. L. C.

The next excitement is again a lawsuit — but this time against Uncle Sam. Charles C. Duncan, the captain of the *Quaker City*, evidently planned to sue Mark Twain for something he was alleged to have said in an interview, but as Mark Twain had been misquoted, Duncan eventually sued the *New York Times* and got six cents in damages. The Jones mentioned in the second letter must have been either the reporter or an editor.

(Telegram)

Chas. L. Webster

658 Broadway N. Y.

Say nothing to anybody until you hear from me again. You did not send me that paper containing interview. I must see that before I can know how to proceed. Let me know, as soon as Duncan actually sues *me* — a thing which I am not expecting to happen.

S. L. C.

ELMIRA, June 18, '83

DEAR CHARLEY —

Say nothing at all to Jones, for if there is a suit I cannot be a witness on his side. There is not a sentence in the interview that ever issued from my mouth. There are two or three *parts* of sentences, but no complete one. As a rule the interviewer has invented both the ideas & the language.

Yrs

S. L. C.

[P.S.] It seems to me Duncan has a strong case against the Times — *would* have, if he had any character. S. L. C.

ELMIRA, June 20, '83

DEAR CHARLEY —

All right. Tell Mr. Whitford [Uncle Sam's lawyer] about Duncan's proposed suit. Tell him also that if I can be allowed to testify on my own behalf I will go on the stand & point out each & every word in the printed interview that was actually uttered by me, & will show that *20 words* will cover the whole; & I will swear that all the rest was the interviewer's own — invented it *himself*. Then if Whitford lets Duncan know this, possibly he will drop his prosecution of me & strengthen his Times suit by summoning me as a witness against the Times — a chance I should not be sorry to have.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

ELMIRA, June 28, '83

DEAR CHARLEY —

All right. I will wait till Duncan goes for me individually before I bother. I guess he will not see his way to tackling me at all if Whitford gives his lawyer a hint of what my defense would be.

I enclose a letter from Ogden. I cannot answer letters; I can ill spare the time to read them. I am writing a book; my time is brief; I cannot be interrupted by vineyard business or any *other*. Explain this to Ogden.

When I turned him over to you & Whitford, I did *all* I meant to do. You are my business man; & business I myself will *not* transact, neither will I write letters or consult about it.

As to your going to California, we don't want any of *that*.

Now whensoever any *determination* has been arrived at in this vineyard matter, I shan't mind hearing about it; but I don't want to hear another syllable of the *preliminaries* — not one. Will you make Ogden understand that this *must* be so, & why I take this position?

I won't talk business — I will perish first. I hate the very idea of business, in all its forms.

Oh, about Australia. *That* goes with the English copy-rights — belongs to Chatto.

Yrs

S. L. C.

Uncle Sam had been fired with a brief enthusiasm for the vineyards in California, probably inspired by his nephew and his old friend Joe Goodman. My father didn't believe in buying a vineyard by mail, and Uncle Sam lost interest. Besides, he was writing *Huckleberry Finn*. Business, vineyards, suits, were all forgotten and repudiated — fortunately for everybody.

PREFACE

by W. H. AUDEN

The Stage Manager to the Critics

THE aged catch their breath
For the nonchalant couple go
Waltzing across the tightrope
As if there were no death
Or hope of falling down;
The wounded cry as the clown
Doubles his meaning, and, oh,
How the dear little children laugh
When the drums roll and the lovely
Lady is sawn in half.

Oh, what authority gives
Existence its surprise?
Science is happy to answer
That the ghosts who haunt our lives
Are handy with mirrors and wire,
That song and sugar and fire,
Courage and come-hither eyes
Have a genius for taking pains.
But how does one think up a habit?
Our wonder, our terror remains.

Art opens the fishiest eye
To the Flesh and the Devil who heat
The Chamber of Temptation
Where heroes roar and die.
We are wet with sympathy now;
Thanks for the evening; but how
Shall we satisfy when we meet
Between Shall-I and I-Will
The lion's mouth whose hunger
No metaphors can fill?

Well, who in his own back yard
Has not opened his heart to the smiling
Secret he cannot quote?
Which goes to show that the Bard
Was sober when he wrote
That this world of fact we love
Is unsubstantial stuff:
All the rest is silence
On the other side of the wall;
And the silence ripeness,
And the ripeness all.

SLANTING THE NEWS

by MICHAEL BRADSHAW

LAST month the *Atlantic* published "For a Free Press," by Robert Lasch of the *Chicago Sun*. This paper was the prize-winning essay in our contest, The Freedom of the Press. In this issue we continue the discussion with two of the other entries: a case history of how the news is slanted, by Michael Bradshaw, an Associate Editor of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*; and an affirmative statement by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot that the American newspaper has more freedom today than at any other time in history. — THE EDITOR

1

IN summing up the results of an informal poll of newspaper readers on the freedom of the press, conducted recently by a group of editors, the *Bulletin of the American Society of Newspaper Editors* quoted a number of typical answers to show that the public is hopelessly confused about the subject.

A bartender said, "It [a free press] is the most damn vital thing in our whole setup. I don't think there is anything more valuable to pure democracy." A banker said, "I don't understand so much talk about freedom of the press. The papers seem to print anything they want to but certain war news." A broker said, "Some newspapers seem to get license and free speech all mixed up. I think a certain kind of freedom should be limited." A restaurant owner said, "Sure it would be nice to have — but you don't have it."

It all seemed very confusing — so confusing that the editors of the *Bulletin* asked, "Is it just possible that editors, fully aware of their obligation to protect the constitutional guarantee [of a free press], have failed in the corollary task of enlightening and educating the public on the subject?"

But the confusion was only confounded when the American Society of Newspaper Editors met in Washington a few weeks later and the members themselves got to talking about a free press. David Lawrence, editor of the *United States News*, proposed a new constitutional amendment to protect the freedom of the press, because "in almost every case in which the First Amendment was invoked as a protection in recent years against labor legislation, for example, the decision has invariably been against

the validity of such a contention." Erwin D. Canham of the *Christian Science Monitor*, on the other hand, asserted that whether the press remains free depends on the newspapers themselves. And when the society voted on a resolution declaring that "the enforced 'maintenance of membership' clause in labor union contracts applying to news and editorial employees is . . . repugnant to a basic principle of free American journalism," it was sustained only by the very close vote of 48 to 47.

This division would seem to indicate that the editors of our newspapers are as confused about what a free press means as their readers, but that is not necessarily the case. To understand that vote, one must review the controversy of recent years and see what all the tumult and the shouting is about.

Back in the early days of the New Deal, when the National Recovery Act was the chief bone of public contention, the American Newspaper Publishers Association sent Elisha Hanson, its chief counsel, before the Supreme Court. He was to try to give the Jeffersonian Bill of Rights a Hamiltonian twist by contending that the First Amendment to the Constitution gives newspaper owners the right to work their employees longer than other workers and pay them less. Undeterred by one rebuff, Mr. Hanson has been trotting back there ever since to argue that what may be fair and reasonable and lawful for others should never be applied to men engaged in newspaper work, either as employer or as employee.

Though Jehovah's Witnesses have had considerably more success in arguing the cause of a free press before the Supreme Court than Mr. Hanson, who never manages to get to first base, he continues to collect his fees from those publishers who accept his contention that the freedom of the press is supposed to be an extra drawer in their cash registers. Led by

MICHAEL BRADSHAW is an Associate Editor of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*. A native of Goldsboro, North Carolina, he took his A.B. at Duke University in 1923 and later did graduate work at Harvard under Professor Charles Townsend Copeland.

him, they have been howling to high heaven that the country is going to the dogs, and the free press is going out the window, simply because they have to comply with the Wage and Hour Law and bargain collectively with their employees, the same as anybody else.

There are some notable exceptions, to be sure — usually among publishers who spend as much time in the editorial room as they do in the business office. But just as it is hard for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, so is it difficult for a publisher to contemplate that free-press clause without trying to collect on it. President Lynwood I. Noyes opened the last convention of the American Newspaper Publishers Association by calling upon the publishers to keep uppermost in mind their responsibility as the guardians of our constitutional liberties, and ended by denouncing a ruling of the Wage and Hour Division of the Department of Labor, which held that editorial workers are entitled to overtime pay, too. As long as high ideals are put on a dollars and cents basis, it's fairly simple to figure out what a man has uppermost in his mind.

On the other side of the fence, the American Newspaper Guild has contributed to the confusion by trying to create the impression that a free press should mean more money for less work. While it remained a craft union of editorial workers, the Guild held aloft the traditions of the profession, even if it didn't get many contracts for its members. But when it swung over to the CIO and set out to round up the workers in other departments of the newspaper, it began to fight fire with fire and lost that objectivity which is essential to good reporting. Whatever their justification, too many newspapermen have hit below the belt by smearing their papers with false charges which they never would have made if they had had to submit their copy to a self-respecting city editor. Our newspapers may be bad enough, but with a few notorious exceptions they are models of truth, fairness, and decency, compared with most of our labor papers.

Between the cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" on the part of the publishers, and "Shame! Shame!" on the part of the Guild, the free press has been discredited most by those who have the greatest stake in preserving it. Perhaps that is why 47 of the editors, on the border line between employer and employee, opposed that resolution, passed by the 48, declaring that a maintenance of membership clause is "repugnant to a basic principle of free American journalism." At a time when men are fighting and dying for democratic principles, they may be getting tired of a sham battle. They know perfectly well that the freedom of the press has been used so often as a

smoke screen to mask economic selfishness that a basic right of free people is being worn threadbare.

2

THE reading public, of course, are not interested in a clash inside the newspaper office. It concerns them only as it confirms the opinion of those who say they can't believe what they read in the newspapers. "The big fellows tell the papers what they want them to know," said a police officer in the poll mentioned earlier. "Must be rich to get a square deal from newspapers," said a soldier. "You know darn well that they's a bunch of guys who tell all these papers what to print," said a punch press operator. How much truth is there in these views held by 26 per cent of the persons interviewed?

As every newspaperman knows, there is more than almost any publisher will admit. You can't fool all of the people all of the time. They may not know what went on at Teheran, but some of them will know what actually happened on the picket line, or in the accident, or at the city hall. And when they see the story played up or played down in the paper, presented fairly or slanted, they can figure out what went on in the newspaper office.

On my first newspaper, for instance, I was city editor when we had trouble with the mayor's wife. She was a temperamental woman; and when the automobile she was driving collided with another car, she drove away in a huff without stopping to give her name as required by law. But someone got her number, reported it to the police, and we printed the story in our morning paper.

The next day, the afternoon newspaper owned by the same company published an entirely different version of the same trivial accident, omitting the fact that the mayor's wife had driven off without stopping. After our morning staff reported for work, who should walk into the city room and go into a huddle with the police reporter but the publisher. Naturally we listened as he tried to explain the story to the reporter who had covered it. He wanted a little correction run the next morning, saying that the mayor's wife hadn't driven off. "But how can I say she didn't when she did?" the reporter asked as innocently as you please. To give the publisher due credit, he did, on that occasion, have the grace to blush and walk back into his counting office.

Another time, after the war had brought a horde of new workers to an industrial city in Ohio, our paper planned a series of stories showing how overcrowded housing conditions had created a serious health problem. We had a string of pictures of

houses in which twenty, thirty, or forty persons lived, and we actually published one or two of them before a delegation from the real-estate board called on us. The most outspoken delegate said frankly that, if we published any more of the pictures, he thought the real-estate board ought to boycott our advertising columns; the others talked mostly about what a reflection they were on our beautiful city. And, for one reason or the other, we cut our exposure of deplorable conditions very, very short.

On the same paper, in 1940, it was decided that the Gallup Poll was showing too much strength for President Roosevelt. Forthwith, we subscribed to another poll, whose name I have forgotten. (It was that sort of poll.) All went moderately well for a time, because the figures were rather hazy and could be interpreted in any way one chose. But a day or two before the election, the thing went haywire. The poll-taker came out with the flat prediction that Mr. Roosevelt would be re-elected, which wasn't what he was hired to do at all. Just to show him what was what, our editor dropped his poll and his prediction in the wastebasket. But after Mr. Roosevelt was re-elected, we actually ran the post-mortem of our poll-taker, recounting how he had picked the winner — and left it up to our readers to figure out why they never saw his final prediction.

Or take the time the publisher handed me an editorial clipped from the Hearst papers, denouncing grade labeling as Communistic, and suggested that we run a piece along the same line. I was leaving that paper as soon as I could, anyway, so I wrote him his editorial with my tongue in my cheek. Using the same flimsy argument Hearst had used, and some of the same bombastic language, I even acknowledged the source of the quotations. When the editorial appeared in our paper, the quotation marks were still there but the Hearst name had been deleted. Either the publisher or the editor was quite willing to crib from the Hearst press, but he was evidently ashamed to have our readers know what we were doing.

Such stories could go on endlessly, and any newspaperman could add his own, but they give a one-sided picture of a newspaper office. My second newspaper happened to be Josephus Daniels's *News and Observer*, which is deservedly called "the Old Reliable" because it prints the news without fear or favor. I had been on its state desk only a few nights — having moved from a paper which didn't like a strike story cluttered up with unnecessary facts — when a man called up from a near-by town to say that he had a real news story which his hometown paper wouldn't print, and that if we would print it he would buy a thousand copies of our

paper. Being new on the job, I asked the city editor about it. "If it's news," he said, "we'll run it because it is news. If it isn't, we won't." While I was there, that's how the *News and Observer* was run. From what I heard, that's the way it has always been run.

3

WHEN I went to Danville, Virginia, as editor of the *Register*, I agreed absolutely with Paul Bellamy, editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, who said recently, "Almost every schoolboy knows what freedom of the press is, and almost everyone knows when it is being kicked around." The only trouble is that too many schoolboys who know what freedom of the press is when they go to work on newspapers get kicked around quite a bit before they become "experienced" newspapermen.

But that was to come later. "If it's news, print it; if it isn't, don't," was the way I started out in Danville; and as long as Buddy James, the owner of the paper, lived, we ran it that way. When the CIO moved into that cotton-mill town, back in 1937, we ran the story as the second lead on our front page. It was live news, it was hot news, but it was not exclusive news because it circulated by word of mouth as soon as the sign went up in a Main Street office building.

Everybody was talking about it, so why shouldn't we handle it just as we would any other story of intense public interest? We did, and followed it up with a lead editorial saying that if the workers wanted to join the union they had a legal right to, and that if they didn't want to they didn't have to, which is how I interpreted the Wagner Act until the NLRB and the WLB gave it a meaning of their own. Still having a schoolboy's faith in the freedom of the press, I didn't dream that we were doing what probably no other newspaper in the country would have done — handling that sort of story as straight and locally important news. But we didn't lose a line of advertising and, naturally, we attracted readers.

It was in Danville that the owner of the second-largest department store learned the difference between news and advertising. He called up one night to raise hell because the afternoon paper, owned by the same company, had printed a story about a refrigerator which blew up and injured a customer. "What was wrong with it?" I asked, wanting to make sure we got the facts straight in our own story the next morning. "None of your — business," he stormed. "I don't want to see another word about it." But without bothering to

call up the publisher or the advertising manager, we ran a story telling exactly what had happened, and that, as the expression goes, was that.

After Buddy James died, and a bank took over the paper, and I was fired for printing a story which told how a cop beat up a moronic kid (our lawyer said he never liked to plead the truth in a libel action, and he was probably the best judge of his own abilities), that advertising manager, who sometimes viewed with alarm such goings-on, admitted that the simple policy of printing the news had done the paper more good — from his strictly financial point of view — than all the truckling he had ever seen.

At a time when the American people are internationally-minded, these incidents picked at random from everyday newspaper life may appear to be pretty small potatoes in a discussion of one of the Four Freedoms. One of our more inspiring wartime slogans has been "Freedom Is Made Up of Simple Things." That holds true for the freedom of the press. Newspaper readers don't care particularly whether the first news of a Cairo conference is broken by Reuters or the Associated Press, and they will accept without much question the dispatches telling what happened at Casablanca, Moscow, and Teheran. But when it comes to what happened in their back yard, that is different. They have a pretty good idea of what is going on in their home town; and if a newspaper suppresses or distorts or slants such news, they don't have to see the public relations director of a corporation sitting in the editor's chair censoring a strike story to know that there's dirty work afoot.

If the freedom of the press is in any danger in this country today, the menace lies in the fact that our newspapers have lost the confidence of their readers through such tactics as I have described here in the briefest detail. Much has been said lately about the threat of bureaucratic control, but only once in my twelve years on a half-dozen newspapers have I known government officials to try to interfere with the handling of the news. That was early in the war when the *Dayton Herald* exposed abominable inefficiency at Wright Field. The commanding general protested, and the FBI wanted to know where we got our information. Both shut up promptly when we cited an Ohio statute which protects the sources of newspaper information.

On the other hand, half of the publishers I've worked for were more inclined to test a ticklish story by asking "Should we print it?" than by

asking "Is it true?" And don't think for one moment that the readers don't know it when they are being spoon-fed by men who set themselves up as judges of what the public is entitled to know.

Although the power of the press has been abused by men who think their ownership of newspapers gives them the right to manipulate the news to their own advantage, and the freedom of the press has been defamed by men who would turn it into a special economic privilege, the American people still believe in a free press. They have to, of course, because they believe in democracy. The one is dependent on the other. But more than that, they realize that it takes all kinds of newspapers, as well as people, to make a world. Some newspapers have betrayed their trust. More have played it safe. Others have redeemed the lot of them by serving the public interest as a newspaper can do when it throws the spotlight of truth on the ways of the world.

As Mr. Canham said, whether the press remains free depends on the newspapers themselves. In the final analysis, the Bill of Rights, which guarantees a free press, means only what the American people want it to mean. Under democracy, public opinion, though it may be hedged about with legal barriers, remains the court of final resort. If our newspapers can't hold their own in that forum, which they are supposed to dominate, then something is radically wrong with their case or their presentation of it. It is up to them, not their lawyers, to find out what the trouble is and to do something about it.

In Sydney, Australia, all four daily newspapers were suspended some weeks ago by the Minister of Information for violating a censorship order they considered outrageous. All one day the city went without its newspapers. Whereupon a great crowd of citizens, led by university students, marched through the streets to the newspaper offices, shouting, "Down with tyranny. Give us back democracy." The next day the courts stepped in, the Minister of Information backed down, and the newspapers were published.

If, by any chance, anything of that sort were ever attempted in this country, our newspapers, too, would have to look beyond the courts, and the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights, to the support of the American people. In that dire event, it might not be a bad idea for the people to emulate the Parable of the Talents, restoring freedom tenfold to those newspapers which have used it wisely, and taking it away from those which buried it.

IN DEFENSE OF THE PRESS

by ARTHUR BERNON TOURTELLOT

I

DEMOCRACY is not merely a political system. It is the long, the patient, the informed, and the critical effort of a people to live together for a common good. In America that good has been held to be the liberation of the individual from any kind of oppression, whether it be political or religious or social or economic.

The framers of the Bill of Rights believed that the people should reserve certain rights permanently, largely because Jefferson was convinced that the people must achieve freedom for themselves, and that they could achieve freedom only if they were informed and capable of critical observation. Democracy, the art and the reality of self-government, was to Jefferson the product of a giant educational process. And he held that process and a free press to be interdependent. "Where the press is free," he wrote, "and every man able to read, all is safe." Jefferson knew that you could no more have an educated people without a free press than you could have a free press worth its salt without an educated people.

If the American people are constitutionally endowed with a free press, that press is *ipso facto* charged with certain functions. Those functions are, first, to inform the people, and second, to stimulate criticism by being critical itself. In the historical development of American journalism, the first function has come to be known as reporting the news; and the only standard for that is truth. The second function is fulfilled by editorials, by commentators' columns, and by other expressions of opinion; and the only standard for them is honesty. Without such truth and without such honesty, the press would not deserve any freedom at all. Moreover, far from aiding the people in their responsibility of

governing and directing themselves intelligently, it would make efficient government and enlightened self-direction a virtual impossibility.

In a democracy, then, a free press vindicates the special right guaranteed it in direct proportion to the truth of its news and the honesty of its opinions. It would also follow that our journalism has been positive and good to the extent of its contribution to the achievement of the American goals, which are not only the preservation of such freedom as we may already have, but the constant exploration of new frontiers of freedom. Only on these grounds — on the fulfillment of its informative and critical functions — can the progress of a free press in America be judged. Only on these grounds can its future be weighed. That future is mere speculation, however, and the past experience only a series of accidents, if the press is unaware of its functions and without a spirit of inquiry about the degree to which those functions have been fulfilled — if, in short, it is without a conscience.

After the 1940 Presidential election, much was written to suggest that grave dangers imperiled the usefulness of the press as an instrument of democracy. Roughly 70 per cent of the nation's newspapers supported Mr. Willkie, even though such news stories as the Gallup reports in the same papers foretold the re-election of President Roosevelt, who had the support of only about a fourth of the papers. The post-election complaint was that the "power of the press" was at a vanishing point, and that the press either misrepresented public opinion or did not represent it at all. Mr. Harold Ickes felt sufficiently alarmed about this subject to assemble a symposium on it.

The storm was pretty much a tempest in a teapot, for the function of a press in a democracy is not to serve as a weathervane of public opinion. Nor is there anything healthful in a public opinion that serves as a weathervane of press opinion. It would have been alarming if, in 1940, the pro-Willkie

ARTHUR BERNON TOURTELLOT was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and began newspaper work with the *Boston Transcript* after graduation from Harvard in 1935. He is the author of *The Charles* in the "Rivers of America" series, and of various articles and critical papers. Now on military leave from *Time*, Inc., he is stationed in Washington, D. C.

papers had refused to carry stories indicating a Roosevelt victory, or if the electorate had veered blindly to the support of Mr. Willkie simply because the vast majority of the press advocated his election.

The first would have been a concealment of news, a withholding of information on the part of the press. The second would have meant an abrogation, on the part of the people, of that power to judge the press which Jefferson wisely held to be a duty of the citizens of a democracy. Nothing would be more dangerous to a democracy than a press of such power that the elections were merely an automatic, popular stamp of approval on its choices for public offices.

2

WHEN we are worrying about the power of the press, it is well to remember that the kind of power which is able to swing elections increases only as the ability of the people to exercise critical judgment decreases. An enlightened people ought to make up its own mind. It is a far healthier symptom of the condition of a democracy that a people exposed to such an overwhelming urging of the election of one man should go out and elect another than it would be for the candidate who happened to have the most editors on his side to ride into office.

The power of the press, in short, should be a stimulative power and not a persuasive power, and the function of the press editorially should be to provoke criticism and to foster a critical attitude. Certainly that function is well fulfilled when the critical attitude of the people is sufficiently developed to enable them to criticize the critics!

Since journalism in America is a commercial enterprise, it is sometimes argued that the press must necessarily fall far short of ever achieving the ends for which it was guaranteed freedom. It is no more reasonable to condemn a newspaper because it is a product to be marketed than it is to condemn a book or a play for the same reason. Certainly book publishing and play producing are commercial enterprises, too. But, say these critics, newspaper publishers have to sell both their papers and advertising space in them, while book publishers and theatrical producers do not. And the advertiser is frequently accused either of dictating editorial policy under threats of pulling his advertising, or of choosing his advertising medium on the basis of that medium's editorial policy on public questions.

The evidence against the existence of any such conspiracy on the part of advertisers is much clearer than the grounds on which they are indicted. In the first place, the main purpose of the advertiser is to

get the virtues of his product before as many people as possible. If there were any relationship between advertising and editorializing, then one would expect the advertiser to advertise in the paper with the most popular editorials. Hence, the pro-Roosevelt papers might have expected a huge increase in advertising in 1936, after the people had overwhelmingly rejected the rationalizing of the pro-Landon papers. But no such shift of advertising occurred.

The argument is frequently advanced that, though papers vary in editorial opinion, they all protect and further the interests of big business—in which category advertisers are lumped indiscriminately. The fact is that most American newspapers are supported, not by big businesses, but by small local businesses owned and operated by people in the middle economic group. Frequently the small-town or country newspaper, supported almost exclusively by the very smallest businesses and by farmers, is the most conservative publication in the world; it may look upon the policies of a liberal metropolitan daily with horror. Again, in a typical large American city, where there are two or more dailies, the more liberal is likely to be the stronger newspaper, as the liberal *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* is stronger than the *Globe-Democrat*. All this suggests that there is no direct relation between a journal's editorial policy and the amount of its advertising revenue.

The general mores of American newspapers are the mores of a capitalistic democracy, for the obvious reason that the United States happens to be a capitalistic democracy, and the press is a part of it. If it is capitalistic democracy that limits the press, then the critic should condemn capitalistic democracy; he should not condemn the press for being commercial in structure in a society where it would be suicidal and unnatural for it to be anything else. There can be no legitimate quarrel with the press for operating under the capitalistic impetus when the rest of the nation does the same thing. If there is any quarrel, it should be about the capitalistic impetus as the springboard for any individual or group action.

These fallacies about the press are important today because they confuse the people, who are the ultimate judges of the press. It is wrong to indict the press, or to excuse its shortcomings, on grounds that merely make big business or advertisers the scapegoats and then dismiss the problem. While a free press has neither the obligation nor the right to sit in judgment on the people, the latter have both the right and the duty to sit in constant judgment over the press.

Such judgment is a condition of the press's free-

dom in a democracy, as Jefferson construed it when he wrote that "we have found it better to trust the public judgment, rather than the magistrate, with the discrimination between truth and falsehood." Historically, the people have demonstrated the will and the ability to suppress a paper more than once in America, as in 1865 when the people of Cleveland forced the suspension of the *Plain Dealer* for its disloyalty to the Union. It is only the intelligent exercise of such power on the part of the people that can keep the conscience of the press alive.

3

THE concern of our democracy should be less with the organizational or commercial nature of the press than with its sense of moral responsibility to fulfill its functions. Judgment must come from the people as an integral part of the democratic process. If they sidestep this responsibility, then the whole democratic adventure has failed and not the press alone. Consequently, the press in America has advanced in quality with the ability of the people to judge it.

Nor can the press blame its shortcomings on the people. The press is always on probation, and when it violates that probation — when it suffers a lapse of conscience — then it is the press that is at fault. It is at fault when it ignores the people's judgment simply because it can get away with such a course. It is at fault always when it slants, or entirely omits, news that would enable the people to formulate a sound judgment. And these are sins that have not yet completely disappeared from American journalism, although they appear to be diminishing.

They are on the decline solely because Americans are better educated today than ever before — a fact of which the wise editors and publishers are well aware. Americans today demand more from their news organs than in the past. They are quick to detect the false or distorted. They want breadth of opinion, a variety of views, and thoroughness in reporting. The *Washington Star*, an extremely conservative paper, does not publish the columns of Dorothy Thompson and Lowell Mellett — both liberals — for nothing. The *Star* simply knows good journalism. There was a century and a quarter of journalism in America when nobody's opinions graced a paper except the editor's. Today, most great dailies carry several columns of opinions that differ radically from the editor's. The press in America today fulfills its critical function more thoroughly than in earlier days, simply because the diversity of opinions opens up competition of ideas.

In the days when personal journalism was at its height in the United States, a paper's personality was that of its editor. Not only to the readers of the old *New York Tribune*, but to the entire nation, Horace Greeley and the *Tribune* were synonymous. If you quoted the *Tribune*, you quoted Greeley; and if you said that the *Tribune* was guilty of a piece of folly, you meant that Greeley was off on a tangent again.

Similarly, when the *New York Sun* lashed out at the *World* during the Cleveland campaign, everybody knew that Charles A. Dana was out after Joseph Pulitzer again. If an editor suffered from a delusion, as Greeley frequently did, then the paper was either useless or dangerous until he recovered. If an editor was by nature vicious and without principles, then there was not a principle to be found in his whole paper. As far as the health of the democracy went, such outright viciousness was not the worst thing that could happen, for the journal resulting from it could eventually be discovered and repudiated — and such journals always have been.

But when the influence of a paper like Greeley's *Tribune*, perhaps the most influential single journal in all American history, was the printed personality of only one man, then the free press was really in danger. The *Tribune* and Greeley — inseparable as the two were — both had a liberal, humane reputation that exists, thanks to haphazard critics, to this day. What reason did the American people have to question its purity of purpose, then, when the bitterness and the vanity and the personal ambitions of Greeley led the *Tribune* to advocate "letting the South go" whenever the going in the Civil War was rough, to refuse to support Lincoln in the darkest days of the 1864 campaign, and to flatter the Congressional scheme to impeach Johnson when the latter stood almost alone for a decent reconstruction program? The answer is that the people of the *Tribune* had no reason to doubt the wisdom of these things, for the *Tribune* printed nothing other than Greeley's personal opinions.

This was dangerous journalism. A press whose freedom and conscience are conditioned by the unpredictable whims of individual men who are the papers falls far shorter of achieving its function in a democracy than a press whose freedom and conscience are limited by such predictable factors as a consistent economic or political dogmatism. For these last things are more easily recognized, and more easily considered in relation to editorial judgments, than are the whims of a man who becomes an institution — just as they are recognized and considered by the readers of Captain Patterson's *Daily News*, who read his paper all during 1940 and then

went out to act in direct opposition to his advice by putting New York City overwhelmingly in the Democratic victory column. And the present administration has very sound grounds for ignoring the McCormick-Patterson press, as Lincoln did not dare ignore the blundering Greeley's *Tribune*.

Where once the personality of any newspaper was a rigid reflection of the views of its publisher, it is now a composite personality reflecting the minds of many editorial forces: the columnists, the Washington, foreign, and war correspondents, the news analysts, and the military and political commentators. This tendency towards a many-sided, broader personality, in place of the rigid, narrow view, better equips the journal to achieve its informative and critical ends, and the reader to judge the paper, to read it critically.

The editorial change has been accompanied by a considerable increase in both the scope and the accuracy of news coverage. Today the world-wide network of news sources covers every major spot on the globe. The California papers have access to as full and accurate reports of Washington events as the capital's own papers. The New York papers know as much of happenings in London as any Fleet Street office. The recent Supreme Court decision liberating the Associated Press services from monopolistic restrictions opens the way for even better news coverage by more papers. Indeed, there remains today no material or physical obstacle to the fulfillment by the press of its cardinal duty to get the facts and to give them to the people.

4

I HAVE suggested so far that the health of a free press depends upon the ability of the people to act as its censor, but that it is futile for them to act as censors on any such general, ill-informed grounds as the belief that the press is now exclusively the organ of big business, or is dictated to by advertisers, or is losing what power it ever had anyway; that the capitalistic structure of the press cannot be condemned as such so long as it is a part of a capitalistic society and must operate within that society; and, finally, that the commercial growth of the press has brought with it a complex editorial nature and a breadth, completeness, and speed of news coverage which make it far more able today to discharge its responsibilities to the people than it has ever been in all its history.

The question is: Does the press have sufficient conscience to avail itself of its own opportunities and to do all that it can, within its structure as part of a

capitalistic democracy, to fulfill its obligations to the people? And if it hasn't such moral awareness or, having it, ignores it, then what is the remedy?

The history of the press during the years immediately preceding this war is a highly creditable one. During the most ostrich-like period of our whole national history, the press alone kept hurling at the people the tragic facts of the progress of fascism. While the intellectuals were still admiring the brilliant cynicism of Walter Millis's *The Road to War*, the foreign correspondents were pouring out the story of the rising threat of Hitler. But the foreign correspondents were not even worth a laugh or a satire then. They were simply ignored. Later it was amusing when Dorothy Thompson was thrown out of Germany, and when American correspondents were tossed right and left out of Berlin and Rome.

The Spanish civil war was the most completely reported foreign rebellion in the annals of the American press, and rightly so, but most readers got too much of it. There seemed to be better things to do than read about an irrelevant squabble in Spain. Later still, when the implications of the European war could escape no half-thorough reader of the papers in 1940, the nation was treated to a Presidential campaign in which both candidates found it desirable to close their eyes to the inescapable fact that America must actively intervene or go down with the rest.

The wire services and the daily papers, the free press, spent more and more money to bring the realities of the storm in Europe to the attention of the American people as the thirties drew to a close — long before the other democratic institutions of the United States even cared to face the task of thinking seriously about it. Never was any one group of people more justified in shouting "I told you so" than the men of the press on December 7, 1941.

And never was any people less justified in protesting that the facts had been withheld from them than the American nation. The newspapermen published the facts in their papers; they expanded them in books; they preached them in lectures. Whatever charges may be brought against the press, the fact is that the press, its reporters and its commentators, brought the meaning of world history straight to the people months and years before the people wanted to hear it. And the press as a whole was far ahead of the nation on the moral duty and the practical expediency of America's aiding the foes of fascism during the early years of the war.

It would seem that it was democracy itself, rather than the press, that suffered a lapse of conscience. The American people simply could not be told; they

had to be shown. The answer, so far as the conscience of the press is concerned, is that it did have a very strong sense of moral responsibility all through the late thirties and it did not ignore that sense.

5

AT THE same time, the press does compromise with its conscience, and does rationalize questionable practices. There is, for example, the competitive foolishness of afternoon editions, when papers vie for attention by sacrificing all sense of value and proportion to sell copies on the strength of the sheer dimensions of the headlines. The afternoon press of any large city would lead an observer to believe that a decisive turn in the war is taken every single day just before each edition goes to press. As any newspaperman knows, it is better in such cases to be fast than to be right.

There is also the incompleteness of news on such controversial domestic subjects as labor and birth control. In both cases, there is either a largely one-sided story or a shameless pussyfooting. Industrialists must not be offended, and churches must not be offended. Otherwise, apparently, the people can have the news. Again, there is still the practice of editorializing the news. A paper should have no news policy except truth. But it frequently does, and that news policy is far more difficult for the reader to discover than is the editorial policy, which is often blatant and sometimes hysterical.

By headlining a strike in which a policeman is killed and six pickets badly hurt, with "Policeman Killed by Pickets," the press can turn many readers against the workers. Or by headlining it "One Killed, Six Injured as Police Battle Strikers," readers can be turned against the police. Such direction of emphasis and slanting of stories is not done because the newspapers are without a conscience. It is done as a temporary departure from that conscience for the sake of misconceived prudence. If every paper in this country began tomorrow morning to print impartial, unslanted news of labor, reserving its verdicts for opinion columns, those papers would not suffer a single bit. All the press needs is a voluntary compact to print all controversial news without doctoring it by omission or by emphasis.

These are all cases—and there are others—where the press is prepared to ignore its conscience,

which amounts to a temporary and partial repudiation of its functions in a democracy. Such cases are undesirable. And because they are not easy to detect, they can be dangerous. But there is no possible way both to keep a free press and to require it to publish unslanted stories. You cannot legislate the press into a more consistent adherence to its conscience and still have a free press.

Some have suggested that removing the press from contact with advertisers will make it completely free, consistently truthful in its news stories, and thoroughly honest in its editorials. The answer to that is, "Look at *PM*." There is a paper immune from "pressure" from advertisers, and immune also from the necessity of paying its own way. It certainly has no commitments to any special interests. It has on its staff many men of better than average ability. But it is a bad newspaper. It editorializes all the news it prints; it omits a huge amount of news altogether; its sense of proportion in make-up is a total mystery to its most faithful readers; it is intemperate, hysterical, shrill, and easily as sensational on a high level as the *Graphic* ever was on a lower one. It proceeds on the principle that a man is guilty until proved innocent, and usually it dares anyone it has once convicted to try to be or do good.

There is probably no qualified observer who will question the essential rightness of the instincts of *PM*. But you cannot stop there. It is not enough that the purposes of *PM*, however confused they sometimes seem, are high and worth while. To be an effective part of our society, our press must be not only in it but of it. To improve the press you must improve the society. The improvement must spring from the people. If the people are improved, then you will have an improved press, a press with a quickened conscience. Or as Bruce Bliven has put it, "We get about what we deserve."

The free press, to fulfill its functions more adequately, has but one crying need—more adequately educated readers. You cannot blame the *New York Times* because four million people read the *Daily News* while only a tenth of that number read the *Times*. The burden of a better press in a democracy, like the burden of a better government, rests with the education of the people. The better educated they are, then the more critical, the more demanding, the more discerning they will be. And then the press will have to improve to survive.

FIRST DAY FINISH

by JESSAMYN WEST

1

THEE's home, Lady," Jess told his mare.

They had made the trip in jig time. The sun was still up, catalpa shadows long across the grass, and mud daubers still busy about the horse trough, gathering a few last loads before nightfall, when Lady turned in the home driveway.

Jess loosened the reins, so that on their first homecoming together they could round the curve to the barn with a little flourish of arrival. It was a short-lived flourish, quickly subsiding when Jess caught sight of the Reverend Marcus Augustus Godley's Black Prince tied to the hitching rack.

"Look who's here," Jess told his mare and they came in slow and seemly as befitted travelers with forty weary miles behind them.

The Reverend Godley himself, shading his eyes from the low sun, stepped to the barn door when his Black Prince nickered.

Jess lit stiffly down and was standing at Lady's head when the Reverend Marcus Augustus reached them.

"Good evening, Marcus," said Jess. "Thee run short of something over at thy place?"

"Welcome home," said the Reverend Godley, never flinching. "I was hunting, with Enoch's help, a bolt to fit my seeder," he told Jess, but he never took his eyes off Lady.

He was a big man, fat but not porsy, with a full red face preaching had kept supple and limber. A variety of feelings, mostly painful, flickered across it now as he gazed at Jess's mare.

He opened and shut his mouth a couple of times, but all he managed to say was, "Where'd you come across that animal, Friend Birdwell?"

"Kentucky," Jess said shortly.

In her first story published in the *Atlantic* (July, 1944, issue), JESSAMYN WEST told of a famous horse trade which was engineered by a Quaker nurseryman of Indiana. Lady, the mare he received in the trade, was not much to look at, but she could cover ground. And this is what happened.

"I'm a Kentuckian myself." The Reverend Godley marveled that the state that had fathered him could have produced such horseflesh.

"You trade Red Rover for this?" he asked.

Jess rubbed his hand along Lady's neck. "The mare's name is Lady," he said.

"Lady!" The preacher gulped, then threw back his big head and disturbed the evening air with laughter.

"Friend," Jess said, watching the big bulk heave, "thy risibilities are mighty near the surface this evening."

The Reverend Godley wiped the tears from his face and ventured another look. "It's just the cleavage," he said. "The rift between the name and looks."

"That's a matter of opinion," Jess told him, "but Lady is the name."

The preacher stepped off a pace or two as if to try the advantage of a new perspective on the mare's appearance, clapped a handful of Sen-sen into his mouth, and chewed reflectively.

"I figure it this way," he told Jess. "You bought that animal Red Rover. Flashy as sin and twice as unreliable. First little brush you have with me and my cob, Red Rover curdles on you — goes sourer than a crock of cream in a June storm. What's the natural thing to do?"

The Reverend Godley gave his talk a pulpit pause and rested his big thumbs in his curving watch chain.

"The natural thing to do? Why, just what you done. Give speed the go-by. Say farewell to looks. Get yourself a beast sound in wind and limb and at home behind a plow. Friend," he commended Jess, "you done the right thing, though I'm free to admit I never laid eyes before on a beast of such dimensions.

"Have some Sen-sen?" he asked amiably. "Does wonders for the breath." Jess shook his head.

"Well," he continued, "I want you to know — Sunday mornings on the way to church, when I pass you, there's nothing personal in it. That morning when I went round you and Red Rover, I somehow got the idea you's taking it personal. Speed's an eternal verity, friend, an eternal verity. Nothing personal. Rain falls. The stars shine. The grass withereth. The race is to the swift. A fast horse passes a slow one. An eternal verity, Friend Birdwell. You're no preacher, but your wife is. She understands these things. Nothing personal. Like gravitation, like life, like death. A law of God. Nothing personal.

"The good woman will be hallooing for me," he said, gazing up the pike toward his own farm a quarter of a mile away. He took another look at Jess's new mare.

"Name's Lady," he said, as if reminding himself. "Much obliged for the bolt, Friend Birdwell. Me and my cob'll see you Sunday."

2

ENOCH stepped out from the barn door as the Reverend Godley turned down the driveway.

"Figure I heard my sermon for the week," he said.

"He's got an endurin' flock," Jess told his hired man.

"Cob?" Enoch asked. "What's he mean always calling that animal of his a cob? He ignorant?"

"Not ignorant — smooth," Jess said. "Cob's just his way of saying Black Prince's no ordinary beast without coming straight out with so undraped a word as stallion."

The two men turned with one accord from Godley's cob to Jess's Lady. Enoch's green eyes flickered knowingly; his long freckled hand touched Lady's muscled shoulder lightly, ran down the powerful legs, explored the deep chest.

"There's more here, Mr. Birdwell, than meets the eye?"

Jess nodded.

"As far as looks goes," Enoch said, "the Reverend called the turn."

"As far as looks goes," Jess agreed.

"She part Morgan?"

"Half," Jess said proudly.

Enoch swallowed. "How'd you swing it?"

"Providence," Jess said. "Pure Providence. Widow woman wanted a pretty horse and one that could be passed."

"Red Rover," Enoch agreed and added softly, "The Reverend was took in."

"He's a smart man," said Jess. "We'd best not bank on it. But by sugar, Enoch, I tell thee I was getting tired of taking Eliza down the pike to Meeting every First Day like a tail to Godley's comet. Have him start late, go round me, then slow down so's we'd eat dust. Riled me so I was arriving at Meeting in no fit state to worship."

"You give her a tryout — coming home?" Enoch asked guardedly.

"I did, Enoch," Jess said solemnly. "This horse, this Morgan mare named Lady, got the heart of a lion and the wings of a bird. Nothing without pinfeathers is going to pass her."

"It's like Mr. Emerson says," said Enoch earnestly.

Jess nodded. "Compensation," he agreed. "A clear case of it and her pure due considering the looks she's got."

"You figure on this Sunday?" Enoch asked.

"Well," Jess said, "I plan to figure on nothing. Thee heard the Reverend Marcus Augustus. A fast horse goes round a slow one. Eternal law. If Black Prince tries to pass us First Day — and don't — it's just a law, just something eternal. And mighty pretty, Enoch, like the stars."

"A pity," Enoch said reflecting, "the Reverend's young'uns all so piddling and yours such busters. It'll tell on your mare."

"A pity," Jess acquiesced, "but there it is. Eliza'd never agree to leave the children home from Meeting."

Enoch ruminated, his fingers busy with Lady's harness. "What'll your wife say to this mare? Been a considerable amount of trading lately."

"Say?" said Jess. "Thee heard her. 'Exchange Red Rover for a horse not racy-looking.' This mare racy-looking?"

"You have to look twice to see it," Enoch admitted.

"Eliza don't look twice at a horse. I'll just lead Lady up now for Eliza to see. She don't hold with coming down to the barn while men's about."

Jess took Lady from the shafts and led her between the rows of currant bushes up to the house. Dusk was come now, lamps were lit. Inside, Eliza and the children were waiting for their greeting until the men had had their talk.

"Lady," Jess said fondly, "I want thee to see thy mistress."

3

THE rest of the week went by, mild and very fair, one of those spells in autumn when time seems to stand still. Clear days with a wind which would die

down by afternoon. The faraway Sandusky ridges seemed to have moved up to the orchard's edge. The purple ironweed, the farewell summer, the goldenrod, stood untrembling beneath an unclouded sky. Onto the corn standing shocked in the fields, gold light softer than arrows, but as pointed, fell. A single crow at dusk would drop in a slow arc against the distant wood to show that not all had died. Indian summer can be a time of great content.

First Day turned up pretty. Just before the start for Meeting, Jess discovered a hub cap missing off the surrey.

"Lost?" asked Eliza.

"I wouldn't say lost," Jess told her. "Missing."

Odd thing, a pity to be sure, but there it was. Nothing for it but for him and Eliza to ride to Meeting in the cut-down buggy and leave the children behind. Great pity, but there it was.

Eliza stood in the yard in her First Day silk. "Jess," she said in a balky voice, "this isn't my idea of what's seemly. A preacher going to Meeting in a cut-down rig like this. Looks more like heading for the trotting races at the county fair than preaching."

Jess said, "Thee surprises me, Eliza. Thee was used to put duty before appearance. Friend Fox was content to tramp the roads to reach his people. Thee asks for thy surrey, fresh blacking on the dashboard and a new whip in the socket."

He turned away sadly. "The Lord's people are everywhere grown more worldly," he said, looking dismally at the ground.

It didn't set good with Jess, pushing Eliza against her will that way — and he wasn't any too sure it was going to work. But the name Fox got her. When she was a girl she'd set out to bring the Word to people, the way Fox had done, and he'd have gone, she knew, to Meeting in a barrow, if need be.

So that's the way they started out, and in spite of the rig, Eliza was lighthearted and holy-feeling. When they pulled out on the pike, she was pleased to note the mare's gait was better than her looks. Lady picked up her feet like she knew what to do with them.

"Thee's got a good-pulling mare, Jess," she said kindly.

"She'll get us there, I don't misdoubt," Jess said.

They'd rounded the first curve below the clump of maples that gave the Maple Grove Nursery its name when the Reverend Godley bore down upon them. Neither bothered to look back; both knew the heavy, steady beat of Black Prince's hoofs.

Eliza settled herself in the cut-down rig, her Bible held comfortably in her lap. "It taxes the imagina-

tion," she said, "how a man church-bound can have his mind so set on besting another. Don't thee think so, Jess?"

"It don't tax mine," Jess said, thinking honesty might be the only virtue he'd get credit for that day.

Eliza was surprised not to see Black Prince pulling abreast them. It was here on the long stretch of level road that Black Prince usually showed them his heels.

"Thee'd best pull over, Jess," she said.

"I got no call to pull out in the ditch," Jess said. "The law allows me half the road."

4

THE mare hadn't made any fuss about it — no head-shaking, no fancy footwork — but she'd settled down in her harness, she was traveling. It was plain to Eliza they were eating up the road.

"Don't thee think we'd better pull up, Jess?" Eliza said it easy, so as not to stir up the contrary streak that wasn't buried very deep in her husband.

"By sugar," Jess said, "I don't see why."

As soon as Eliza heard that "by sugar" spoken as bold-faced as if it were a weekday, she knew it was too late for soft words. "By sugar," Jess said again, "I don't see why. The Reverend Godley's got half the road and I ain't urging my mare."

It depended on what you called urging. He hadn't taken to lambasting Lady with his hat yet, the way he had Red Rover, but he was sitting on the edge of the seat — and sitting mighty light, it was plain to see — driving the mare with an easy rein and talking to her like a weanling.

"Thee's a fine mare. Thee's a tryer. Thee's a credit to thy dam. Never have to think twice about thy looks again."

Maybe, strictly speaking, that was just encouraging, not urging, but Eliza wasn't in a hairsplitting mood.

She looked back at the Reverend Marcus Augustus, and no two ways about it: he *was* urging Black Prince. The Reverend Godley's cob wasn't a length behind them and the Reverend himself was half standing, slapping the reins across Black Prince's rump and exhorting him like a sinner newly come to the mourners' bench.

This was a pass to which Eliza hadn't thought to come twice in a lifetime — twice in a lifetime to be heading for Meeting like a county fair racer in a checkered shirt.

"Nothing lacking now," she thought bitterly, "but for bets to be laid on us."

That wasn't lacking either, if Eliza had only

known it. They'd come in view of the Bethel Church now, and more than one of Godley's flock had got so carried away by the race as to try for odds on their own preacher. It didn't seem loyal not to back up their Kentucky brother with hard cash. Two to one the odds were — with no takers.

The Bethel Church sat atop a long, low rise, not much to the eye — but it told on a light mare pulling against a heavy stallion, and it was here Black Prince began to close in; before the rise was half covered, the stallion's nose was pressing toward the buggy's back near wheel.

Jess had given up encouraging. He was urging now. Eliza lifted the hat off his head. Come what might, there wasn't going to be any more hat-whacking if she could help it — but Jess was beyond knowing whether his head was bare or covered. He was pulling with his mare now, sweating with her, sucking the air into scalding lungs with her. Lady had slowed on the rise — she'd have been dead if she hadn't — but she was still a-going, still trying hard. Only the Quaker blood in Jess's veins kept him from shouting with pride at his mare's performance.

The Reverend Godley didn't have Quaker blood in his veins. What he had was Kentucky horse-racing blood, and when Black Prince got his nose opposite Lady's rump Godley's racing blood got the best of him. He began to talk to his cob in a voice that got its volume from camp-meeting practice — and its vocabulary, too, as a matter of fact — but he was using it in a fashion his camp-meeting congregations had never heard.

They were almost opposite the Bethel Church now; Black Prince had nosed up an inch or two more on Lady and the Reverend Godley was still strongly exhorting — getting mighty personal, for a man of his convictions.

But Lady was a stayer and so was Jess. And Eliza, too, for that matter. Jess spared her a glance out of the corner of his eye to see how she was faring. She was faring mighty well — sitting bolt upright, her Bible tightly clasped, and clucking to the mare. Jess couldn't credit what he heard. But there was no doubt about it — Eliza was counseling Lady. "Thee keep a-going, Lady," she called. Eliza hadn't camp-meeting experience, but she had a good clear pulpit voice and Lady heard her.

She kept a-going. She did better. She unloosed a spurt of speed Jess hadn't known was in her. Lady was used to being held back, not yelled at in a brush. Yelling got her dander up. She stretched out her long neck, lengthened her powerful stride, and pulled away from Black Prince just as they reached the Bethel Church grounds.

Jess thought the race was won and over, that

from here on the pace to Meeting could be more suitable to First Day travel. But the Reverend Godley had no mind to stop at so critical a juncture. He'd wrestled with sinners too long to give up at the first setback. He figured the mare was weakening. He figured that with a strong stayer like his Black Prince he'd settle the matter easy in the half mile that lay between the Bethel Church and the Quaker Meetinghouse at Rush Branch. He kept a-coming.

But one thing he didn't figure — that was that the slope from Bethel to Rush Branch was against him. Lady had a downhill grade now. It was all she needed. She didn't pull away from Black Prince in any whirlwind style, but stride by stride she pulled away.

It was a great pity Jess's joy in that brush had to be marred. He'd eaten humble pie some time now, and he was pleased through and through to be doing the dishing up himself. And he was pleased for the mare's sake.

5

BUT neither winning nor his mare's pleasure was first with Jess. Eliza was. There she sat, white and suffering, holding her Bible like it was the Rock of Ages from which she'd come mighty near to clean slipping off. Jess knew Eliza had a forgiving heart when it came to others — but whether she could forgive herself for getting heated over a horse race the way she'd done, he couldn't say.

And the worst for Eliza was yet to come. Jess saw that clear enough. When Lady and Black Prince had pounded past Godley's church, a number of the Bethel brethren, who had arrived early and were still in their rigs, set out behind the Reverend Marcus Augustus to be in at the finish. And they were going to be. Their brother was losing, but they were for him still, close behind and encouraging him in a wholehearted way. The whole caboodle was going to sweep behind Jess and Eliza into the Quaker churchyard. They wouldn't linger, but Jess feared they'd turn around there before heading back again. And that's the way it was.

Lady was three lengths ahead of Black Prince when they reached the Rush Branch Meetinghouse. Jess eased her for the turn, made it on two wheels, and drew in close to the church. The Bethelites swooped in behind him and on out — plainly beat but not subdued. The Reverend Marcus Augustus was the only man among them without a word to say. He was as silent as a tombstone and considerably grimmer. Even his fancy vest looked to have faded.

The Quakers waiting in the yard for Meeting to

begin were quiet, too. Jess couldn't tell from their faces what they were feeling; but there was no use thinking that they considered what they'd just witnessed an edifying sight. Not for a weekday even, that mess of rigs hitting it down the pike with all that hullabaloo — let alone to First Day and their preacher up front, leading it.

Jess asked a boy to look after Lady. He was so taken up with Eliza he no more than laid a fond hand on Lady's hot flank in passing. He helped Eliza light down, and set his hat on his head when she handed it to him. Eliza looked mighty peaked and withdrawn, like a woman communing with the Lord.

She bowed to her congregation and they bowed back and she led them out of the sunshine into the Meetinghouse with no word being spoken on either side. She walked to the preacher's bench, laid her Bible quietly down, and untied her bonnet strings.

Jess sat rigid in his seat among the men. Jess was a birthright Quaker — and his father and grandfathers before him — and he'd known Quakers to be read out of Meeting for less.

Eliza laid her little plump hands on her Bible and bowed her head in silent prayer. Jess didn't know how long it lasted — sometimes it seemed stretching out into eternity, but Quakers were used to silent worship and he was the only one who seemed restive. About the time the ice round Jess's heart was hardening past his enduring, Eliza's sweet, cool, carrying voice said, "If the spirit leads any of thee to speak, will thee speak now?"

Then Eliza lowered her head again — but Jess peered round the Meetinghouse. He thought he saw a contented look on most of the faces — nothing that went so far as to warm into a smile, but a look that said they were satisfied the way the Lord had handled things. And the spirit didn't move any member of the congregation to speak that day except for the prayers of two elderly Friends in closing.

6

THE ride home was mighty quiet. They drove past the Bethel Church, where the sermon had been short — for all the hitching racks were empty. Lady carried them along proud and untired. Enoch and the children met them down the pike a ways

from home and Jess nodded the good news to Enoch — but he couldn't glory in it the way he'd like because of Eliza.

Eliza was kind, but silent. Very silent. She spoke when spoken to, did her whole duty by the children and Jess, but in all the ways that made Eliza most herself, she was absent and withdrawn.

Toward evening Jess felt a little dauncy — a pain beneath the ribs, heart, or stomach, he couldn't say which. He thought he'd brew himself a cup of sassafras tea, take it to bed and drink it there, and maybe find a little ease.

It was past nightfall when Jess entered his and Eliza's chamber, but there was a full moon and by its light he saw Eliza sitting at the east window in her white nightdress, plaiting her black hair.

"Jess," asked Eliza, noting the cup he carried, "has thee been taken ill?"

"No," Jess said, "no," his pain easing off of itself when he heard by the tones of Eliza's voice that she was restored to him — forgiving and gentle, letting bygones be bygones.

"Eliza," he asked, "wouldn't thee like a nice hot cup of sassafras tea?"

"Why, yes, Jess," Eliza said. "That'd be real refreshing."

Jess carried Eliza her cup of tea walking down a path of roses the moon had lit up in the ingrain carpet.

He stood, while she drank it, with his hand on her chair, gazing out the window: the whole upcurve and embowered sweep of the earth soaked in moonlight — hill and wood lot, orchard and silent river. And beneath that sheen his own roof-tree, and all beneath it, peaceful and at rest. Lady in her stall, Enoch reading Emerson, the children long abed.

"Sweet day," he said, "'so cool, so calm, so bright, The bridal of the earth and sky.'"

And though he felt so pensive and reposeful, still the bridge of his big nose wrinkled up, his ribs shook with laughter.

Eliza felt the movement of his laughing in her chair. "What is it, Jess?" she asked.

Jess stopped laughing, but said nothing. He figured Eliza had gone about as far in one day as a woman could in enlarging her appreciation of horse-flesh; still he couldn't help smiling when he thought of the sermon that might have been preached that morning in the Bethel Church upon the eternal verities.

COURAGE

by H. M. TOMLINSON

1

WHO was at sea in the days of sail have been allowed to read — though bound to secrecy — the war logs of a fleet of merchant ships. The logs were laconic, of course, as is proper with the professional observations of craftsmen, and too often they alluded to technical matters not easily interpreted. But, after all, a tanker would be a ship to puzzle Nelson, who might not think its destruction by an alliance of submarine and airplane altogether gentlemanly.

In truth, what I read in those logs from all oceans was so peculiar and grisly, and was accepted by the sufferers so casually, — as if extinction by the shipload, and fantastically, was only what men should expect, as were the accidents in ancient fables when the gods were jealous and men were new to the earth, — that I saw we were indeed in another era, and that it had the augury of a frightful dream.

I resolved, in the first shock of this surprise, that some day, and the sooner the better, landsmen, who are most of us, must be told of it. It had become necessary to acknowledge, with due humility in repentance, the nature of the new world that has been created since the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters and there was light. Darkness once again is upon the face of the deep. But a time comes, and we may be in it, when horror sinks into apathy. Starved men and women shambling out of prison camps, or crawling from under a home crumbled by a bomb, or falling from a cloud in flames, are not interested in ships torn asunder. People, if released on probation from purgatory, do not look back at the prospect from which, temporally, they are free. They want ease of heart, if it can be got.

H. M. TOMLINSON was born within sight and smell of the London river. His father was a shipping clerk, and the boy did his fishing from the St. Catherine's Docks under the bowsprits of the American clippers. As a good Cockney, he knows what the sea has done for England and what courage it still calls for from English seadogs.

What writer could heighten, for general reading, with significance enough, those technical reports by seamen too weary to notice the fact that they still exist? When ugliness is the daily aspect of sunrise, what is there for a poet to sing about? No benefit could come of lifting the eyes to the hills.

Do we understand that that is where we are? Shall we end with loose hands, and minds surrendered, through apathy? We had better speak plainly to each other while there is time for it, before the soul dies out utterly, though we remain more energetic than ever. When the things we do would make Belial mute, the threat of hell is superfluous, for there we are.

I was reading a story recently by a municipal engineer. It was his first attempt at a relation of events, his usual duty being the water, light, power, roads, and drains of a city. His interest was science. He solved problems mathematically. If the marvels of the human spirit are not subject to a slide rule, — and they are not, — why should a busy man bother with them? It was enough to preserve the health of these people. You cannot provide for the unpredictable.

His city was Singapore. There, all had been lawful and established for so long that the disturbing whispers of Japanese self-interest on the prowl were confined to the clubs; they circulated after dark. But one day this engineer heard Japanese guns. The next day his work was all for the succor of a huge and variegated population which had not provided against doomsday. Somewhat later, ordered to go, he gave his automobile to an embarrassed soldier who was passing, and boarded a ship bound for he did not know where, and neither did her captain. In his story, soon after that, this passage occurs: —

As St. Valentine's Day, 1942, was nearing its close, a state of affairs which defies description prevailed in this section of the Malay Archipelago. Perhaps never

before in the long period of recorded history was there anything to compare with it. Men, women, and children, in ones and twos, in dozens, in scores, and in hundreds, were cast upon these tropical islands within an area of say four hundred square miles. Men and women of many races, of all professions, engineers, doctors, lawyers, business men, sisters, nurses, housewives, sailors, soldiers, and airmen, all shipwrecked. Between the islands on the phosphorescent sea floated boats and rafts laden with people; and here and there, upheld by his lifebelt, a lone swimmer was striving to make land. All around the rafts and lifeboats were dismembered limbs, dead fish, and wreckage drifting with the currents; below, in all probability, were sharks; and above, at intervals, the winged machines of death. Among those who had escaped from death by bombs or the sea was not one who did not suffer from mutilations, wounds, sickness, hunger, cold, dirt, fear, or loss, and none knew what the morrow would bring forth.

That passage is from *Singapore to Freedom*, by Mr. O. W. Gilmour. The picture is of foundations collapsed, establishment gone, society adrift, its symbols of wealth as empty as the signs on an Assyrian brick, of gentle people glad of grasping any flotsam between the devil and the deep. Then were the foundations of society false? I think they must have been. Anyhow, we do get a fleeting glimpse of the world as it is; for that picture from the tropics is a common prospect today in all latitudes.

Whether or not the foundations of civilization have given way, there is nothing false in the way ordinary men and women have faced downfall. That is the heartening thing in this war, and our only hope. It is clear that life has a heroic principle. Between the devil and the deep, that fact floats along to our advantage. Mr. Gilmour was impressed by it; it surprises him at every turn. He noticed the charity of Malays and Chinese to castaways; they forgot peril when they saw distress. In young officers stripped of uniforms and authority there were humor and integrity which catastrophe could not break. No claims were made to property. The man next to you gave away his coat if you were bare; tropical nights can be perishing. Nurses, half-naked on a desert beach, did what they could for the wounded as if a hospital ward were about them.

2

IT WAS the same in London. There, as in Chungking and Leningrad, people in the street, who left no name behind them, would run to tasks so unprovided for and appalling that the famous heroes of the legends may be forgotten in the name of Anybody. A hero is not distinguished by a badge, he does not look like Roland, but as a rule he is there when

wanted. It is true there is a greater "news value" in black markets and other evidence of the residual brute, but it is also true that our modest neighbor has more valor in him than we suspected, though he thinks nothing of it, and neither do the newspapers.

This does not mean that he is not a fool, if we measure him by the standard for bright success. It is likely, of course, that the standards by which we have valued things hitherto have been short. If a man is only reckoned as a unit of industrial energy, then he is lost in statistics. We do not know he is there. We ask of a cog in a mechanical system only that it should be a good cog. We talk of humanity, but that is only an abstraction; humanitarians waste affection on a myth. There are persons who bleed when cut. This strikes us as extraordinary only because we have been thinking, in a mechanical age, of fellow creatures as manpower.

The standards in common use make it easier for us to account now for the collapse of our society. Had we known how to judge values, had we known no more than the right way to define success, we might have stared at Vanity Fair, and merely wondered how long it could last. We recall today that not a few observers had for years been warning us that we were on a steep place, as it were, and the sea below. Even now it is not easy to reduce to a prime motive our old way of living, unless it were no more than to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market; and that does not seem sufficient to secure an acquittal from a rigorous judge. It was unreasonable of society to sharpen the instinct to possess, as the test of a fellow, and then expect the best of him. Our enemies are teaching us to what that instinct leads, when every restraint goes and it rises to the passion and argument of religion, with a believing nation behind it, fully armed.

When nations scattered and were lost, what held us from going with the rest was none of the national institutions which exact obedience, or at least draw some puzzled attention — the Church, Parliament, Congress, the Bank of England, Wall Street, monarchy or republicanism, or whatever else of the State has been above rude question. It was none of these, nor all of them together. It was the common person. His feeling, when he heard the challenge in the news, was the response in the body of the people. There was no doubt, and no argument. There was an uprising. It was prevalent virtue in revolt from malevolence.

Not by chance does it happen that the root meaning of virtue is man. It is a curious fact that though his energy is spent in trying to win enough bread, with but brief time to consider circumstance, yet at

a word he will break life habits and every law of political economy. He rarely owns enough to make a fight over it worth while, but he has a latent quality, otherwise useless, which treachery is likely to provoke, and in a day the common person is as high as Olympus, and has for liars the same threat of thunderbolts about a stormy head.

That seems incredible in an age of scientific materialism, when we can unlock the forces of nature but see in the soul of man no natural value that would increase the potency of our devices for control; nevertheless, there it is. Reason and evidence are transcended. Physical experiments cannot explain it. The cynicism of realists is silenced; or it is until the valor of the humble has shaped another reality, in which cynics may feel comfortable again. Isn't it enough to make one believe that there exists, as the discarded humanists used to tell us, a power of the spirit, and that miracles are nothing much?

As stories of mysteries are said to be popular, I should say that something near the ultimate mystery is there, and that to get light on it would take a longish book; either that or a parable. But who would write it? And who would believe? Science has found no way to release this secret of human life to our advantage, though word of it is in the earliest scriptures and songs, and has survived the wars and squalor of millennia. When we are grieved by old and new horrors, and are reminded pessimistically that humanity never changes, we should remember also that neither does this principle change, despite neglect, persecution, and the blind trampling of never ending droves of beasts. It is perennial, like the flowers of the field. It has their original resource. It is as certain as the demonstrations of mathematics. It can be read in the eyes of a child, felt in a poem, heard in music, and seen in the face of a man who somehow knows that this will be his last operational flight. Though it is absent from the market place, it would as well repay our wonder as whatever overcomes thought in the outer gulfs of the night sky. I think it must have a meaning of greater importance to us than anything else that engages us. Unless we learn more of its purport, how remote will be victory!

3

THE chances and entanglements of sensational fiction, and the brave airing of scandals in the press, after this affair is past, should have the attraction for us of yesterday's bus tickets. We know now that a situation cannot form, unprecedented and horrifying, but somebody there will face it. No

grotesque invention could match the hesitating yarn of the fellow next to you in a London bus. You find he is a Pole, and that he has just emerged from the darkness of Central Europe. As he talks of his experience, without emotion, — you are more shocked than he is, apparently, — Trafalgar Square ahead looks spectral.

One meets boys who have made voyages and come through hazards a relation of which would check Odysseus at his fables; but we shall not get those yarns; all will dissolve in the universal nightmare. What excitement is in the clashes of the *Iliad* for the pilot who has spent five minutes over Berlin in a plane on fire, two engines stopped, and who must chance it again next week? A passer-by in a London street, one night, entered a house to get a woman out of bed while there was time. Her bed was in the basement, water was rising from a burst main, and what of the house was not already down was blazing. He burrowed through rubble, and dived to ease the twisted iron of the bedstead holding the woman down. When the flood nearly filled the room he had to give up, and swam about in the dark to find the place of his entry, but it had gone. A fall of burning rafters presently made a gap and a glare, and he got out.

Should we recommend Ambrose Bierce to that man? I see no good in it, nor would thousands more who have listened to explosions for hours, waiting their turn. We have discovered that reality can be phantom-like, and its shapes not to be trusted, as might be expected when revolutionary opinions are at work; but we can at least see to it that sanity is kept at the center. What shall we want of imagined incoherence and manias after this year?

For some time in this war I saved instances of good work done where good, in the situations reported, must have seemed no good at all. Still, somebody there proved superior to the impossible, and brought good about. It was not long before the collection was so large that I could see I was only keeping an unnecessary account of a man we all know. Nothing was extraordinary in it except ignorance of the fact that this was his character. Though humanity never changes, neither does he. He might be a favorite of the elements, and immune. From the ice age of prehistory to the disasters recorded today he comes out, rather dazed, to begin again upon another home. All the never ending blunders of statecraft have done nothing to reduce his faith and hope; and that is astonishing in a backward glance, for by now he should be extinct.

Yet he has survived every great work on his behalf by princes and men of action. Whatever happens to him, there comes a nudge from his forgotten past

which pushes him towards what he had better do next; and that he does, without waiting for authority. Let us hope that this time he will pay less attention than he has done hitherto to outside authority with its undivulged purpose. He could trust his own monitor. He need only give to the conditions of his life — and all the earth conditions it — the unselfish spirit and good sense he is giving to putting out the flames. And today he has new and better knowledge of the rest of the world.

I supposed on a recent journey that a man sitting opposite in the train had escaped from one of Europe's remoter corners; England at present is cosmopolis. He lacked assurance and was nondescript. He looked too modest to have a pronounced political opinion or to meddle with our affairs. At length he put away his pipe, finding his matches had gone, and then I could hear he was only a Cockney. We are forced to dress like foreigners since new clothes went out of fashion. Unfolding along the carriage windows was the pastoral west of England. Plymouth was mentioned, and how fire and blast had altered the old town. He knew more of that than I did; I gathered from hints dropped that he had seen enough of fire to lessen the terrors of the place in waiting. He was a fireman in the London docks during the historic autumn of 1940.

"It wasn't a warehouse alight. Nothing like that. It was the parish going up." What a parish is like when it goes up, and I was told in part, faded out the charm of the Devon scene undulating past us. My unknown companion had the empty mask and the low voice of one who has seen all he wants to see. Even when he was explaining the way a warehouse front falls outward towards you from a central incandescence, as if masonry were liquid, he might have been remarking on the promise of the crops. "No, no sound. Nothing. Couldn't hear nothing. Not with the gunfire and those Jerries over. That, and the flames. They went up like the earth roaring away in one big gas escape, miles high. Too much to throttle down, that. The dock water was burning. Yes, it was. Oil or something. No, you don't hear nothing. It's all noise."

Pepper, he advised me, is wicked when alight in bulk. You can believe sparks are in the lungs and won't go out, cough as you may. Each commodity has its own fashion in burning. When it is sugar, you are soon standing in a flood of boiling toffee. Feet and hose-pipes are glued to the road. That is why you can't jump when the wall comes over. It caught one crew. "I had the wind up all right, but I couldn't beat it. Most of us weren't used to it, you see, but nobody made off. Anyway, what was the

good? We were in the middle of a town alight. You can't run out of that."

Blazing rubber is to be avoided; its black smoke is suffocating; and so, when the bursts of more bombs spread it, where are you? It seems that one autumn sunrise, when he felt the game was up, — not much left to burn, as well as he knew, — he was making his way to another vantage. Reeking London, to his eye, was done for. Once he knew it, now he didn't. Passing through a street that was not all there, and nobody about, he heard a woman cry out. "There she was. I hadn't noticed her. Bunched up on a doorstep. 'Young man,' she says, 'have you seen the milkman about this morning?'"

Those docks are still subject to the tides. They are not dealing with the old amplitude of traffic, it is true, yet are showing more life than the firemen of 1940 ever expected to see there again. That Cockney and his mates did better than they knew; they more than helped to hold the citadel against German anarchy. They proved the adaptability of the ordinary mortal to be equal to any occasion. We may, in the light of that, cast out most of our fears for the future. Not with words, but in what he does, that fellow answers the critics who question whether this, that, and the other thing, though idealistically desirable, will be possible, after the cost of the war has been counted.

4

BUT was the cost of it reckoned beforehand? Nobody paused for a moment to think of it. Not so much as an estimate for memorial cards was made. The immediate need was to use land and materials, because goods were called for, and nothing was allowed to hinder willing hands. A right to keep hands and spades apart ceased to be recognized. By so simple a method was wealth created. It would be as easy to continue making wealth when the war ends, except that guns and bombs will then cease to be the goods. War compelled an effort in unity for communal salvation; and ships, airplanes, guns, food, ammunition, steel, stores, and whatever else was called for appeared as if conjured from the void. Who or what would prevent a full flow of wealth in peace as in war, to be used as calls for it direct? Since it is easy to manage cannon, and for any distance, why not corn? Are there likely to be influences to hold back the necessities of life, when those of death are exempt?

We shall not find prevention in the ordinary person. His chief desire will ever be to make something. He felt it as a child. So the fears and whimpering of frightened people, who know of no measure

but the cash register, is already derisory. The impossible has been done. It is accomplished daily, and not by economists, lawyers, and politicians, nor by experts so well-informed that they cannot take a first step, but by the man of no importance. He is performing the impossible for no better reason than that he sees no other choice. He fails at times, we know, and not seldom; but his own sort following after him take up the task and the lesson.

The other day in London the streets were thick and brisk with the martial uniforms of many nations. I saw the orris of a score of captains and several admirals in five minutes west of Charing Cross. But to meet, as I did, a man with whom I had talked in the navigation room of his ship during the middle watch, long ago, was rather like running into the past, and recognizing a shade. He really is a sailor, and a master mariner, though dressed as he was one might not have guessed it; not a trace of gold lace, but he spent ten years under sail. He was no more conspicuous that day than any other elderly nobody; though if only he would write the story of his life afloat it would make the fabulists see they come short of the truth. But he will never write it. To suggest it to him would only make him ribald.

Eyeing a group of soldiers, he mentioned casually that the likes of him were being asked to volunteer for service at a second front, wherever that was likely to be. I did not ask him whether he had booked for it. There was no doubt he had. Sailors will sign on for whatever is going. They know nothing of heroism, but trust to luck. For my friend, a voyage to the shores of that famous front will be only another voyage. He has not been surprised since he was an apprentice. He had a long winter voyage in an open boat in the last war. He had his boats out of the davits again in a London dock this war, and in tow for Dunkirk. It was at short call, and it must have been a voyage and a half, but all he says of it is, "Well, we had fair weather for it." Most of his stories are of the comic sort. He rejects publicity as unpleasant. But if ever you hear with deep distaste great seas running at night, when your ship is foundering, he is the man to have near you; but then, if that mischance comes, you will find such a sailor near you, most likely, though you may not know his name.

5

A RETIRED admiral, who returned to service as a commodore of convoys, confessed some months ago — since his word with us on the humors of directing convoys he has joined the missing — that when he

first went to sea with them he doubted the ability of a great number of merchant seamen to act in concert as would navy men. Keep station? Why, with ships of various sizes, ages, design, and speed? He had little hope. He was doubtful of himself. How command that assembly, should it be hunted? He interviewed phlegmatic bowler-hatted men, who had no advice to give him. He told them what he wanted, but wondered, privately, how seamen could do it, and keep it up, with such vessels, and weather on its way to meet them. He judged it better not to worry these untried strangers with anxious questions, and so left his charges, blacked out in a storm, to Providence.

One sunrise, the seas immense and the wind still high, he looked round him for his flock, expecting the worst. But there it was, despite its limitations, in pretty good array, as to the manner born. When attacked at last, it held its course as if nothing under heaven could make it change its gait. It could go on like this while it floated. He had an idea these merchantmen-at-arms rate the shocks of war, torpedoes, bombing, and gunfire, as hardly comparable with their customary hazards, fog, blizzard, hurricane, collision, and poor food and low pay. He didn't believe anything could happen at sea to which they would not try to adjust themselves, and perhaps succeed, as men used to all the variations of hard luck.

When the convoy makes the land, war has not done with it. A central bureau must disperse it, and direct each ship to where its cargo had better be discharged, as things stand then; and circumstance can be altered out of recognition, and in a brief time, through the anarchy of battle. The shipowner and his private interest, moving his tonnage to his judgment of markets and facilities, is in abeyance. A body of maritime students, who have privy knowledge, dispose of tonnage as the needs of the commonweal and its armies require.

This management of ships and freights used to be regarded as an unachievable dispensation, the certain way to national ruin; but it works. It works miraculously well. Individual enterprise, faced with the task of serving the national interest unconditionally, is short in mental equipment. Such a revolutionary demand changes the world before its eyes into one it does not know and cannot understand. As with the man who once was curious about the way to salvation, private interest must be born again; and in war there is no time for that; a new birth might take too long and come too late.

Then a pilot takes over a ship. He also is anonymous. The year when charts and experience told him what to do is past. Since last he guided a ship

into that harbor, perhaps the night before, its landmarks, mine fields, soundings, buoys, and sandbars may have been reassorted. A shower of bombs can transform even a faithful fairway. It will look as aforetime, but the set of currents are not what they were, and yesterday's safe lead is a peril today to be avoided by prayer, while making calculations which a pilot hopes will suit his ship's draught.

The ability in the common person to meet with steady patience, and no resentment, life in a new aspect is revealed only when a community is in grave peril. We had forgotten what a long experience with trouble that man has had since he first made a fire and pushed out a coracle. He can face anything, even a new social dispensation designed for his good. Clearly we may depend on him, at least, if our present intent to direct human affairs to a better purpose after this is honestly felt. But he himself may have something to say about that, and he is most of the folk.

Two friends from Boston — one the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* — stood with me on London ground once familiar to me, but that day scarcely to be made out. Explosions had riven it, fire had gone through it. Miracles of modern invention had been worked upon it. It was a London dock, known to readers of *The Mirror of the Sea* and to me since childhood. The dockmaster saw us and asked our business, but was reassured. His jacket, showing the rank of naval commander, was well-decorated for service in other wars. We liked the look of him, and he must have been sure of us, for he became communicative, dryly. We looked round that rectangular basin, out of which, we were told, ships had been warped on a September night that appeared to be London's finale, and expressed surprise. What, big ships shifted? In that limited space hurriedly? At night? "We had plenty of light," was all he said.

For my part, I felt that more than a familiar scene had gone. The past was with it, blotted out. We stood where, till lately, an old tradition, and the names of the men who had made it, and a way of life first instituted by companies of merchant adventurers nearly three centuries ago, were still of the daily life of a London parish. But the day the three of us saw it, it was jagged walls and rubble and nondescript relics of the past, waiting for resurrection to sound; though all was quiet when we left it. No trumpet yet.

That dockmaster had plenty of light. But what a light! As if all we had labored to get went up lurid as Hades itself, once the elements of existence were at an unlucky juncture and were touched off. In so horrifying a light we could see, and not for the first time, that we had not gained on the original

hairy savage as much as had been supposed. There is no essential difference between a flint arrowhead and an aerial bomb. They are aimed by the same impulse. The whole of our elaborate system for social well-being, with its power stations and aerodromes, its doles, bread lines, and funeral expenses guaranteed by legislatures, turns into an offensive corruption with a change of wind and an idiot's dab of phosphorus. What is this conquest of nature we boast about? It begins to look very much like the suicide of mankind.

Frankenstein goes over our communities with their treasures of the best that man has done, and leaves them foul heaps of ash and bones. Well, was it supposed that our common way of life, not much affected by the Church and all, in which the devil was welcome to the hindmost, could be made holy, in lieu of a god, by the magic of a physical laboratory? No more than that seems to have been our faith. This very day, despite all warning lessons, we show our mental preferences as disdainfully and ruinously as ever. A special tolerance of ugliness in a nihilistic age is to be expected, and gives our daily prospect. If beauty is not functional, to use a cant word, it can be discarded with the rest of the outworn. It is forgotten that only in a humble awareness of the past, with its errors and triumphs, and a sensitiveness to high values, and a rendering to material power of not a jot more than belongs to it, is our hope for the future.

So we close down the Humanities even at the universities. How significant that is! Do not the Nazis, as a matter of duty, burn libraries? — which is only a bit farther along the same road. The arts today are shut to youth. Students are exempt from battle only if their studies are directed to perfection in the science of destruction. And nobody worries about this — nobody, that is, to whom a legislature need give more attention than it ever gives to the signs of the times. "A thing of ugliness," says Sir Arthur Helps, "is potent for evil. It deforms the taste of the thoughtless; it frets the man who knows how bad it is; it is a disgrace to the people who raised it — an example and an occasion for more monstrosities."

We have reason for a new song of praise, then, since we have found that the valor of the common man transcends the devices of statecraft and the mockery of the cynics. His virtue, free at the call, is of proved greater value and potency than whatever further power science can discover and release. We could at least depend on him not to go on mutilating our tender planet, for gain, till it is a dead star. Instead of into the head, let us look into the heart, to see what that can do for us.

THE FLORIDA DITCHES

by THOMAS BARBOUR

I

NO STATE in the Union has been more widely ditched than Florida, and no state has suffered more in the process or been more extensively — albeit fortuitously — beautified. Years ago I planned to write a book on the ditches of Florida. Please don't laugh, because they really are a good subject for serious study.

The ditches fall into two categories: those made for drainage purposes, and those made in connection with road building. Florida is flat or gently rolling; hence the way to make a road is to dig along both sides of the right of way, pile the spoil in the middle, and flatten this down for a roadbed. Because the material dug out to make them has been completely disposed of, roadside ditches are relatively permanent.

Drainage ditches, some of which are enormous canals, are not permanent. The spoil is piled up on the sides, and sooner or later the torrential rains of spring and summer wash the banks back into the ditch. Years ago, when it became the fashion to dig these drainage ditches, all sorts of benefits were recklessly promised, including millions of acres of land which were going to be opened to agriculture. What really happened was that the size of Lake Okeechobee was greatly reduced and the warm waters were drained from the Everglades. Since these waters were a God-given aid in warming the air when cold northwest winds swept down, the climate of Southeastern Florida changed for the worse. Now extensive dams have been installed in the Okeechobee region to prevent the great ditches from carrying off the water too fast.

It must be admitted that the drop in the level of Lake Okeechobee produced a large area of fine truck

land. What in the old days was called the Custard Apple Ridge, around the lake, was perhaps the richest agricultural land in Florida. It is true that this zone has been greatly extended by lowering the lake level, but fire has played havoc with the dried muck. After a few dozen severe burnings, the Everglades have become hopeless waste from an agricultural point of view. John Small records deep, rich muck, all vegetable humus, burned down to a clean white sand in a fire which smoldered for months on end.

The deep drainage ditches received a concentration of fresh-water fish, and in the early days I used to troll regularly in the one which ran from Lake Okeechobee to West Palm Beach. The lateral canals, called the range-line canals, swarmed with alligators and turtles and big-mouthed bass. Many of these canals are now choked with "bonnets" (yellow cow lilies). The canals have been fished out, the gators killed off, and enough sand has washed in from the banks so that there is not much water in them, except after very heavy rains.

The giant shallow basin in which the Everglades lie slopes gently to the south, and when the Tamiami Trail was laid out, deep ditches had to be dug to provide material for a road high enough to be out of water during the downpour which comes with occasional hurricanes. This road would be a dam across the entire region, were it not for the innumerable culverts and bridges along its length. The aquatic life of the whole Everglades section, apart from a few depressed areas where water has persisted except in periods of great drought, has been gradually concentrated in the ditches along the Trail.

I intended to write my book about these roadside ditches, which border hundreds, indeed thousands, of miles of highway in Florida, and present an extremely interesting field of investigation for the naturalist. After the ditches were dug, an enormous variety of animals and plants seized on this man-made environment and took it for their own.

For going on half a century, DR. THOMAS BARBOUR has been closely identified with Florida, first as a boy, then as a scientist taking note of this incredibly rich domain. Director of the Agassiz Museum at Harvard University, Dr. Barbour is at the moment building up his strength and adding the finishing touches to his new book, *That Vanishing Eden: The Story of Florida*. This is the fourth of five chapters to appear in the *Atlantic*.

2

LET me show you a few samples. Suppose we are driving from Gainesville to the Thomas farm where our fossil dig is situated. Not very many miles west of the town the road cuts through a cypress swamp. The cypress was not good enough for timber, so fortunately it still stands. Bearded with moss, it is also covered with delicate pale green when its needles shoot forth in the spring. Innumerable wild flowers carpet the dry stretches among the trees, but most of the cypresses stand in shallow water, which is of course deeper along the side of the road where the roadside ditch runs.

This ditch is filled with *Utricularia*, that interesting little aquatic carnivorous plant that catches tiny fishes with its tendrils. Its blossoms shoot up about four inches into the air. Each one of these tiny flowers is a yellow ball, like the individual flowers of an acacia, and these little heads come up so thick that the effect is one of a mat of fine gold.

I remember one occasion when my wife and I were driving across Paine's Prairie, again not far from Gainesville, in early July. This prairie is the result of the underground seepage of a very large lake. In limestone country such as we are discussing, it is not unusual for a "plug" to fall out of the bottom of a lake, which will then disappear. Paine's Prairie tends to become a lake again from time to time but is discouraged by cattle owners, who find the grazing so excellent that they keep the outlet open with dynamite. The cattle graze mostly while wading, for the area is never wholly dry. White egrets, and ducks, and birds too numerous to catalogue make Paine's Prairie an ornithological paradise. The causeway is some twenty feet above the prairie level, to thwart the prairie should it seriously and suddenly decide to become a lake again and get the jump on human efforts. This means, perforce, that the roadside ditch through the prairie is deep.

On the occasion to which I refer, when we were motoring southward, we came down the hill leading to the prairie causeway from the north. Stretched out before us was a scene difficult to describe, for the ditch had grown up and become completely filled with water hyacinths. It seemed that every single one of them was in bloom. They looked as if a great mauve carpet, about sixty feet wide and three to four miles long, had been stretched along beside the road. Rosamond said instantly, "That beats any flower show in Japan, and yet we have never heard of it before." This was ditch beauty on a lavish scale. It is not always thus.

I should like to take you to a puny little ditch not far eastward from Eau Gallie, on the road towards the St. Johns River marsh. This passes near a dairy, and the cattle come to drink and tread down its sides. The region through which it runs is completely denuded of what was once a glorious stand of long-leaf pine. It is now a dreary waste.

But stop and look at those white flowers. They are a pigmy water lily perfect in every detail, just like the great white pond lilies which you may see by thousands in the roadside ditch where the road west from Melbourne crosses the St. Johns marsh. These little lilies are fairy blooms scarce the size of a half dollar and with the most delicate floating leaves. I had never seen them anywhere else, and being no botanist I once took my botanist friends, Archie and Margie Carr, from the University of Florida, to look at them. They, too, had never seen the pigmy lilies elsewhere. I have gone to see these blossoms year after year with great enjoyment.

I must not leave this subject of the roadside ditches without pointing out that they are of real interest to zoologists as well as botanists. Horton Hobbs has made a detailed study of the crayfishes of Florida and incidentally raised the number of named forms known in the state to forty-two from the ten that had been reported before he began his studies. Of these forty-two, no fewer than nineteen are frequently found in the ditches.

An interesting amphibian, the so-called congo eel, — which is no eel at all, but a gigantic salamander-like creature with short stubby legs, — has invaded the ditches to such an extent that Archie Carr believes 90 per cent of the total population of this animal has migrated to this environment. The same thing has happened with the tiny *Cyprinodont* fish, one of the group of little fishes in which the eggs hatch within the body of the female and the young are born alive. It is called *Leptolucania omnata*.

I shall not attempt to list the many species of frogs, snakes, and turtles which the naturalist may find, but many times I have driven along the roads of Florida after a heavy rain in the spring and listened to a bewildering chorus of amphibian voices. One drives along over a high sandy ridge, the ditch is dry, and there is silence. One dips a few feet to a swale and the voices rise in frantic crescendo, so that it is quite impossible to speak to the person beside you in the car.

Years ago, George Nelson, the chief preparator of our museum, found that the ditches near his winter home at Sebastian were prolific collecting grounds for most attractive little aquarium fish. His room was gay with tanks swarming with dainty fishes, such as the pigmy perch, *Heterandria* (one of the

tinest vertebrates in the world), mollienisias, gambusias, and several other lovely species of *Fundulus*.

3

OF COURSE, those ditches running beside long stretches of road through uninhabited country, where few cars pass, are usually the most interesting. I once saw a pair of otters playing in a ditch, and they seemed to me to be nearer to the embodiment of pure joy than any other creatures I ever saw. Smooth and sleek and brown, they rolled about looking like a pair of animated rubber animals. One often sees gators. I saw a six-footer once that was obviously planning a meal of pork, for he was watching a brood of merry little pigs busily rooting near the roadside. The edge of the ditch is a favorite nuzzling ground for hogs over a large part of Florida and Georgia, where there are no fence laws.

Then there are the birds. With protection, the snowy egrets, commonly known in Florida as the "short whites," are now, I think, the most abundant ditch-side bird in the state. In my youth you could spend a day on the most perfect feeding grounds and not see one. They may not be very much more abundant than their allies, the "long whites," but they are more often seen near at hand, since the "long whites" prefer larger bodies of water to feed in, and are more shy.

Going out to see the birds on the Tamiami Trail was long one of the great tourist activities of the state — that is, for those who did not come here for gambling or horse racing alone. The deep ditch on the north side of the trail is still teeming with fish, and it drains such an enormous area that after heavy rains there are large spaces which are low enough for the water to back up and stand, and where as yet the fires of the dry winters have not destroyed all humus soil and all animal life. When conditions are just right the concentrations of herons, ibis, and flintheads, as our only native stork is called here in Florida, make one of the loveliest scenes that can be imagined. Thanks to the excellent work of the wardens employed by the Audubon Society, these birds have increased to a point where it is to be questioned whether the area will support a much larger population.

You will see many birds besides waders along the Trail. There will be ducks and coots and gallinules as well as the handsome boat-tail grackles — "jackdaws," we call them down here. In spring these display the metallic greens and blues of their plumage with much bowing to their ladyloves and blowing up and fluffing of the feathers on their throats as

they pour forth their loud and cheerful, if somewhat raucous, songs.

If you ever drive over this interesting road, don't fail to stop about sixty miles after you leave Miami, where there are a number of bridges a little wider than average. These are the places where the Trail crosses the extreme upper waters of Turner River, Lostman River, and the other streams which flow down and empty into the Bay of Ten Thousand Islands. Here the Indians still have waterways on which they can travel with their dugouts; and to look down these channels under the overarching trees is to be granted a glimpse of fairyland. Look down in the water, too, for the best ready-made fresh-water aquariums that you will ever see. The water is crystal-clear and the gars, grindles, breams, and bass swarm in countless numbers.

If you are sharp-eyed and fortunate in finding the orchids in bloom, you may well see the white star-like flower of that curious leafless plant, *Polyrrhiza*. In this strange orchid the chlorophyll which takes care of its nutritional needs is concentrated in the long spidery roots which stick fast to the bark of one of the trees hanging over the water, its usual preference being for the pond apple. I know of but one place where this superb orchid is really abundant, and that is in the royal palm hammock over in Collier County. The full name of this orchid is *Polyrrhiza Lindenii*, and the single flower which it bears is the largest borne by any species native of North America.

Archie Carr recalls several ditch streams, not far from the royal palms, where the waterway passes through dense thickets, so that no direct sunlight penetrates its borders and one may wade about waist-deep in a natural hothouse. In the summer, he declares, the blooms of the leafless orchids sometimes make a fragrance which is so heavy that it is nauseating. In one place, he saw half a dozen species of orchids in bloom at the same time.

On the western end of the ditch of which I have been writing, there are natural waterways leading down to salt water which is quite deep at high tide. At times many salt-water fish run inland, so that after the great freeze of 1934 hundreds upon hundreds of giant tarpon were killed in the ditch by the cold, to the great enjoyment of the buzzards and black vultures — but of no one else, even if the wind favored him.

After heavy rains the tributary run-off rivulets from the usually dry marsh along the Tamiami Canal swell to little torrents, and the run-off from the Glades makes innumerable rills, each of which has built a miniature delta. On these high-water days it is extremely amusing to watch the strife be-

tween the soft-shelled turtles and the gars. They lie in wait, frequently in most surprising numbers, for bits of desirable flotsam which may be carried down by the flood, and the competition is violent as they snap and tear furiously at any bit of food which may appear, until it is rent in pieces and swallowed. I remember one year when a cloudburst followed a fierce grass fire, and the carcasses of many very ripe rabbits and coons came floating down, to the immense delectation of the waiting throng of fish and reptiles.

There is not much difference between high tide and low tide around the southwest coast of Florida, but at full moon, especially if there are heavy southwest winds at the same time, lots of salt water gets into the ditch and there is good fly fishing for snook right from the bank of the highway. It is a curious fact that these fish, which when taken at sea are

among the best and most delicious there are, soon grow quite inedible in fresh or slightly brackish water. After a few days in the Canal, their flesh becomes soft and tastes most disagreeably of mud.

Roadside ditches, of course, are filled with water only after heavy rain, unless the road passes through one of the myriad shallow ponds or marshes scattered over Florida. They abound in the vast areas of the state which the casual observer from the North never sees. I can only beg or advise the nature-loving visitor to keep off U. S. Route No. 1 as far as possible, and zigzag back and forth across the state over the roads which the map shows to pass through the smallest number of villages and towns. Drive slowly and keep your eyes open. If you do this, you will agree with me that in these ditches a potential eyesore has been transmuted into a scene of constantly varying interest.



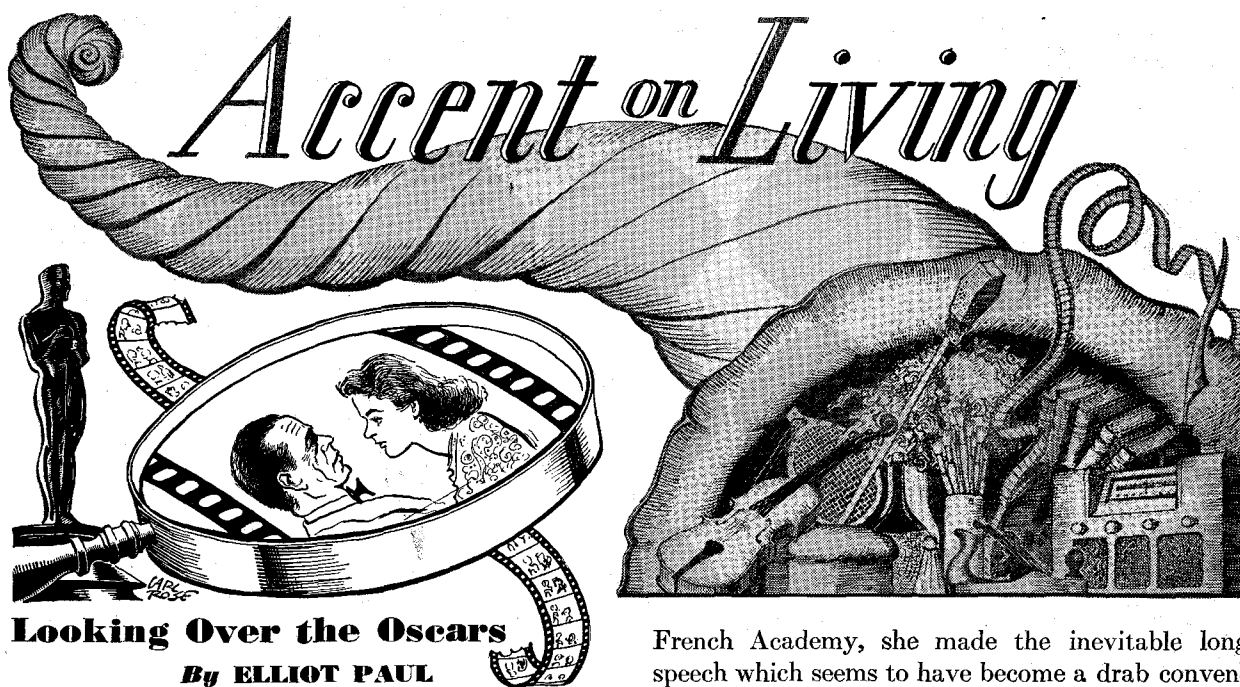
UNLUCKY SOLDIER

by MAY SARTON

THIS is my friend, the fair Mozartian boy,
Gangling and gay and sudden as a bee,
Music his difficult passion and his joy,
Princely in fire and in humility:
Before he knew the pattern of his will
Or recognized his own life he was given
To the harsh will of war, impersonal;
For three years up and down was driven,
Used and misused, the grace ground down,
The body hardened and the spirit dulled,
Until rebellion and despair were overthrown
(Not wounded, not in danger, not yet killed).

For three years I have watched him grow
And sweeten, laughing his way through hell,
This so uncelebrated, so inglorious, so
Unlucky soldier whom many have loved well,
Whose gifts, useless in war, were gifts of wonder,
Those meant for understanding and for living
The visions and the dreams he has plowed under,
But with those harvests stolen, still forgiving
(Not wounded, not yet killed, not yet in danger).

If, after all, enduring all, he lives to know his will,
Disarmed he will appear a marvelous and potent stranger
To serve us well whom we have served so ill.



Looking Over the Oscars

By ELLIOT PAUL

WHEN Warner Brothers' *Casablanca* received the Academy Award as the best picture of the year 1943, I was reminded of what Léon Blum said after Munich.

"*Je me trouve entre la honte et un grave soulagement* (I find myself between shame and solemn relief)," the scholarly former premier remarked.

That was the way I felt when the Oscars were announced. I knew what tremendous ballyhoo had been trumped up behind *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, for Paramount; *Madame Curie*, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; and, worse yet, *The Song of Bernadette*, for Twentieth Century-Fox. My own choice, *Holy Matrimony* by Nunnally Johnson for Fox, had already been announced and that fact had cut down what small chances that excellent film had had before.

When the master of ceremonies, Jack Benny, handed the envelope to Sidney Franklin (last year's prize-winning producer for MGM with *Mrs. Miniver*) and Sidney did not smile when he glanced at the "secret" slip, I knew the choice could not be *Madame Curie*, his own production. That was something. MGM had made of the life of a fascinating woman scientist a sort of kittenish and stodgy narrative that was shallow, unconvincing, and that missed all its climaxes. Greer Garson broke all records for the silent sit, when told of Walter Pidgeon's having been run over by a horse and wagon.

Then a little later, before a caricature of the

From a vantage point in Hollywood, ELLIOT PAUL weighs the assets and liabilities of this year's Academy Awards. The result, he finds, is a slight deficit — but it could have been worse.

French Academy, she made the inevitable long speech which seems to have become a drab convention with which to end long films, and sashayed out like Gary Cooper as Lou Gehrig leaving the Yankee Stadium.

The scientific work of the Curies was poorly dramatized, if at all; their love life was about as stimulating as Whittier's with Phoebe Cary; and the tempo of the picture — one long, steady, unrelieved drag from beginning to end — was outrageous. Still, it might have received the award. Sadder things had happened.

For Whom the Bell Tolls, Paramount's entry, was a colossal frost, bad casting, uneven acting, atrocious technicolor, and inept directing. But it did have a streak of gold, which carried along the worthless bulk, and this good metal was properly assayed when Katina Paxinou received the acting award and the rest of the performance got nothing at all.

It may be that Paxinou's performance, being the only part of the picture that was not in some way phony, will linger longer in the public's memory and finally supplant the rest and leave Americans with an impression of a noble Spaniard, a suffering Spain with unquenchable spirit, and the feeling that acting is not yet a lost art.

The Song of Bernadette, which, to my mind, is the most stupid of them all, pandering as it does, in a dangerous epoch, to the maudlin and unreliable centers of the human mind, makes it harder, when clear thinking is most necessary, for people to think at all. This probably has never occurred to Twentieth Century-Fox, and never will, but let it be said once, anyway.

However, the acting award went to Jennifer Jones, which, in its way, was a wonderful thing. It

We are continually
purchasing jewels from
estates and private owners
and newly mined gems...
These are recreated into
masterpieces for the adornment
and beauty of the woman
of tomorrow.

Harry Winston

Winston Jewels have long been known to the world's foremost Jewelers... Now you have the opportunity
to acquire Jewels directly from the Winston collections in New York... Elsewhere in America, Winston
Jewels will be forwarded on request to the leading Jeweler in your city for a private showing.



Rare Jewels of the World
HARRY WINSTON, Inc.
SEVEN EAST FIFTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK

OWNERS AND CUTTERS OF THE JONKER AND VARGAS DIAMONDS

demonstrates that many girls in their late teens are good natural actresses before they have had too much movie experience. Miss Jones's first film was *The Song of Bernadette*, and probably she is too young to feel its philosophical implications. Whether she can survive professional direction over a long period of time remains to be seen. My guess is emphatically in the negative.

The poet who said that the saddest words of tongue or pen are "It might have been!" was thinking more of rhyme than sense. Actually, this year, what "might have been" (and I have only touched on the frightful possibilities) threatened to be disastrous, and the way things turned out, no one was hurt.

I am referring to the prize winner, *Casablanca*, the one with that dreadful pre-"Mairzy" song, "As Time Goes By," which begins:—

You must remember this

From Ilsa's point of view (Ingrid Bergman) the story runs like this: when young she frequented underground places and met a man (Paul Henreid) who influenced her thinking to such an extent that she married him. Then, when he was in the various kinds of hot water that engulf anti-Nazis, Ilsa, alone in Paris, met Rick (Humphrey Bogart) and fell in love with him; also he with her. Previously Rick had been a cynic and a mercenary. Meeting Ilsa on the banks of the Seine made him, for a while, just wholesome folks.

The screen play was by Julius and Philip Epstein and Howard Koch. It looks and sounds as if the Epsteins had the last crack at it and gave it their characteristic sharp situations, brittle people, and clever dialogue. What I wish to analyze just now is the love interest in the piece, because it is a new kind of amatory development which has sprung up lately (since World War I) as a result of the speed (90 feet per minute) at which images on a motion-picture screen pass the eyes of 120 million persons, more or less.

In the days when love songs were sung by drunken minstrels or knights or Vikings, to the twanging of a harp, the northern nights were long and time was of no consequence. Hence the length and leisurely pace of the sagas. When the Victorian novelists furnished frustrated love-seekers their thrills and, after three or four hundred pages, the man could declare that he would "hate himself in the morning," or the novelist himself could step in and warn the reader that there are moments too intimate and sacred for

an author to share, even with his clients who bought the book — then, in those long-lost days, writers and readers alike could take their time. Not so on the screen. This cannot be pointed out too often.

Let us take Rick and Ilsa, as presented by the facile Epsteins. And/or Koch.

Rick is driving a small open car along the Champs Élysées on a spring day. Close beside him, with her arm linked in his, sits Ilsa.

On an excursion boat on the Seine at night, an orchestra is playing French music (which is an event in itself, the usual fare being bad American tin-pan alley or ragtime). By themselves, at the rail, stand Rick and Ilsa. They are transported (a) by the night, (b) by the music, and (c) by each other.

In Rick's apartment, Ilsa, at the window, fixes flowers. Rick opens champagne. Ilsa joins him.

RICK: Who are you really? What were you before? What did you do? What did you think?

ILSA: We said "no questions."

(*They drink.*)

RICK: Why was I so lucky — why should I find you waiting for me to come along?

ILSA: Why there is no other man in my life?

(*Rick nods.*)

ILSA: Well, that's easy. There was. He is dead.

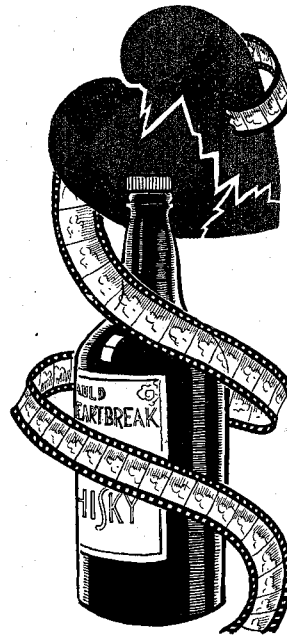
(*She kisses him.*)

The Germans come to Paris. They have caused untold woe and inconvenience from one end of the world to another, but countless times now they have showed up in Paris just in time to move a screen story along. Ilsa tells Rick he is in danger and must go. She promises to go with him. She fails to

meet the train, but sends a note: "I cannot go with you or ever see you again. You must not ask why. Just believe that I love you. Go, my darling, and God bless you."

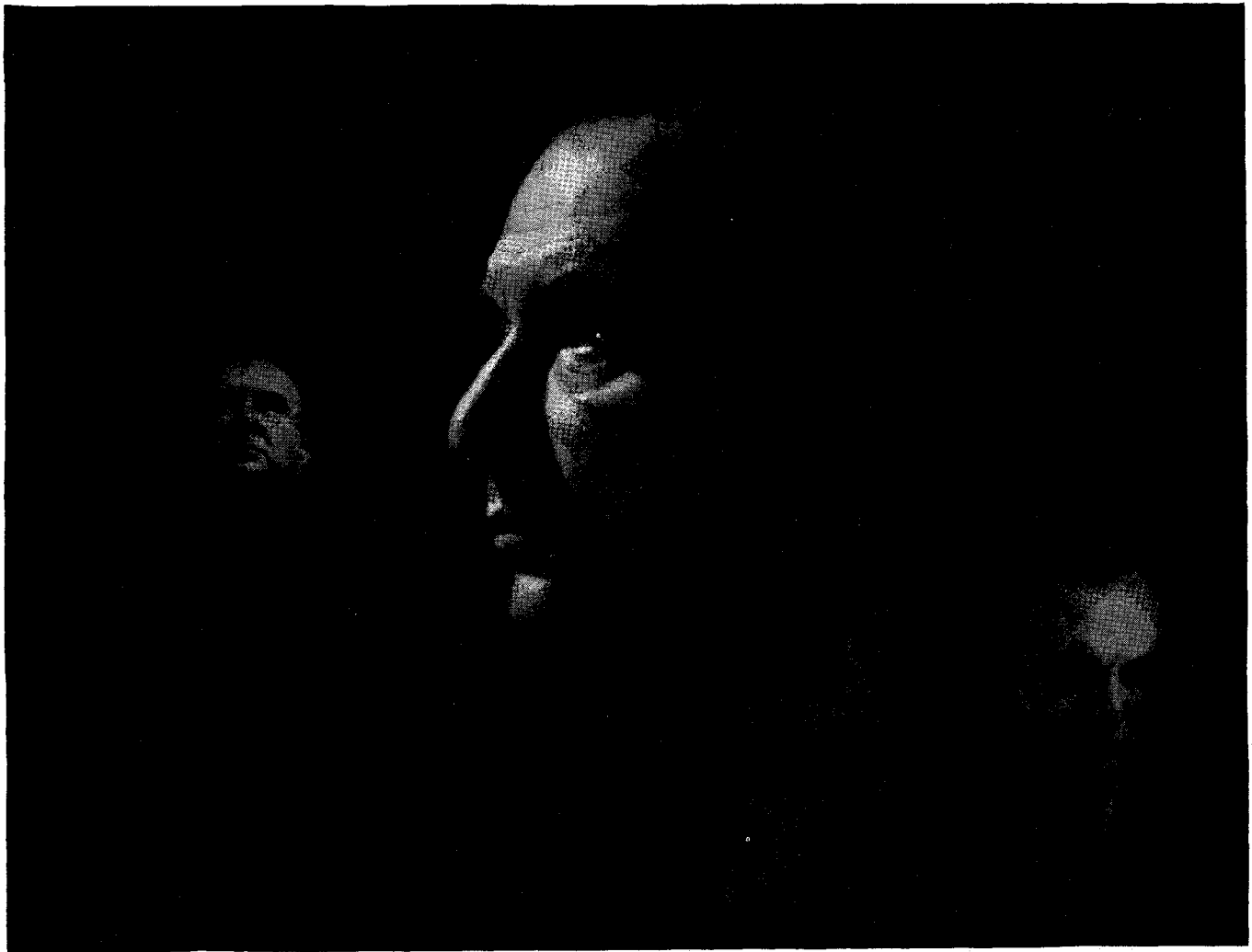
What ensues is most distressing, not only for the characters of the play but the sentimentalists in the audience. It strikes at the fundamentals of our modern human relationships. It sounds the death knell of all the old stuff like loyalty, faith, the benefit of the doubt, and so on. The moral, I suppose, is that one should be careful with strangers and not take too much stock in what they say. Or "take the cash and let the credit go." Something of that kind.

For, when Rick, now a cynical and shady café proprietor in Casablanca, next sees Ilsa, she is entering his joint in company with Paul Henreid. With not a word of explanation, no glance, no reflection, no reassuring memory of that idyl of the



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA DIRECTOR (BUDAPEST, 1900)

SHARES MUSICAL INSPIRATION WITH TODAY'S YOUNGSTERS (MT. CARMEL, 1944)



Fritz Reiner, distinguished director, hears "The Magic of Meissner"

Fritz Reiner had chosen his "audition" chair with great care. Not too close to the instrument — not too far. Just *so!* Now he sat waiting, listening, expectant.

Suddenly the room was filled with the recorded music of "Der Rosenkavalier" — just as he had once directed it. Forgotten was the chair that had been so carefully selected. Forgotten, the emptiness of the room. For Fritz Reiner was now conducting an unseen orchestra — and a mighty bank of instruments had risen to his hand.

As the last brilliant passage faded away, the great director again became aware of his surroundings.

"What a miracle of reproduction!" he exclaimed. "I have heard that record many times before, but never has it given me such exaltation. This instrument is beyond comparison, beyond price! Truly magnificent!"

Fritz Reiner had just been listening to

the only Meissner electronic radio-phonograph in existence — the final laboratory model perfected just before war turned all of Meissner's skill and knowledge to the manufacture of vital electronic war equipment. The priceless instrument is now on loan "for the duration" to the music room of Mt. Carmel (Illinois) high school, where it provides musical inspiration for the youngsters of Meissner's home community.

From Mt. Carmel, in the days ahead, will come your own luxurious postwar counterpart of the model which Fritz Reiner found so miraculous. Then you, too, will know the faithfulness of Meissner reproduction . . . the purity and clarity of tones heretofore lost or blurred. No longer will you be irritated by the "missing elements" in much of today's recorded music.

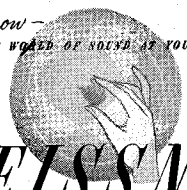
And you'll join with Fritz Reiner in welcoming these and many other Meissner advantages:

AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER—plays both sides of a record in sequence, *one side only*, or *repeats* a record just played . . . avoids record breakage. Provides 2 hours or more of music without your touching a record.

FREQUENCY MODULATION—plus advanced electronic features for fidelity and tonal range greatly surpassing such qualities in home radio-phonographs now in use.

SUPER SHORTWAVE . . . DISTINGUISHED CABINETS . . . NEW IDEAS in a host of other advancements already being engineered into Meissner equipment for our armed forces.

For tomorrow —
A NEW WORLD OF SOUND AT YOUR FINGER TIPS



MEISSNER
MANUFACTURING COMPANY • MT. CARMEL, ILL.
ADVANCED ELECTRONIC RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURE



Champs Élysées with French music (and that wretched song about a long string of nouns being still what they seem as time passes), Bogart frowns and drinks a whole bottle of whiskey.

To me, that was the high point in *Casablanca*, and it deserves any award that has or may come along. Man and boy, for more than half a century, I have been associating with, or admiring at fairly close range, the drinkers of America and the civilized world. Many have been kind enough to speak, not too slightly, of my own capacity. But Humphrey Bogart, or the Epsteins, or whoever was responsible, did a job on that quart in *Casablanca* that was more than historic, or even epic. It disappeared in less than 100 feet of film, or about fifty seconds flat.

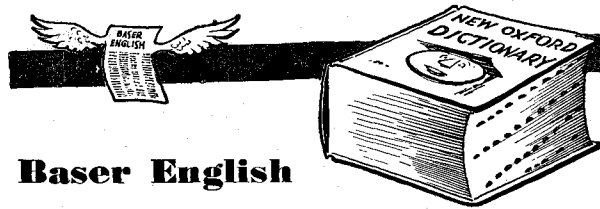
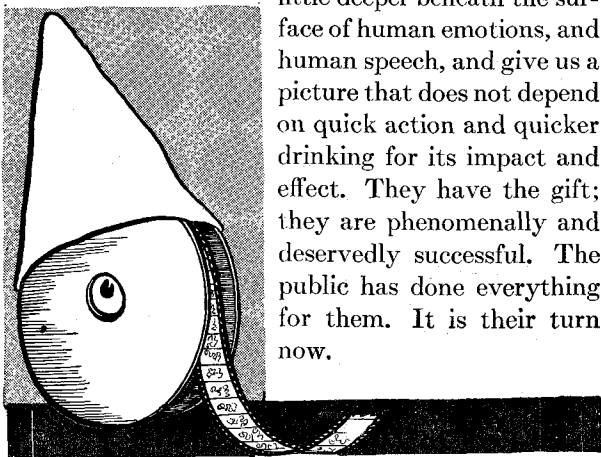
Drinking, as I have said, is the screen convention for disillusionment. The faster the drinking, the deeper the disillusionment. Rick had revised his idea of Ilsa in a few short seconds, on purely circumstantial evidence. He reviles her, insults her, snarls, guzzles, and all in all makes an exhibition of himself. She is patient at first, then offended. She merely had found that her husband, who she had thought was dead, was still alive. He had glorious work to do.

Ilsa tries, in the cause of liberty, to wheedle sailing papers from Rick for Paul Henreid. No soap. She pulls a gun, but instead of shooting Rick, she kisses him. That jolly well changes everything around again. Rick heroically forces Henreid and Ilsa into a Hays Office plane and himself joins Claude Rains (who also sees the light about that time) to fight for the Free French.

What a relief was the "Marseillaise" after that dratted song about sighs and time and all.

The Academy could have done a whole lot worse than *Casablanca*. The film was trite and harsh and shallow, but how it did move. There was no lost word or action, every participant was competent, and the public loved it. I am only hoping that, with the same generous display of their talents as writers and producers, the Epstein twins will some day go a

little deeper beneath the surface of human emotions, and human speech, and give us a picture that does not depend on quick action and quicker drinking for its impact and effect. They have the gift; they are phenomenally and deservedly successful. The public has done everything for them. It is their turn now.



Baser English

By BARBARA STEWART, DAVID JACOBUS, and RUSSELL MALONEY

BASIC English is all right, but it has too many words. To speak Basic English, you have to learn 850 words — too many. You do not do 850 things and you do not have 850 things, so why have so many words?

This writing is in Baser English. It has just 85 words, and that is all. All the things you do, all the things you have, do not add up to more than 85, including antimacassars and fudge.¹ Boiling the 850 words of Basic English down to the 85 words of Baser English, we have 1 word for 10, and so Baser is 10 times better.

We speak right up and say that Basic English is *overweeningly* prolix.²

Basic is not for many people, because there are all those words to learn — so many, so many. Say you are green and writing is not easy for you — you will not want 850 words, will you? No. But Baser English, with 85 words, will give you all you want, and more. Baser English is for all you people, you that want nothing but the right words. We are about to give you what you want, and with right good will, too.

To speak good Baser English, all you have to do is say the things you want to say — no beating about the bush. If you want to say "spinach," why, you just say "spinach," and that is all there is to it. In Basic English, if you want to say "spinach," you have to go on and on, and say "that plant with dark green leaves which go almost to nothing on boiling."³ That is no good. If you say that, people will give you the bird, because it leaves them in the dark, or almost in the dark, as to what you mean. Spinach is just spinach. We do not want to be mean, but it just is not worth it to try to say "spinach" in Basic, is it? All those words — 13 of them,

¹ Try and say *that* in Basic English.

² Or that. Just try it.

³ *The System of Basic English*, by C. K. Ogden, p. 177.

Using only one tenth of the words in Basic English, BARBARA STEWART and DAVID JACOBUS of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and RUSSELL MALONEY of New York have, we believe, succeeded in reducing "Basic" to a more convenient and less cumbersome form. It will be noted that some slack still exists. Whereas "Basic" must count variations of the verb "to be" as only a single word in its 850-word list, our authors charge them up unequivocally. We trust that Prime Minister Churchill will take due cognizance of all this.

In the first 2 weeks following H-Hour, the American people heard from the four major networks a total of over 250 hours of invasion news—or in *words* some 1,800,000. One-fifth of this stream came by shortwave from overseas—from headquarters, beach-heads, ships, planes—from the lips of eye-witnesses and kings, generals and correspondents. The U. S. networks brought their audience some 18 hours of news each day.

It took listeners throughout the country 6 days to subside to their normal levels of listening. On D-Day listening was 78% above normal; it dropped to 10% above normal on Thursday, shot up to 22% over normal again on Saturday.

★

For years a Southern business man pooh-poohed the pulling power of radio. One day he got very sick, needed a blood transfusion. Nobody he knew had the right type of blood. Station WAIM (CBS in Anderson, S.C.) got busy, broadcast a call for donors. In 30 minutes the right blood was found and given; in 30 more it was pumping through the business man. Ever since then he has been a confirmed believer in radio (as well as an avid advertiser).

★

Men, does life bore you? Tired, blasé, lack-luster? Feel seedy, men?

We have just the thing for you. Try being a field technician for CBS. Nice work. Plenty of novelty. For instance:

The special-events director of WAPI (CBS' affiliate in Birmingham) decides to cover an Air Carnival by parachute. So a field technician goes up in an observation plane wearing (1) a lapel microphone, (2) a shortwave pack transmitter and (3) a parachute. As the competing planes race round the course, the f.t. bails out, pulls his ripcord. The parachute opens, and the transmitter whips around and socks him on the chin. Undaunted, the field technician floats to earth, broadcasting as he descends. His narrative isn't very clear, because his mouth is full of transmitter, but it is novel, and it is an excellent corrective for ennui.

Field technicians wearing short-

wave transmitters have to clamber all over the place to cover stories that can't be reached even by emergency land-wires. Once two of them short waved a Mississippi flood from a skiff in the middle of same. Another time two of them dug a foxhole into the target of an artillery range and broadcast everything but a perfect bull's eye on themselves. So you see, men, that the life is diverting. Why not do something about this now, today? You too could be Superman.

★

A special citation (the only one granted to a U.S. station) 4 first awards and 2 honorable mentions were given to CBS owned and affiliated stations by the 15th Annual Institute for Education by Radio convened at Ohio State University. They were:



WAR EFFORT PROGRAMS:

1. First Award and Special Citation to CBS' affiliate KOIN, Portland, Ore. for its program *Tillamook Burn* described by the judges as "an unusually vivid dramatization of the ravages of a forest fire and its possible dire effects on the war effort."

2. First Award to CBS' station KNX, Los Angeles, for *These Are Americans*. (This program also received a Peabody award.)

PERSONAL-FAMILY LIFE PROGRAMS:

3. First Award to CBS' affiliate WCKY, Cincinnati, O. for *This Is Mine*, a story of a small town school teacher.

NEWS INTERPRETATION PROGRAMS:

4. Honorable Mention to CBS' station KNX, Los Angeles for *Pillars of Time*.

AGRICULTURAL BROADCASTS:

5. Honorable Mention to CBS' affiliate KLZ, Denver, Col. for its *Farm Service Program*.

PUBLIC DISCUSSION PROGRAMS:

6. First Award to CBS' affiliate WFBL, Syracuse, N.Y. for *Syracuse on Trial*.

The granting of these awards is a proper recognition of the stations' persistent confidence in, and devotion to, the teaching power of radio.

★

When he was 8 years old, a boy named Boston, living in Cambridge, Mass., wrote poetry for the *Boston Post*. The other day grown Mr. Boston, 30, from Cambridge, won \$2,000, grand prize for the best radio script in the 1944 *Dr. Christian Award* contest. His "The Mark of Buddha" went out over 132 CBS stations on the *Dr. Christian* program.

Ten more contest scripts are being produced on this program Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m. EWT—all eligible for the second prize of \$1,000; CBS listeners will vote for the winner.

Each year the *Dr. Christian* contest taps new writing talent, gives it incentive to be heard, to grow, and to enrich America's dramatic literature.

★

Some powerful influence best known to the stockmen of Kansas and Oklahoma brought down on the Union Stockyards in Wichita the other day the biggest cloudburst of live pork the yards ever saw. By train and truck and passenger car the hogs poured in, all in prime voice. In no time the pens and the spare buildings and the empties in sidings were giving out their capacity-squeal. Yard officials joined the chorus: an emergency call to KFJH (CBS' affiliate) took the general high-tenor shape of "*Gossakes git us some HALP!*"... So Bruce Behymer, who is a stock-expert on KFJH, went on the air at 6:30 a.m. and told the hog-owners to for Pete's sake lay off. In 24 hours the inflow was back at normal, and Bruce was back at his regular market-broadcasting *The Trading Post*. He is now looking for some sort of national anti-hog-calling prize contest. Figures he stands a pretty good chance.

★

This is

CBS

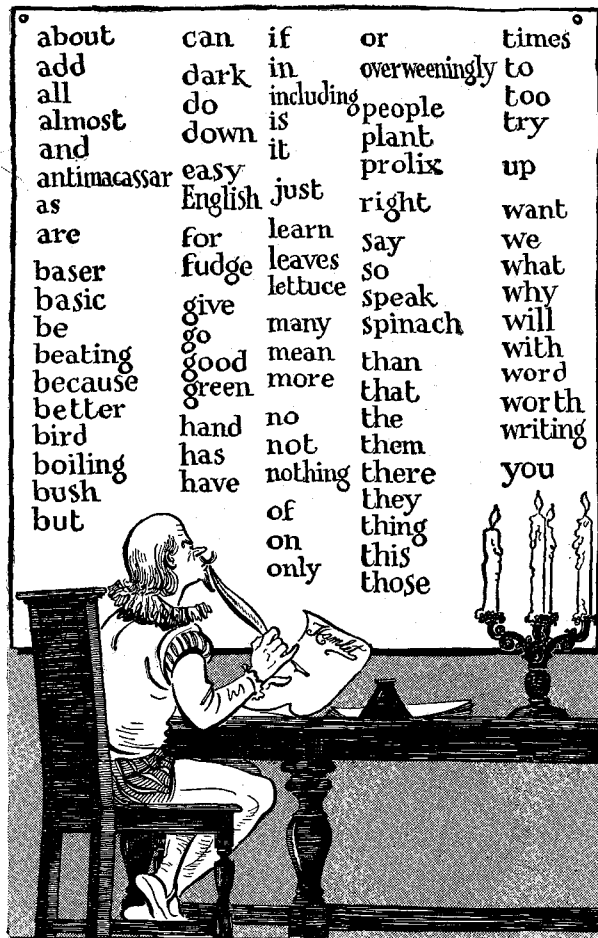
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

are there not? — and, so to speak, they just do not add up to “spinach.”

Many a plant has dark green leaves that go to almost nothing on boiling, not just spinach. What about lettuce? If you say “spinach” you do not mean “lettuce,” do you? And you do not want lettuce, you want spinach. (Can it be that people who speak Basic do not want spinach? That is all right if it is so, for spinach is no good. But we say to you that spinach is just 1 of many things you have to say. Lettuce is good. What about lettuce?)

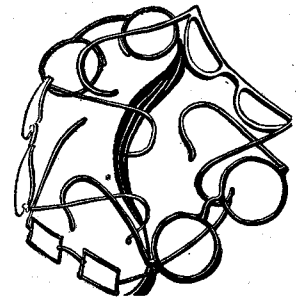
And many times, in writing, you want to say “A bird in the hand is worth 2 in the bush.” In Baser English you can just say it, but in Basic you have to fudge it, so: “A bird in the hand is worth 2 in the thing.” No good, no good! But Basic has no word for “bush,” and there you are. Try as you will, you can not say “bush” in Basic. Say “bush,” you Basic English people! Prolix as you are, you can not say it.

To all people that want better writing, to all that want to speak right, we hand down the words, “Up with Baser English and down with Basic!” Writing words that mean nothing is easy, as in Basic, but we say it is spinach and we say the — with it.



Invisible Eye

B. F. SYLVESTER



SOME 35,000 persons in this country and an estimated 50,000 in Germany wear contact lenses — invisible plastic shells which fit over the eye-ball and under the eyelids. The number here would be much greater but for the manpower shortage. Many technicians have gone to war, and the remaining ones work from twelve to sixteen hours a day trying to handle the most essential cases, of whom about 75 per cent are in military service.

Sir John Herschel, the astronomer, suggested contact lenses in cases of diseased eyelids in 1827. Near the end of the century they began to be made for cases of conical cornea which could not be corrected by ordinary glasses. The first useful contact lenses were made by Moller of Wiesbaden, an artificial-eye maker, who made them out of blown glass in the same way that artificial eyes are made.

The modern development of contacts started just after World War I when technicians of Carl Zeiss at Jena, Germany, found a way to grind optical corrections on his blown-glass lenses. Patients in this country had to wait three months for lenses. The fittings were on a trial-and-error basis with stock lenses: when one was found that fitted, it was sent to Germany for the optical correction.

German technicians were jealous of their discoveries and would not sell tools to Americans, who had to make their own. About eight years ago methods of taking impressions and molding plastic lenses were developed. These were for fitting only, because at that time a technique had not been devised for putting an optical surface on plastic. So a final lens had to be made of glass. Two years later a process was found for grinding optical corrections on clear plastic.

The impressions are made with a substance called Negocoll, now being replaced by moldite, which does not have to be heated. The eye is first anesthetized. The substance hardens in a few minutes. From it a cast is made and then a temporary lens. After the temporary fitting, the optical correction is made, and then the patient is tested for what is called the chemical fit. A solution of distilled water, sodium bicarbonate, and sodium chloride fills the space between the cornea and the slightly bulged front of the lens. The patient first finds a solution which

A former city editor of the *Omaha World-Herald*, B. F. SYLVESTER has written for various magazines. This is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

permits him to wear the lens in comfort, then one which keeps the lens clear for the longest period of time.

The average person wears a lens for about four hours before it becomes cloudy. One patient kept the lenses in from Friday to Tuesday without experiencing discomfort or having the lens cloud up. One aerial gunner changes his fluid once a day. An architectural draftsman and basketball player changes the fluid twice a week. But at first most people find that they must change every two hours.

The movies make ingenious use of the contact lens in a number of ways. Movie criminals now hide their identity by wearing contact lenses and throwing off the police. In *Miracles for Sale* you see Henry Hull disguising himself by wearing contact lenses. Furthermore, you see how the thing is done.

Bela Lugosi used contact lenses with a layer of green fluorescein in *Dracula* to make himself look more horrible than usual. The fluorescein gives a terrifying effect under a flashlight in a dark scene. Fluorescein happens to be an essential part of lens-fitting technique and has solved one of the most difficult problems: how to get an exact corneal fit.

The filming of *Northwest Mounted* came to a sudden stop one day when some sharp-eyed person looked at Indian chief Walter Hampden and said, "Huh-uh. You can't be a blue-eyed Indian." Wally Westmore, make-up man for the producer, was sharp, too; for a few weeks later the actor reappeared as a brown-eyed Indian. He was wearing contact lenses with a brown caramel filler between cornea and optics.

However, if Mr. Hampden had had gray eyes and wished to have blue eyes, or light brown and wished to have dark brown, the contact lens people could have tinted the lens and no special solution would have been required. They have a number of women customers for whom they have changed the eye colors. Before the war they were working on some other colors by tinting the lens, but this has nothing to do with the fluid that lens wearers must employ. There are useful purposes for tinted lenses, such as protection to persons exposed to excessive glare, but cosmetic tinting has been stopped for the duration.

The cosmetic appeal of contact lenses, for both men and women, is not being encouraged these days. The manufacturers try to supply the people who need them — mostly cases of irregularly shaped cornea, but some astigmatism, myopia, and



cataract-operated cases.

Contact lens wearers report curious things. One patient does well with her new lenses except on the second floor at Marshall Field's store in Chicago, where they

are uncomfortable. Another reports the most satisfaction when the weather is cool, and especially when walking and skating. In the house they are no good for her.

Contact lenses have given normal vision to a Chicago girl with what is reported to be the greatest correction in medical history, minus 19 in one eye and plus 19 in the other. That is, she was extremely farsighted in one eye and nearsighted in the other. Before acquiring contact lenses she got around by wearing spectacles with one eye blacked out.

There was the aerial gunner who wanted combat status rather than that of an instructor. Although for various reasons the chances of his using contact lenses successfully seemed poor, in less than six weeks' time he was wearing his lenses all day long and he qualified.

The cosmetic reason is behind many patients' decision to give up the old glasses and to wear invisible ones. Actresses and singers on the stage and in the movies wear them. Then, too, there are baseball and football players and swimmers who need optical corrections but cannot wear spectacles.

Industrial workers exposed to extraordinary hazards are not supposed to depend on contacts to protect them. But one drill press operator felt a stinging blow against one of her contact lenses and found that a piece of steel had struck it. Unprotected, she might have lost that eye, but the steel did not pierce the lens. Another girl, a welder, found sparks had struck and imbedded themselves in her contact lenses, which again had probably prevented serious injury.

A truck driver on the Alcan highway now wears contact lenses. He drives in temperatures of 70 below, he said, and he wanted glasses with automatic defrosters such as the eyeball provides. A few men in the Canadian Navy have been permitted to wear contact lenses; they find them excellent for lookout duty in rainy weather when other glasses become obscured by spray. One patient is a baker. His ordinary glasses become covered with flour, but contact lenses are kept clear by his natural windshield wipers, the lids.

The Army Air Corps has been conducting experiments on what protection the lenses offer against dust. A dust tunnel has been set up with good results. Experiments have been made in a pressure

chamber on patients wearing contact lenses while in altitudes ranging from below sea level to six miles high, and temperature ranging from 126 to 40 below zero. There was little change in the visual effectiveness on account of the altitude, and no fogging or discomfort results from the temperature changes.

Contact lenses are not regulation as yet with our Army Air Corps, though they are with the RAF and the RCAF. American pilots have to start with 20-20 vision. They may put on contacts after that if they like, but they cannot use contacts to correct the vision to 20-20.

The lenses are inserted either with the fingers or with a rubber suction cup. Most people, at first, find that they have little or no control over sensitive and fluttery eyelids. An ophthalmologist had an idea for a foot-powered device which pulled up the upper lid and pulled down the lower at the same time to make insertion of the lens easier. A technician made the contraption but it did not come into general use; there was too much machinery, and most persons didn't need it.

Contact lenses are not expected to supplant ordinary spectacles for general use. Aside from the trouble of removing and inserting them, they cost from \$150 to \$200 a pair. This expense is offset to some extent by the fact that contact lenses seldom have to be changed as spectacles do.

At last report, there were six cities where contact lenses are made: New York, Chicago, Detroit, London, Budapest, and Jena. However, there are a number of cities in this country where persons with special training take the eye impressions and send them to the laboratories where the lenses are made.

Trumpet Vine

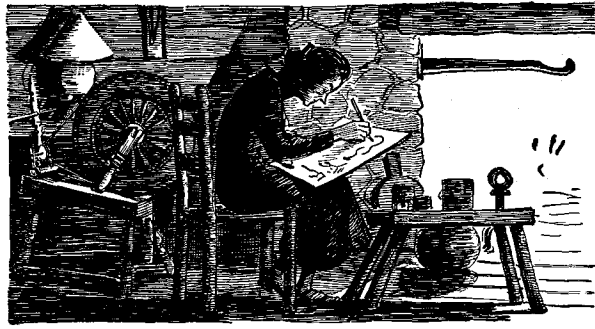
By PADRAIC COLUM

A GLOOMY tree that marks a blackened shed
Across which knots a vine with reddish flowers
That move as fingers and are deep as combs.

Inviting flowers! But whom do they entreat?
Oh, none whose lives are bound to this confine:
Then presently there is that fairy thing

Of body that is all a metal gloss,
A bird that makes its wings invisible,
And here are beakers for the hummingbird.

A gloomy tree a blackened shed beside:
Foiling the green-dark with blood-orange glow,
The Trumpet Vine waves its deep-vessel'd flowers.



Portrait of an Artist

By PATRICK MORGAN

MADAME HARVEY lived in the Grand Fond, a small settlement so far back in the mountains that the priest journeyed there but once a month to celebrate Mass.

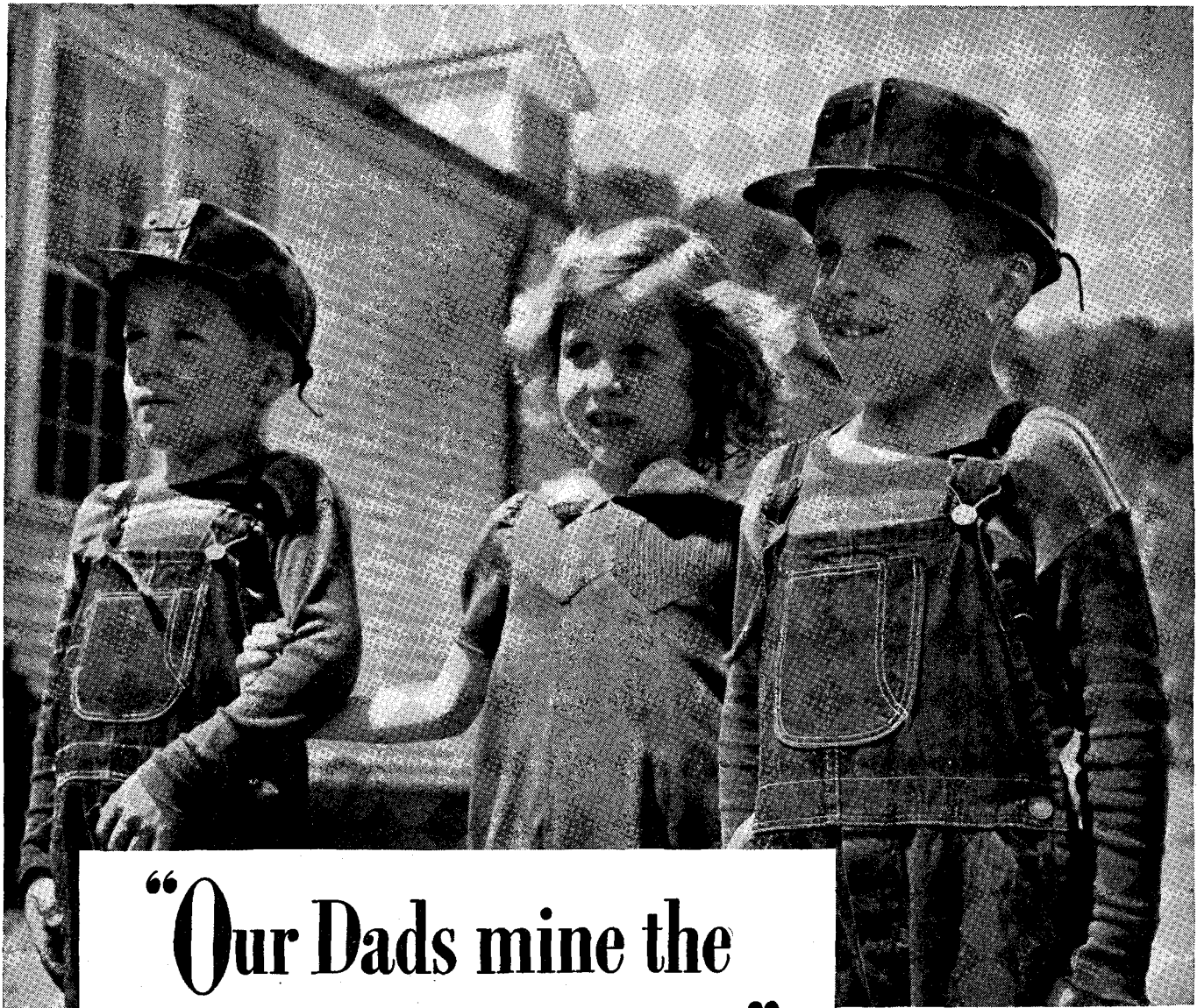
If you marry your cousin, the Church asks you to pay a dispensation. In the Grand Fond the Harvey blood ran to some degree through the veins of every inhabitant. Madame Harvey had married a *petit cousin*, so the dispensation was proportionately small.

Madame's husband was called Alfred. He was the guardian of a small lake to which the summer people came on easy camping trips. There he had taught their children as well as his own to fish for trout. Madame spent her summers at the lake cooking meals for campers. She did trout in several ways and was famous for her little hot buns. She enjoyed life in the woods except for her great fear of the bear.

This fear was founded on the generic: all French Canadians fear bears. But it became focused on the specific: Madame Harvey, as an individual, was particularly frightened of that bear which she knew was some day destined to meet her at the spring behind the cabin where she kept the milk and butter cool and whence she fetched the drinking water. In her mind this assignation between woman and beast was preordained: it was Eve and the serpent in fancy dress.

Madame's imagination was not limited to the bear. She hooked strange birds and bright flowers into rugs which sold for a pittance. For the little church, she wove and stitched a linen altar cloth made from flax they had grown there behind the house. She also clothed her five children and her husband. But that was nothing unusual. Home-spun and knitting were as much a part of life as the spruce trees and snow were of the landscape.

A graduate of Harvard who studied at the Beaux Arts and with Hans Hofmann, PATRICK MORGAN is a painter who has had one-man shows in New York and Boston. For the past three years he has been scoring a remarkable success as a teacher of art at Phillips Academy, Andover.



“Our Dads mine the best fuel in the world”

These young folks, dressed in hats like their Daddies', have good reason to take pride in the job their fathers are doing.

For their fathers bring from the ground America's No. 1 source of energy and power.

They bring forth the essential fuel needed for the production of steel—the prime power of the nation's railroad system—and the greatest source of electrical energy.

As you've probably guessed—the name of that fuel is bituminous coal.

And many advances have happened in coal mining, just as in other industries during recent years.

Today coal miners are paid better than the average wage of industry as a whole.

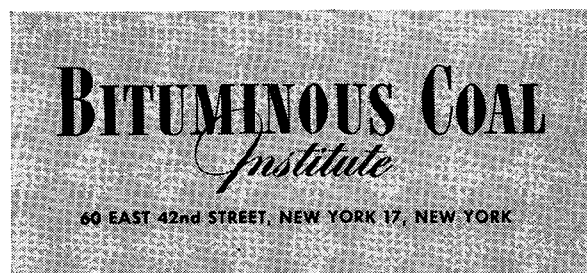
Their work is being constantly lightened and their

efforts made more productive by modernization. 90% of all bituminous coal produced from underground workings is electrically cut and transported, and over half of all coal is loaded by mechanical shovels.

This fact has made possible the increases in volume of coal mined which the war effort has required.

It is also an important reason why—despite manpower shortages—America's bituminous coal industry is supplying an all-time record volume of coal.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

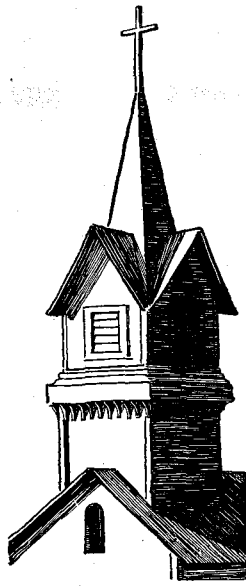


But one day Madame Harvey did a most unusual thing. She painted a picture. Naturally it was not a very good one, but then she had only chicken feathers for brushes, and the odds and ends of house paints for colors. It was painted on a cardboard which still read faintly through her work: *NE FUMEZ PAS DANS LE BOIS*. Although in her eyes, and certainly in the astonished ones of her family, this picture lacked merit, it interested one of the summer people who saw it by chance on the way to camp. So much so that this benevolent woman sent Madame Harvey a complete box of oil paint paraphernalia: tubes of artists' colors, bristle brushes, a palette, bottles of oil and turpentine and of something called retouch varnish, along with a note of encouragement in shaky French. What particularly attracted the Harvey family's attention about this windfall was the ingenuity of the metal clasps that held the box shut. These clasps were of a different nature from any that had ever been seen in the Grand Fond. To this, all the neighbors agreed.

Madame Harvey painted several pictures. Despite the neighbors' advice, she copied no models, though everyone offered her as tempting subjects the new calendars sent out from La Malbaie by the electrician, the plumber, and the general store. In her simple nature there was a stubborn streak, for she could not be deterred from painting everyday subjects of no interest to people in general. She painted the old aunt who had come to live with them doing various chores: feeding the chickens, churning the butter, weaving at the loom, and sitting by the stove.

And she painted landscapes of their little church which stood at the edge of the great spruce forest. The villagers had built it themselves according to their own ideas, so it turned out to look very like one of their barns, but smaller. Its distinguishing mark was the steeple, to which the carpenters had obviously devoted much thought and time. But time was cheap, especially in the long, cold winter.

Paint, however, was expensive, too expensive, so their church was left naked in gleaming raw lumber. This shocked the summer people, who moralized about French-Canadian taste, using the church as a fulcrum point. Who else would ever put such an elaborate steeple on so small a church? Typical! Couldn't they at least paint it to hide its ugliness? Like a billboard, it struck a discordant note on one of their favorite drives through such really charming country.



The boards soon silvered in that rugged weather; and even though the building was seldom used, its presence gave confidence to the village. "For me, it does something," Madame Harvey said, "to look out my window and always see our little church there in the field." So she painted a picture of the church against the enormity of spruce trees.

Both her family and the neighbors expressed their disappointment in her choice of subjects.

The following summer, Madame sold all her paintings. The summer people who came to the lake to fish seemed to prefer them to her hooked rugs and willingly paid quite as much for them. This was surprising to the entire family, for the pictures were obviously faulty,

while the hooked rugs were expertly done according to government instruction. The family were bewildered. "It is not that your paintings don't show taste," her husband said, "but they often do not entirely resemble the subject."

"*Maman* has taken no lessons," said Patrique, the eldest. "*Evidemment*, her paintings are faulty. Yet the foreigners pay well for them."

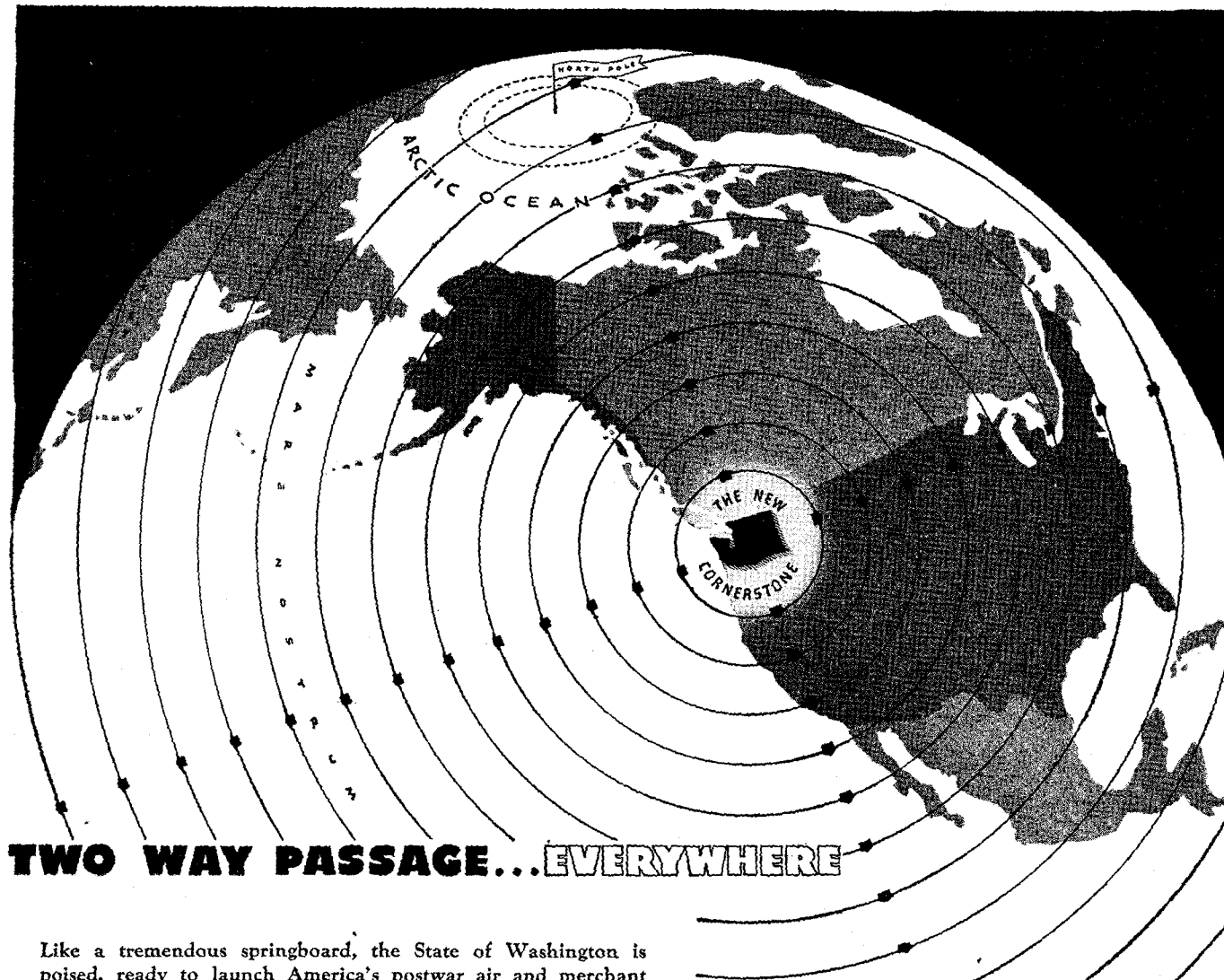
"Perhaps," Madame said, "some Sunday when we go down to La Malbaie to Mass, I might speak to Monsieur and Madame Morgan, since they are painters of experience who have studied much, and live not far from the church."

"There is an idea," said her husband.

It was autumn before Monsieur and Madame Harvey screwed up their courage to the point of calling on us after Mass. It was not that they feared us as people, but they feared our way of life; front door bells, books, and above all conversation on the formal level, in the sitting room rather than in the kitchen.

They drove up with a certain flourish, and stepped down from the surrey that sparkled with new varnish in the sunlight. Monsieur Harvey moored the old horse to the woodshed in the shade. He was dressed in black. His black suit was nearly as shiny as his black boots. His tie was of the best quality silk, maroon with small blue figures running through it, immaculate but frayed, a remembrance obviously from some camper who had enjoyed his stay at the Grand Fond.

Madame wore a trim black suit, black silk stockings, and tottered on the highest heels. Her black hat gained its chic largely through the rakish angle at which it was cocked. A puffy artificial flower of virulent pink centered attention to the opposite lapel and triumphantly denied any doubts about the



TWO WAY PASSAGE...EVERYWHERE

Like a tremendous springboard, the State of Washington is poised, ready to launch America's postwar air and merchant fleets to the far corners of the world. From its deep-water ports and airfields, commerce will flow across the blue Pacific by boat and plane, carrying the goods of postwar America, awaited so eagerly by hungry, untapped markets.

In every direction—by land, sea and air—by train, truck, ship and plane—Washington is generously served with transportation facilities.

The State of Washington offers Two-Way Passage to fabulous markets of the Orient . . . the Philippines . . . Oceania . . . South America . . . Alaska . . . the Indies. The old order changeth: Already world events foreshadow America's postwar prominence in the Pacific.

And . . . the State of Washington is the cornerstone of this postwar market. It has *everything* . . . vast natural resources . . . harbors . . . skilled, responsible labor . . . cheap hydroelectric power . . . great basic industries. Hitch your business wagon to a state that's going places.

WASHINGTON

The New Cornerstone

PUGET SOUND POWER & LIGHT COMPANY
PACIFIC POWER & LIGHT COMPANY
THE WASHINGTON WATER POWER COMPANY
NORTHWESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Business-Managed Electric Companies, Serving Low Cost Electricity to More Than 370,000 Homes, Farms, Businesses and Industries in the State of Washington.

WASHINGTON—THE STATE—HAS

Everything!



UNEXCELLED TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES—by land, sea and air . . . in all directions . . . deep-water harbors.



ABUNDANT, CHEAP, HYDROELECTRIC POWER FOR INDUSTRY—vast, interconnected hydroelectric systems.



GATEWAY TO THE GREAT POSTWAR PACIFIC MARKETS—the Orient, Alaska, Russia, Canada, South America.



IMMENSE SOURCES OF RAW MATERIALS—minerals, timber, fuels, water power, etc.



INDUSTRIAL SITES AND HARBOR FACILITIES—abundant industrial building sites on harbors, trackage and highways; available dock, terminal and warehouse facilities, anchorages, etc.



LOW TAXES AND CONSERVATIVE FISCAL POLICIES—definite, statutory limit on property taxes . . . no state income tax . . . no general obligation bonds.



SKILLED LABOR—intelligent, responsible, fair in its dealings with management.



DIVERSIFIED AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION—fruits, grains, livestock, vegetables, dairy products.



NUMEROUS BASIC INDUSTRIES—provide materials for processing.



PLEASANT LIVING—a temperate, healthful climate, ideal for both working and living.

Harveys' being in mourning. Rouge and powder slurred over the effects of Madame's recent years.

They caught us just returning from a walk with the dogs through the woods, so we were dressed for exercise rather than show. Therefore our greetings, though audibly hearty, were tempered with silent appraisal on both parts. Madame held a brown paper parcel of which she made no mention whatever. We discussed the weather — its effect on the crops, on the summer residents; in short, its effect on annual income. Here the weather was no idle topic.

Next it was our mutual state of health. No one had any complaints, and we all agreed that the *bon Dieu* was merciful. Would they care to come inside?

Madame hesitated. "We must think of returning to the Grand Fond," she said. "Our children expect us for dinner. We just stopped by to say *bon jour*."

"But your paintings, Adela?"

"Oh, yes. My paintings," Madame said. "Imagine that — I brought some paintings to show you and had forgotten it." She acknowledged the presence of the parcel. "They are not much good," she added. "I did them."

So we entered the house after all to see Madame's paintings. But as it happened the brown paper parcel was never unwrapped.

It was so unexpected it is hard to remember just how it took place. My wife, Monsieur Harvey, and I got to the sitting room, and I offered cigarettes. We must have thought Madame was unwrapping her paintings in the hall, for it was several minutes before we went back to see if we could help.

We found Adela Harvey staring at the wall, standing quite motionless. On this wall was a colored reproduction we had bought in Munich, one of Picasso's early abstract still lifes. It was drawn mostly in pencil and was grayish, except for one pink piece of wallpaper and a cigarette wrapper, which in the original were pasted right on the drawing. Both were faithfully reproduced in the print. The picture belonged to that period of Picasso's work when he habitually pasted some real object onto his compositions, which were otherwise conceived in the cubist manner with strong interlocking planes that pinned back the space layers visually, and merely hinted at the identity of the objects.

It was to us an exciting picture, but to our friends in the summer colony it represented somehow the enemy. Sophisticated, degenerate, mean-



ingless, ugly, mad, modern art, which only the initiated can appreciate!

Madame Harvey stared at the Picasso. "*Mon Dieu*," she murmured, "*que c'est beau. C'est beau. Mon Dieu, c'est beau.*"

Monsieur Harvey looked too and he blinked. "*Evidemment*," he said. "It is *beau*; otherwise this picture would not be hung in this house."

"*Mon Dieu, que c'est beau.*"

"It is by a painter named Picasso," my wife remarked, hoping to ease the tension, for Monsieur Harvey was beginning to show definite signs of alarm.

"*C'est un Picasso*," Madame said. "*C'est un beau Picasso. Et mon Dieu.*"

"But your paintings, Adela."

"*Quel beau Picasso.*" Her eyes never left the picture.

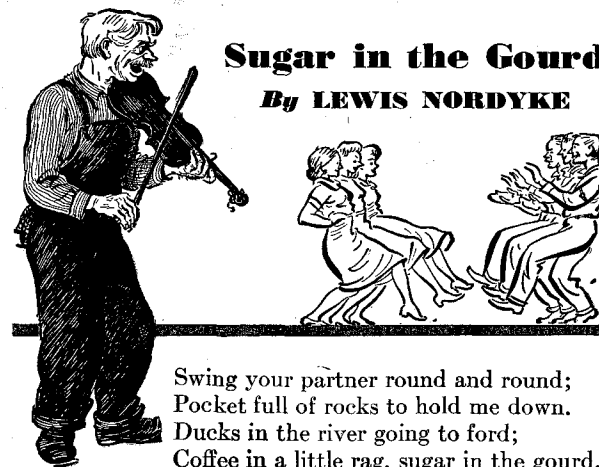
"It is getting somewhat late, Adela. Are you not going to show your paintings?"

Finally Madame moved her eyes from the picture and answered. "Yes," she said, "it is somewhat late. I am afraid we must go now. Thank you. Your house is very beautiful." She shook hands with us.

"*Bon jour . . . merci . . . excusez . . .*" murmured Monsieur Harvey, shaking hands hurriedly.

As they closed the front door we heard him ask, "Adela, of what was that a picture?"

And Adela's voice answered, "*Il me semble* there was some music in it."

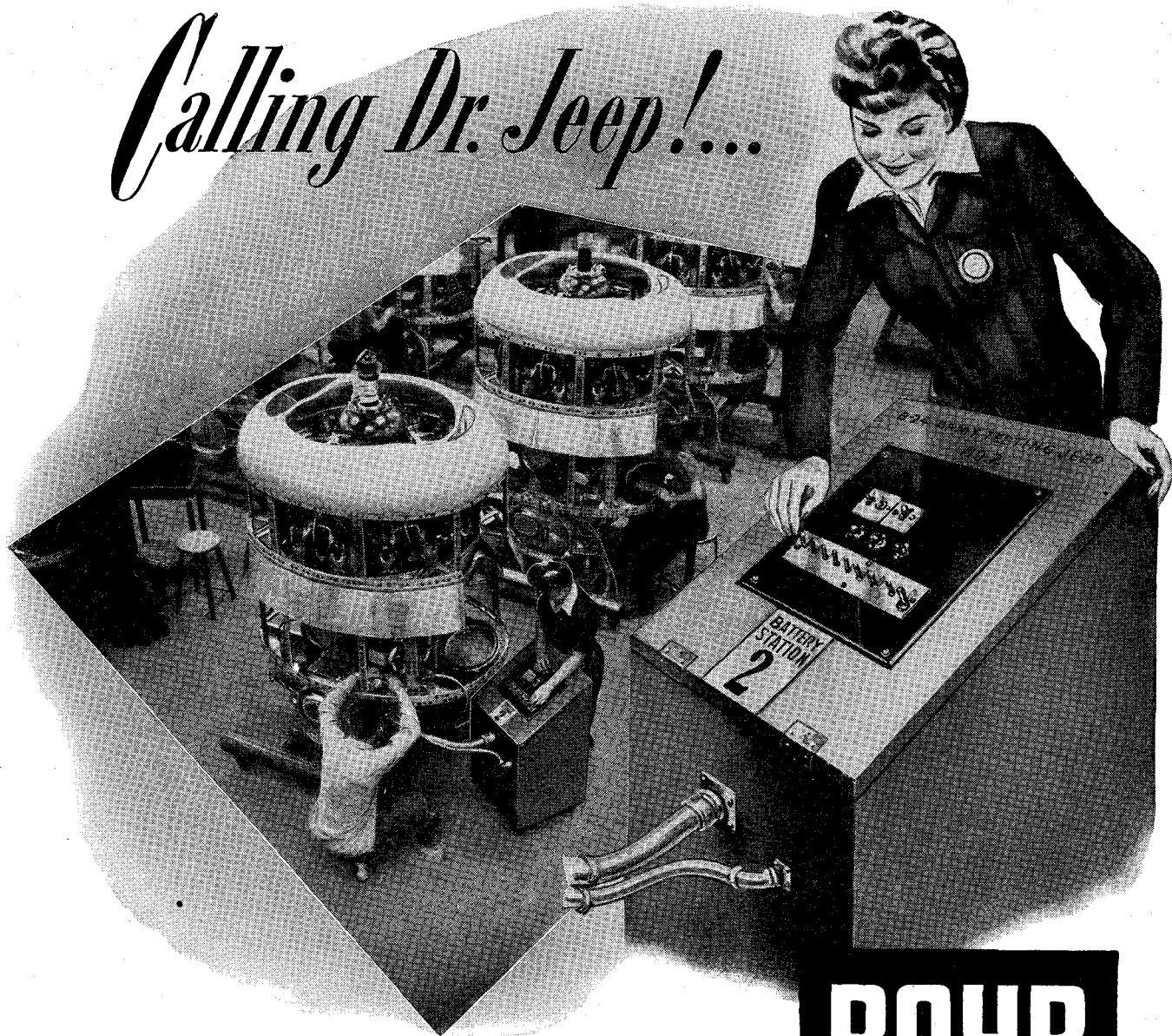


Swing your partner round and round;
Pocket full of rocks to hold me down.
Ducks in the river going to ford;
Coffee in a little rag, sugar in the gourd.

The nursery tales and rhymes American children know are mainly of English origin; the classic stories of heroism and righteous living come from the literature of other lands and the Bible; and the legendary patrons, such as Santa Claus, were imported along with nearly all religious holidays.

LEWIS NORDYKE, formerly a newspaperman in Amarillo, Texas, is now an Associate Editor of *Country Gentleman*. He is a specialist in the idiom and folkways of the West.

Calling Dr. Jeep!...



"Dr. Jeep" is one of the busiest fellows on the Rohr Production Line, wheeling up alongside of every motor nacelle and supercharger assembly for a new kind of final inspection. He makes the most thorough and accurate pre-flight check-up yet devised. ★ Rohr engineers developed several "Dr. Jeep" models, each for a specific task, to help Rohr Production Fighters maintain the efficiency of their skills, even while working at top speed. They are used to "okay" Liberator and Constellation motor nacelle assemblies and complicated supercharger installations. ★ These mechanical brains work rapidly, accomplishing with swiftness and certainty tasks formerly requiring thirty individual inspections with a variety of equipment. ★ "Dr. Jeep" is symbolic of developments in war plants throughout America, where engineers labor to give American bomber and fighter crews airplanes of maximum dependability and in great quantity. ★ Today we are "on the job to finish the job." After the war, this same American capacity to solve problems must be given a full opportunity to create the jobs that will win the peace we fight for.

ROHR
AIRCRAFT
CORPORATION

Buy More Bonds . . .



Hold them till maturity.

ROHR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, CHULA VISTA, CALIF. • HELPING TO WRITE THE STORY OF TOMORROW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even the folk frolics and dances come from all over the world. But the quaint calls of the square dance sprang from the soil of America.

Take, for example, this old favorite of the country dance: —

Ten-cent cotton went down to five,
And that just made us work and strive;
Swing that gal as long as she's alive.

A cotton-belt youth, excited by the rapid tempo of a fiddle and bow, patting feet, and whirling skirts, sang it out at a country dance, perhaps after a back-breaking day in the cotton patch.

The chant is the sort of thing the radio critics refer to as "corny," but, just the same, it is based on a time-honored and universal plaint of the cotton farmer and contains the American down-to-earth characteristic of liking humor spiked with stark reality. And, when cried out to the right kind of foot-action music, it sends the dancers whirling.

There are two kinds of chants: one is specific instruction to the dancers on movement, steps, and formations; the other is a line of chatter with which the caller connects his instructions and, incidentally, does a little entertaining. An example: —

'Possum up a 'simmon tree,
A-shaking 'simmons down.
Grab your partner by the hand
And swing her twice around.

The last two lines are specific instructions, but in introducing them, the caller zipped through the singsong rhyme about the opossum and its favorite fruit. This connective chant, correlated with actual instruction on movement, is real American folklore; the hundreds of such extemporaneously composed, but lasting, chants reflect the vigor of the people,



the region, manners and customs, moral issues, and the ups and downs of life.

The square dance typifies the sort of vigor hard-working Americans have always demanded in their play — whirling, swinging, stamping the floor — and the chant of the caller is quite as healthy. Here is a good example of how the caller chooses words in keeping with the tempo of the dance: —

Tighten up the bellybands, loosen up the traces;
All join hands and get in your places.
Pull off your shoes and shake your socks;
Swing those girls till you rattle their hocks.

There's quite a bit of rattling when the dance gets

under way. This notion of action isn't a regional thing; the chants used all over the country appeal for briskness and vivacity. Dance calls are almost universal in their central idea; they include in crude rhyme the expression of the things with which, and by which, the people live and work. They are regional only in tone. Here's one credited to Arkansas: —

Tol' my paw when he come to town
It's a purty good wagon but 'most broke down;
Now promenade yore pardner round and round.

Each section of the nation colored its own chants. The West developed some of the more picturesque. The origin of this one should be recognized anywhere: —

Swing with the guy that stole the sheep
And now with the one that brought it home;
Now with the one that ate the meat
And with the one that gnawed the bone.

That takes in just about everybody; and, crude as the call may sound, the dance movement is artistic and beautiful.

Regardless of the tone of the calls and the local color injected, the actual dance movements are about the same everywhere; and there's at least one chant, just a single line long, that is jammed full of universality as far as the square dance is concerned: —

Whoop and holler! Get hot under the collar!

Such fragments went unrecorded for years, but they passed from one community to another and crossed vast territories and state lines with westward-moving settlers.

The chants are full of reference to common animals, such as the opossum, dogs, cats, cows, mules,

horses; to rivers, the weather, soil, farming, food, clothing, ranching, general awkwardness, wooden legs, and poultry. Perhaps the best-known of all the chants covers the poultry situation: —

Chicken in the bread tray
Pecking out dough.
"Granny, will your dog bite?"
"No, child, no."
Meet your partner and do si do.

Most of the chants were composed like exclamations — without much thought; but the composers, like the creators of lasting literature, touched frequently on religious and moral issues.

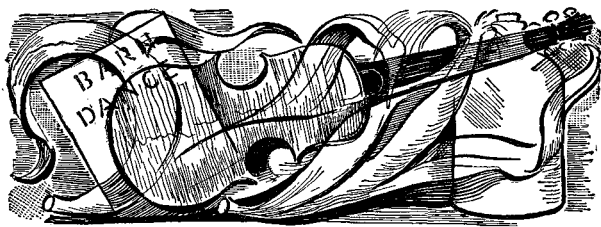
The rollicking square dance hasn't always been so universally approved in all circles as it is now. In some of the rural communities not so many years ago the dance was considered a sin, or something leading to a sin. In some sections of the rural South it was an established custom to "church" people who danced. The way to "church" a person is simply to kick him out as a bad example. The biggest objection was to the music. The fiddle was known as *the* instrument of old Sam Scratch himself, and several tunes, such as "Hell Among the Yearlings" and "The Devil's Dream," were titled accordingly.

The movements — that is, the hand-holding, body contacts, swinging, whirling, stamping, and then doing it all again — were not considered too vile unless there was music. Consequently, the "swinging play" came into being. The play was about the same as the dance; action on the floor followed the singsong chant of the caller, but there was no music, no atonement, no fiddler to pay.

This bit of Yankee ingenuity, North, South, and California, in lifting the dance to a plane high enough to suit all, gave us such swinging play chants as "Old Joe Clark," in which there are as many verses as could ever be necessary. Here is a little of it: —

Old Joe Clark is dead and gone
And I hope he's doing well;
He ate so many black-eyed peas
They made his stomach swell.
Round and round, Old Joe Clark,
Round and round, I say;
Round and round, Old Joe Clark,
I didn't come here to stay.

Such dances without music gained some popularity and gave the caller vast opportunities to bring



in folklore; but there never was a time when the sound of a man tuning a fiddle couldn't unjoint the best swinging play ever to damage a floor. And the first thing anyone knew, "Turkey in the Straw" had started something. Those who hesitatingly considered the consequences stood around the walls.

The reformist caller came through with a little subtle daring, such as: —

You swing me and I'll swing you;
We'll all go to heaven in a wooden shoe!

If that didn't bring in all the wall flowers, the caller had other chants along the same general line.

An effective one: —

Swing your lady, lift 'er high;
You'll be a preacher bye and bye!

The creators of such subtle protestations didn't stop with panning those who opposed dancing as a manner of having a good time; they went so far as to tease fate. There was only merriment at the dance, but the chant maker stuck to realism even in the midst of fun and frolic and fiddle music. Many a clear-toned caller brought results with: —

Ambulances and big black hearses!
Swing those doctors, then the nurses!

The soil-born dance chants seldom change. The oldest of chants is as popular today as it was fifty years ago.

Same old boy, same old route,
Same old shoes that won't wear out!

Non-Drinking Song

By JOYCE HORNER

SOMETIMES I think it's sad to be
Like me
And like tea.
It would be fine
To know about wine,
Cry to the waiter, "Hey!
Montrachet,
Chablis!"
(I whisper, "Tea.")
Or once in a while, "Ho!
Cliquot!"
But no,
Bring me another pekoe.
I'd like to get impassioned
Over an Old-fashioned,
Daiquiri, Sidecar,
But there you are —
Actually
I'm pained if you offer me
Cocktails for tea.
I know tea isn't a sin,
Like gin,
But though it won't hurt you
It's no virtue;
It won't make you fat,
Like chocolate,
Or thin —
It hasn't a single vitamin.
In fact the more I think
Of all there is to drink,
The more it seems to be
Sad to be like me
And like tea.



*Only a handful of men in the
world have had access to the
facts on which this book is based*

Sumner Welles'

THE TIME *for* DECISION

The outcome of twenty-five years' active leadership in world affairs, **THE TIME FOR DECISION** is a first-person record of the men and events that have shaped world history since 1918—set down by one of the few people in the world who is qualified to appraise them. Sumner Welles reviews frankly the failures and achievements of those years, surveys the problems that must be solved in Europe, Latin America, Asia and at home, and, with the full force of his knowledge, insight and deep personal conviction, presents a detailed, workable pattern for establishing the machinery of international cooperation.

"Among the many documents in this controversy, [about America's role in world organization] **THE TIME FOR DECISION** is the most expert and the best informed... eloquent and often brilliant, a book of great importance, great scope and lively interest to every American who can see beyond his own front yard."—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. \$3.00

**No part of this book has
appeared in Mr. Welles' speeches
or his newspaper columns.**

The August Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

**Photographs and text skilfully combined
in an entirely new form of biography**

This story of Wilson's rise, triumph and defeat is told in a form that blends the qualities of entertainment, drama, historical exactness, with the excitement of history being made before one's eyes. Unique, stirring, timely... revealing as no other form of narrative could be. With 300 photographs. \$2.00

WOODROW WILSON

As the Camera Saw Him Then
and as We Begin to See Him Today

By GERALD W. JOHNSON

With the collaboration of the Editors of LOOK

HARPER & BROTHERS • NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JEAN BURTON

A biographer of remarkable talent

The people she writes about were strange; their careers were fabulous, often sensational. She understands them, conveys to the reader all the pathos, humor, and absurdity of their characters, and tells their stories masterfully. She has thus made all her own "a rich and rewarding field. . . . Such people rarely make history, but their deviations from the human norm often do much to make history entertaining. They provide the comic relief to the more general tragedy of man's long and sorry story. . . ."

"Miss Burton is rapidly establishing herself as a specialist in nineteenth century eccentrics. Her **SIR RICHARD BURTON'S WIFE** and **ELISABET NEY** were rare and racy tributes to women who carried individualism to amazing lengths. They were written with memorable wit and suave relish in their gaudy material. But neither of those superior women could rival Home as a human phenomenon. They were merely mortal. And Home was a wizard. . . ."

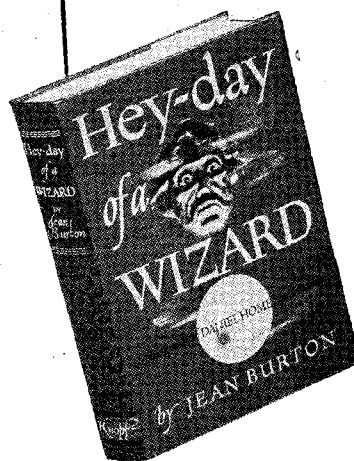
(ORVILLE PRESCOTT in the *New York Times*)

For sheer entertainment, as well as their insight into the minds of some extraordinary human beings, I recommend to you Miss Burton's biographies.

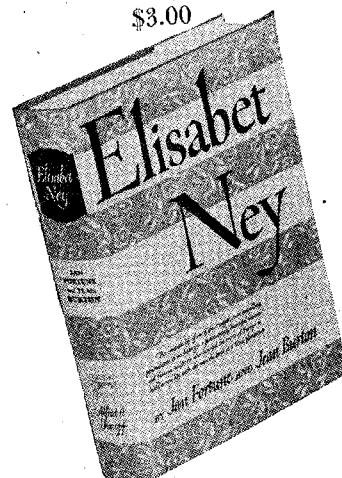
Amusing

— These books are on sale at all bookshops

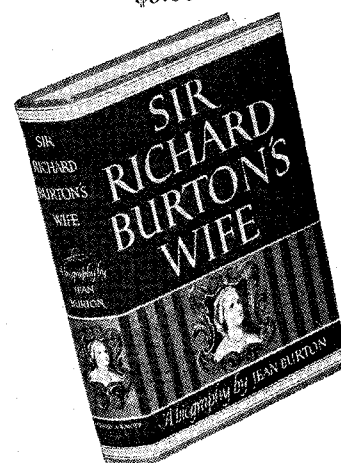
ALFRED • A • KNOPF, Publisher • 501 Madison Avenue • New York 22



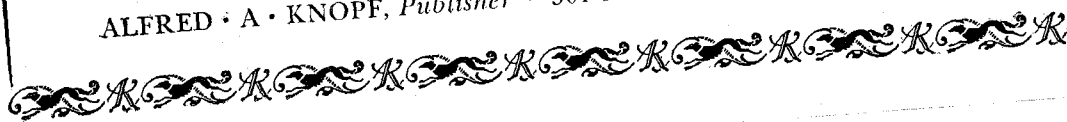
**HEY-DAY
OF A WIZARD**
A Biography of Daniel Home,
the Medium
\$3.00

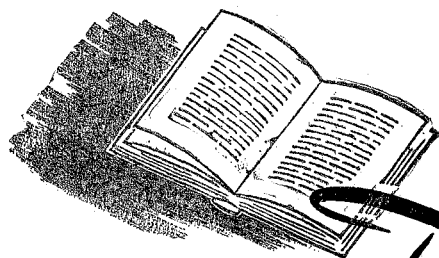


**ELISABET
NEY**
(in collaboration with Jan
Fortune)
\$3.00



**SIR RICHARD
BURTON'S WIFE**
\$3.00





THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

"Kick a tree for me," said the famous Mrs. Bell of Boston to a rusticator who had come to call, and those words spoke the disdain of the city lover to whom trees and beaches were simply tenements for insects and to whom the summer was an interval of lowered shades — an interval when one lived within the breathless cool of the high ceilings, with a touch of 4711 for the temples as the July humidity made even the silence sticky.

Trees mean more to all of us, city dweller and countryman, than they did in Mrs. Bell's day. There are fewer of them. Blight, fire, and the axe have thinned the woods that earlier Americans took for granted. Then, of all living things, the tree comes the closest to immortality, and I think men find solace in that apparent permanence at a time when human life is in jeopardy. This thought came home to me as perhaps it may come home to others in this most verdant spring; and acting on the impulse, I have been identifying the different trees which crown my three-acre moraine north of Boston.

Actually for twenty years I have been making a collection of trees, none of them my own. The best silver beech in my collection is in the Boston Public Garden, and to step beneath it on a May morning with the boughs lacing overhead and the buds bursting into their early green is to savor the full meaning

of that word "umbrageous." My favorite oaks are in the Midlands. You see them as you travel across the Ohio or Indiana farmlands, standing like the last of the Mohicans, and adding their solid strength to the farmer who plows around them. The elms — the American elms — are the graceful ladies of the town; their perennial beauty adds character to any village, and to see the elms in Williamstown and on Chestnut Street, Salem, when the lilacs are in bloom is to see the imperishable New England. My prize chestnuts are — or rather were — those which Thoreau measured (three times his outspread arms was their girth) on his walks along the Charles through Sudbury and Wayland. But they were silver limbless ghosts when last I saw them — victims of the blight which almost exterminated the chestnut in Massachusetts. The best lindens I know were planted more than a century ago in Beverly Farms; the most exquisite flowering trees, the camelias, are in the Sacramento Gardens, and the prize maples in my collection are those which stand, scarlet and yellow against the blue sky, between Peru and Manchester, Vermont — but that is a September story. I have never yet seen a redwood or a giant cypress or a cedar of Lebanon.

And somewhere I have lost my fig tree. I found it in the Southwest — was it in San Antonio? — a vast, wide, green umbrella. The picture stays with me, but I can't remember the place.

Trees are not always beneficent. Living amid a density of oaks, I

realize with what terrific swiftness a seemingly healthy limb can fall. The knowledge makes me wary when I see children playing under the boughs. It makes me realize that Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Mary Ellen Chase were not writing fortuitously when their characters were crushed by a toppling tree.

IN THIS ISSUE

THE TIME FOR DECISION • BY SUMNER WELLES
Reviewed by Herbert B. Elliston

LEBANON • BY CAROLINE MILLER
Reviewed by Frances Woodward

THE REST OF YOUR LIFE • BY LEO CHERNE
Reviewed by William Henry Chamberlin

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN • BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS
Reviewed by Lt. (j.g.) Robert W. Anderson

*Are we to face a
third world
war?*

The GREAT DECISION

By James T. Shotwell

*A book that
may change
history*

★
"Our victory over the Axis powers can be made a victory over war itself, if we bring to the support of peace the same kind of realistic strategy which we devote to war." *From the Foreword of James T. Shotwell's The Great Decision.*

How can we build a world organization that will give us permanent peace? There are many plans. What especially distinguishes Dr. Shotwell's proposals is the realistic and informed experience in international affairs which he brings to the problem, in a plan that may save future generations from a world perpetually at war. His brilliant interpretations of the happenings of the past and the present lend enormous strength to his forecast of what can, and must, be done. \$3.00

★
Dr. Shotwell, who is Director of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and Bryce Professor of the History of International Relations in Columbia University, here makes perhaps the most solid contribution yet offered toward the ideal of world peace.

Woodrow Wilson and the Lost Peace

By Thomas A. Bailey

This critical interpretation of the part played by the United States in making the Treaty of Versailles, with particular attention to Wilson, is not only a keen evaluation but is also an absorbing story of one of the most significant and dramatic episodes in history. \$3.00

Through the Perilous Night

By Joe James Custer

A veteran United Press correspondent's graphic story of the Pacific war. He experienced the fury of Pearl Harbor, observed the destruction of Japanese installations on Wake Island, saw Doolittle's planes skim off for Tokyo, was finally wounded and forced to quit the flaming Astoria off Guadalcanal. \$2.75

Russia and the Peace

By Bernard Pares

Sir Bernard Pares has devoted his life to knowing Russia and her people. This is his shrewd and unbiased reply to what the public wants most to know about Russia and the particular aspects of our relationship to the Soviet Union which are of greatest interest to Americans. \$2.50

Against Oblivion

By Sheila Birkenhead

This lively biography of Joseph Severn, artist friend of Keats and himself a man of brilliance, includes such figures as Shelley, Trelawny, Gladstone, and Ruskin, as well as the members of Keats' circle. "Marks the advent of a writer of unusual sensibility and charm."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune* \$3.00

The Gobi Desert

By

*Mildred Cable with
Francesca French*

"One of the great works of objective travel reporting in the English language."—*John Chamberlain, The New York Times* \$3.50

TRUMPET VOLUNTARY

By G. B. Stern

Endless and intriguing is the list of matters relevant and irrelevant discussed by G. B. Stern in this delightful new book. As in *Monogram* and *Another Part of the Forest*, she shows us the thousand jeweled patterns of her personal kaleidoscope. It is completely and uniquely G. B. Stern. \$2.75

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

The Sound I Listened For

By

Robert Francis

A new volume of poems by the author of *Stand with Me Here* and *Valhalla*. "His poems give pleasure fully and completely."—*Atlantic* \$2.00

The great heart

At Hampstead they show you the tree under which Keats loved to sit. I was reminded of this as I read Sheila Birkenhead's account of a party at the Spanish Inn on Hampstead Heath the spring of 1819. It was Joseph Severn who first noticed that Keats had disappeared from the circle, and on going into the night, he found the poet stretched out beneath the pine trees, listening entranced to the singing of the nightingales overhead. "A day or two later Keats took a chair into the garden at Wentworth Place and wrote out, during the morning, the 'Ode to a Nightingale,' 'in and out and back and forth on a couple of loose sheets of paper.' Later in the day Charles Brown saw him folding the scraps of paper carelessly away behind some books in his room and rescued them."

This episode, one of many in that eager, affectionate book, *Against Oblivion*, is characteristic of Severn's friendship for Keats. Severn had none of the flash of Leigh Hunt, none of the genius of Shelley and Wordsworth (both of whom intimidated Keats), but he had the observant eye of a miniaturist. He loved Keats for what he was and what he wrote, he certainly enlarged Keats's knowledge of music, and with the generosity which was to make him more famous than his painting, he broke off his own career to nurse the poet to Italy.

As the wife of Joseph Severn's grandson, Sheila, Countess Birkenhead has had access to the unpublished family papers. Her romantic biography of Severn is written with affection. Much of the dialogue in it is taken straight from the opinions the young men expressed in letters, and thus is written, rather than spoken, English. When there are gaps in the sequence, imagination follows the probable course. The book at the outset seems to me posed, like a waxwork, — the young men with their famous names are lacking in personality. The relations between Severn and his father are neither clear nor masculine. But after Tom Keats's death, the author is no longer arranging and explaining. Keats, Brown, Haslam, and Severn have become animated, and as one follows that heart-breaking duet of Keats's last letters and that diary-chronicle which Joseph was sending back to Mrs. Brawne and to his own family from Rome, we feel the sacrifice and see the tragedy more clearly than ever before. The picture of those two battling death is unforgettable. From Joseph it called out immense courage and constancy, for the best medical opinion of that time held that the contagion would inevitably attack him; from Keats it called forth resignation at a time when he had everything to win, and his knowledge of internal anatomy made every change in his condition tenfold worse. The letters tell it in those

wonderful phrases: *Keats*, "Oh what a misery it is to have an intellect in splints" . . . "How long is this posthumous life of mine to last?"; *Severn*, "I have been beating about in the tempest of his mind so long." . . . "I am broken down beyond my strength. . . . I have not slept for nine days."

This book is valuable not for its aftermath, but as the story of a friendship, the story of a great heart and a greater poet. Once you are drawn within its warmth, the urge is irresistible to turn back to the Odes and to those most sensitive of English letters.

The relenting wit

The Letters of Alexander Woolcott are gusty, airy, consciously entertaining, full of that personal extravagance which either won or offended you, Shylock-shrewd in their inner judgments of the theater and the radio, capricious in their championship of actors and playwrights, a trace snobbish in the great wealth of the author's intimates and a trace proud of the enormous number of his engagements, gossipy, eager to touch the mainspring of little people, and with a Sherlock Holmes appetite for the coincidences of a great story, the whole, individually and as a collection, being mitigated by a tenderness the more remarkable because of his superb memory and by a relenting affection which made him a truer, kinder friend than his wit might suggest. The letters, save toward the close when he is writing of England and of Alice Duer Miller and of this country at war, seldom strike deep. This was deliberate, for it was his manner to convey lightly the truth and the love which we occasionally glimpse in the hermit within.

Men and women in uniform

Nevil Shute (Commander Norway) is a novelist when his duties at the Admiralty permit. For four years he has been engrossed in problems of aircraft design, but when he comes down with a head cold, can't sleep, or has a Sunday off, he writes — as John Buchan wrote the Greenmantle series — for his own and others' relaxation. As a countryman, he has been long in London pent; a fisherman, he has a hankering for trout streams and woods and he makes that hankering work for him most effectively in his new novel, *Pastoral*.

Pastoral is the story of a bomber station on the outskirts of Oxford. It is the story of an intensely loyal community who lived a life of extremes. These pilots and ground crews and their attending women, those comely WAAFS who are so efficient at the radio control, are keyed up and impersonal, as the Wellingtons make ready for a night's run over Germany. The big birds go out at ten-thirty, "Mission completed" is radioed back from the target at mid-

How can the civilians win the peace
when the soldiers have won the war?

WALTER
Lippmann
U. S. WAR AIMS

in this brilliant, hard-
hitting analysis, chal-
lenges us to recog-
nize and fulfill our
national destiny.



The United States is now at the center of the Western World. If we accept the responsibilities which result from this fact, we with our Allies can secure a long peace. Otherwise, Western civilization will become a disorganized fringe around the Soviet Union and the rising peoples of Asia.

In his most provocative, most passionately forthright book, the author of U. S. FOREIGN

POLICY points out the road he believes our nation must take unless we are to deny our heritage, repudiate our history, disclaim the American idea. In 1918 the American people allowed the peace to be lost, U. S. WAR AIMS drives home the lesson we must learn before this war is ended. Here, in the opinion of the author, is how we must use the victory we shall win—to ensure the peace we require.

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book • \$1.50

by **BARTIMEUS**

East of Malta,
West of Suez

*The Official Admiralty Account
of the Mediterranean Fleet: 1939-1943*

The dramatic, inside story of the four years war to win naval control of the Mediterranean ... a story of thrilling action and canny strategy, told by a master narrator, the author of ACTION STATIONS!

Illustrated with maps and photographs. \$2.50

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

Letters HOME

Arranged
and edited by **Mina Curtiss**

Forty-two men—soldiers, sailors and marines—wrote these 254 letters. Each man's letters are presented in sequence, just as they were written home. "... real, palpitating Army life. It will enable any reader to personalize the news that will be coming to us from Europe all summer."—*N. Y. Times*.

\$2.75

*The author's royalties will go to the
American Red Cross.*

**Onwards
to
Victory**

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

continues his great report
of the history he is helping to make

Britain's Prime Minister—whom the *New York Times* calls "a great reporter in a supreme observation post while the greatest story of all time is unfolding"—reviews in this volume of speeches the year 1943—the great year when the tide turned. \$3.50

**NON-FICTION
BEST SELLER**

*N. Y. Herald Tribune
July 2nd*

YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS

Justice Holmes and His Family

by **Catherine Drinker Bowen**

BECAUSE

It is "a magnificent book about inspiring men" (*Los Angeles Times*) that "ranks with the finest biographies of our time."—*Boston Herald*

11th Large Printing • 351,340 Copies • \$3.00

A Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

**LITTLE, BROWN
& COMPANY
BOSTON**

night, and the survivors are home, fed, and asleep before four. To survive fifty such missions as that, a pilot needs luck, steady nerves, and peace of mind. Peter Marshall, a veteran of this particular squadron, has struck the perfect balance between action and quietude. Peter never forgets a thing he has learned over the dark target, and his crew trust him accordingly. But when the ships are grounded, he fishes for pike, borrows a rifle and goes after pigeons, or cycles eight miles by moonlight to see a wild fox and a badger.

Peter was nearing the end of his second tour when in a relaxed moment he noticed that pretty girl in uniform, Section Officer Robertson; within the week he and his anxious crew are exposed to that sudden unbalance which spring and propinquity produce in an unwary male.

The charm of this book is the charm of light and shade. The small talk at the mess, the joshing of Pat Johnson, are as true to life as the cryptic utterance in the control tower when a straggler is "fixed" over the North Sea. Peter cycling into camp with his eleven-pound pike is only another side of the same pilot who, a few hours later, is fighting for his life above Hamburg. How much Peter means to his crew, how much he means to Gervase, is never fully understood until his crash landing — the most powerful single passage in a book which is by turns adventurous and pastoral.

The Sitwells having tea

The three Sitwells, Osbert, Edith, and Sacheverell, have stood for a grace and an independence and a felicity of writing. How much enjoyment is to be had from the tapestry of their lives we have only recently been reminded by Sir Osbert's new book, *Left Hand, Right Hand!* In appreciation of this and earlier favors, there has lately come to me these gay, capricious verses by a young American poet, only recently released from our army: —

THANK GOD FOR SITWELLS

BY WILLIAM JUSTEMA

WHAT is that nasal sound of bees
drawing these weird and wonderful people
up and up interminably
past ornamental waters,
past terraces with their statues,
till from the last stair is seen
still higher, on a trestle,
the Sitwells having tea.

And who dares bring the Magi gifts,
who match their paraphernalia?
Can any wizard equal three?

Watch Osbert, now, take two old ladies
and, setting them down beside the sea,

make their grief, too, immortal.
While Sacheverell — he
will pile such excess on excess of style
it all becomes as simple as a tree.
Oh, hurry, hurry, salaam and curtesy.
From lily cups, before they sup,
the Sitwells are dispensing brandy

with Edith at the kettledrums.
How *green* she looks tonight. The
nets and nests and parasols,
the fruits and fires and waterfalls,
the feathers that she juggles
no doubt have worn her out.
Nevertheless she plays:
sybil and sister, Edith the indefatigable,
and her music is her sense.

Then gather against the coming dark
though it be upon a trestle.
See, that dean of fantasy is here —
Jules Verne, he has a new balloon,
and Baudelaire brought an octoroon,
and Flaubert left Salammbô, his big baboon,
below, on guard. The snows of yesteryear
have even, in a way, preserved Mr. Wilde.
(Who would have thought
those Goncourt brothers so fecund?)
Why, there's little Amy Lowell!
(I haven't seen *her* for a loon's age.)
No, Child, you mustn't touch things.

But suddenly a bell rings, dwarf butlers
parting the portieres of stars with:
"Poetry is served, Mademoiselles, Messieurs —"
and, for all my flippancy,
no one goes hungry.

Readers from the four corners

» I was much impressed by your vigorous denunciation of our American way of destroying old landmarks. I, too, have felt a sense of desolation at the "blotting out of the past." In this locality, it has been the wanton destruction of the land — rather than buildings — which has torn at my heart. But that, too, is surely a desecration of our heritage. — IRENE BERTSCHY, *Rhame, North Dakota*.

» As I look back at the old world which I left in 1926, I for one do not feel quite so poverty-stricken for things of the past as you make out. While the motor parkways around New York and other cities combat such shabbiness as the railroads in every country create, there are still many treasures to be found of American architecture, some of them shabby and some of them in the fine patina of age. Talbot Hamlin's *Greek Revival Architecture in America* is a guide to such adventures. It is the type of book that Europeans have had for at least two generations, and it is about an American accomplishment that should fill every American with pride and the endeavor to overcome the very faults that

TIME FOR GOOD READING  STYLE

DYNAMITE!

Straight from the Cross-Roads of Intrigue

HEADQUARTERS BUDAPEST

By Robert Parker

(Former Eastern European Chief of
The Associated Press)

FROM the powder keg of Europe comes this expert newspaper man's explosive account of current history in the making. Must reading for every American who thinks he knows or who wants to know what manner of yeast is responsible for the constantly bubbling ferment in the Balkans. Robert Parker's thrilling personal adventures and reports of intrigue make Oppenheim read like Mother Goose. \$3.00

A superb novel of
suspense and dread

BRIDE'S CASTLE

By P. W. Wilson



AN ancient castle . . . a curse that spanned 200 years to claim its victim . . . and the brides who rued the day they went happily with the Earls of Skelby to Helme Castle. . . . This is a haunting tale laid against the background of the English Lake Country. \$2.50

Fiction's Leading Lady

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

has a new volume of short stories

Alibi FOR Isabel

AND OTHER STORIES

ALL about fishing . . . being in love . . . the problems of an air raid warden—a perfect blend of mystery, adventure and romance by the author whose short stories are famous the world over. \$2.50

For connoisseurs only—
and all the discoverers of
FEBRUARY HILL

Victoria Lincoln's

NEW BOOK

GRANDMOTHER AND THE COMET

DEFT, brilliant stories that range from the gentle to the malevolent. Poignant—as the story of the rebellion of the vicar's son. Subtle—as in the tale of the woman who tried to return to her past. Hilarious—as in the account of the author's unwilling collaboration with the forces of nature. A perfect summer companion. \$2.50



He made
miracles—but
didn't believe
them

THE MAGIC OF LIMPING JOHN

By Frank Goodwyn

THERE'S magic in the pen that created this tale of a black-bearded fiddler of the Texas brush country. When Limping John conjured another bottle of tequila out of the innkeeper, both he and heaven knew this was no miracle. But he reckoned without the eager belief of his Spanish-American comrades. Wittily and simply written with all the charm of a *Tortilla Flat*. \$2.50

FARRAR
&
RINEHART
N. Y.

caused you to write your vitriolic remarks. — DIETRICH THOMEE, *Westfield, Massachusetts*.

» So Stephen Benét “invoked a new magic of fantasy in American prose.” God, what a fancy description of grave-robbing! What is a “new magic of fantasy”? If you have so many lazy words kicking around the *Atlantic* office, please string a few together to identify what Washington Irving invoked with “The Devil and Tom Walker.” — MRS. LEONARD GAYNOR, *Glen Gardner, New Jersey*.

» Your Potomac Prizes interest me keenly. However, I should like to add one more name. Recall that, last year, novelist-farmer Bromfield predicted a dire food shortage for February; that at that time there was to be a critical food shortage; that we were to be on the razor-thin verge of starvation? In the light of the actual facts concerning the real food situation at that time, Mr. Bromfield is certainly entitled to some special “Potomac” kudo, chromo, or similar evidence of honors for distinguished prophecy. — ERNEST G. BISHOP, *Los Angeles, California*.

» In a recent review of Ernie Pyle’s *Here Is Your War* you mention the fact that he had spiked the malicious rumors that Jewish-American servicemen were not doing their part at the front. As a Gentile with many Jewish friends in the services who are doing their part, I approve of what you said. There is reason to believe that these rumors, directed not only against the Jew but also against other minority groups, are part of a planned campaign to create disunity in America. I have examined a book called *Fighting for America*. In it are listed the names of the Jewish servicemen who have been decorated up to November 1, 1943. Before I had reached the letter “L” I was exhausted, and anyway it was time for “lights out.” Of the 574 servicemen listed up to Sergeant “Meyer Levin,” 42 had Distinguished Flying Crosses, 75 the Air Medal, 34 the Silver Star, 7 the Legion of Merit, 4 the Navy Cross, and 387 the Purple Heart. Sergeant Meyer Levin, who before his death in action off New Guinea was Captain Colin Kelly’s bombardier, received the Distinguished Flying Cross, Silver Star, two Oak Leaf Clusters, and a Purple Heart. But on the above list he is counted for the Distinguished Flying Cross only. — CORPORAL PALMER VAN GUNDY, *Camp Haan, California*.

» I appreciate your review of *Strange Fruit* more than any other I have read so far. I agree with you that the pornographic angle is unimportant. The four-letter words could have been omitted easily enough. Having been reared in a small South

Georgia county-seat town and having practiced medicine for twenty years in one of the larger cities of the state, it is my opinion, and that of a number of friends with whom I discussed the matter, that miscegenation is no longer a problem of any importance in this state. The practice has been on the decline for fifty years and is now rare.

But *Strange Fruit* does not even deal with the only type of miscegenation of which I have any knowledge — that of pure lust in its lowest expression. In this book the author portrays a beautiful, spiritual love affair between a white man and a Negro woman. That situation I have never known and I doubt that it has ever existed in Georgia except in the imagination of the author. The nearest approach to such conditions may have developed in the decadent days of New Orleans a century ago at the time of the notorious Octoroon Balls. So to answer your question as to the prevalence of such tragedy in Georgia, I would say that it is non-existent and that miscegenation of any type is rapidly becoming so.

The Negro characters in the book are finely drawn and I have known many like them. Many problems could be solved if there were more Sam Perrys and Besses to help solve them. But never have I seen as many stupid white people collected in one group as are found in this small town. Dr. Deen is portrayed as a weak nonentity and the rest of the citizens are little better than caricatures. Few things happen in small communities that the local doctor does not know about, and yet there is no evidence that he tried to stop the sordid affair in which his son was involved.

You state: “Without the shock (of the coarseness) I doubt if the moral would have gone home.” May I ask what is the great moral pointed out by this book? No solution of the unreal tragic situation is proposed by the author. In fact no happy solution is possible except complete social equality with general acceptance of intermarriage. Even Miss Smith is apparently not quite willing to face that issue. *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* gave quite an exaggerated picture of slavery, but it did offer an obvious solution of the problem it presented. *Strange Fruit* does not qualify for comparison in this important respect.

I am sorry that such a book was written at all, and especially by a Georgian, as that fact would seem to lend authenticity to what seems to me to be a wholly unjustified and fictitious picture of race relations in Georgia and the South in general. That economic, educational, and political inequalities exist I would be the last to deny, but books like this one will not help in their correction. — DR. THOMAS HARROLD, *Macon, Georgia*.



Halsman

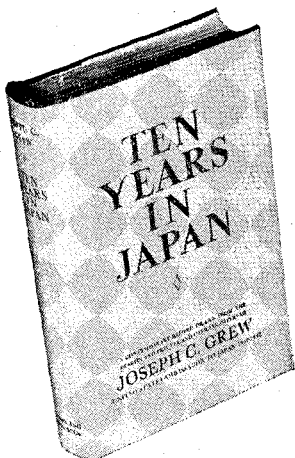
*Ambassador Grew's book
has just been published. The first
review to appear is reprinted below:*

"AN AMERICAN would have the right to expect from Ambassador Grew an informed story of Japan as it moved inevitably, though slowly, to the final, swift-fanged thrust at Pearl Harbor. This book is more than that. The documents, letters, reports, and extracts from his diaries in his ten pre-war years at Tokyo, which he has put together to make a big book, might well have made a dull one. Instead, here in human as well as official terms is the best description of our adversary in the East which anyone has given since war began. The Ambassador has an exciting story to tell, sometimes a tough one; but he has not forgotten the five pleasant years which preceded the sinking of the U.S.S. *Panay*. His book records the humorous as well as the dramatic

experiences in a personal history which was also an important passage in the history of the world. A little deaf Ambassador Grew may have been, as he records, but he had eyes in Japan which missed very little and a mind which kept its American objectivity while his understanding of the Japanese increased. In revealing combination he has added statesmen to geisha girls, audiences with the Emperor to golf course conversations, dinner parties to assassinations, gossip to documents, to make one of the wisest and certainly one of the most interesting books about the Japanese as a people at peace and a people moving in violence to overwhelming war."

— JONATHAN DANIELS

in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*



TEN YEARS IN JAPAN

By JOSEPH C. GREW

BOUND IN BUCKRAM • 578 PAGES, 24 PHOTOGRAPHS IN GRAVURE • PRICE, \$3.75

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK CITY

The Time for Decision

By SUMNER WELLES

+ + +



SUMNER WELLES

THE measure of Sumner Welles, about whom so much speculation arose last year, is now available in Mr. Welles's own words. His book, *The Time for Decision*, takes the reader behind the scenes of many of the events in which Mr. Welles played a notable part.

Writing with an earnestness which manages to shine through the prolixity of his language, he is intent to inculcate in the American people an awareness of their responsibilities of world leadership.

Mr. Welles's blueprint of a world order is founded on the Wilsonian concept of a "community of power" expressed in a world organization which shall operate at the bottom level in regional councils. There is enough moral underpinning in Mr. Welles's "Grand Design" to enlist the American liberal. Surprisingly in a career diplomatist, Mr. Welles demands "the recognition by all nations of the inalienable rights of every people on earth to enjoy freedom of religion, of information, and of speech." His other desideratum will not sit well with some of our allies. The basic principle must be established that "no nation has an interest or unlimited right to govern subject peoples."

The memoirist in Mr. Welles is inhibited by his personal relations and his continuing career. This is most noticeable in the handling of the two high spots in his diplomatic life: his mission to Europe in 1940, and his work in helping to draft the Atlantic Charter. Mr. Welles's trip to Europe was a mission of inquiry. But his record of his conversations, while frank in relation to Axis leaders, is meager in respect of Allied leaders.

Mr. Welles's staunch defense of the Atlantic Charter is refreshing at a time when the British Prime Minister is putting a discount on ideology. Mr. Welles sees no discrepancy in a realistic reshaping of frontiers — notably Poland's — provided the populations agree. In recounting the history of the document, Mr. Welles is skimpy. The President, it turns out, did not put the Charter over on the Prime Minister. Mr. Churchill himself suggested it, though the idea of the Charter had already taken shape in the President's mind.

A significant entry concerns the famous Fourth Article. As at first drafted, this would have attached the Hull doctrine of equality in trade dealings to the banner of the brave new world. Mr. Churchill objected, not on the grounds of personal opposition, but because he felt he could not commit the Dominions to a declaration which would have pronounced the death knell of the Ottawa preferences. Thus the Fourth Article included the reservation, "with due regard for their existing obligations," which virtually killed the pledge to end economic discrimination. However, it was fully understood, says Mr. Welles, "that this reservation was inserted solely to take care of what it was hoped would be merely temporary impediments to the more far-reaching commitment originally envisaged in that article."

What Mr. Welles has to say about the Good Neighbor policy is of absorbing interest. No other American except the President himself has a higher standing below the Rio Grande. The chapters on the Americas open with an account of Mr. Welles's expert job as Ambassador to Cuba; they wind up with the Rio Conference of 1942.

In order to win Argentina over, Mr. Welles, as head of the American delegation, felt impelled to agree to a watered-down anti-Axis declaration. Here he fell foul of Secretary Hull. Little of the inner history of this feud appears in Mr. Welles's pages. Some who were present at Rio feel that, in the battle of wits over the declaration, Mr. Welles could easily have outmaneuvered the Argentines. Certainly it cannot be regarded as a triumph of our diplomacy always to give way to Argentine demands. Mr. Welles's criticism of our non-recognition policy is, it seems to me, well taken. He pleads for acceptance of the Estrada doctrine of automatic recognition of any change of government in the Americas. Non-recognition as an end in itself is, as he says, a foolish weapon, because it makes matters worse, as in Argentina.

It was to be expected that Mr. Welles would give full credit to Mr. Roosevelt as a world statesman. But, while he is a fervent admirer of the Chief Executive, he is no idolater. He thinks, for instance, that "no more cardinal error" has been made by the Roosevelt administration than our course during the Spanish Civil War. But he muffles his pen over what seem to more objective observers equally egregious mistakes, such as the Presidential attitude toward the London Economic Conference of 1933, toward the neutrality legislation, toward stockpiling or the lack of it, and, of late, toward France. Mr. Welles pins an accolade on the President for such acts of brilliant improvisation as the destroyers-bases deal and the Lend-Lease Act. The accolade is richly deserved. But the world statesmanship of Mr. Roosevelt still awaits the verdict of history. He still has to do his part in leading the country to the assumption of those responsibilities at which it balked after the last war. *Harper, \$3.00.*

HERBERT B. ELLISTON

Lebanon

By CAROLINE MILLER

+ + +

MISS MILLER has set her tale of Lebanon Fairgail in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. But despite her extensive use of the vocabulary of the time, the book bears as little relationship to a modern historical novel as, say, *The Big Rock Candy Mountain* does to the beachhead communiqués of Ernie Pyle. Here is a strange, bemused far away and long ago, unfolded against a tranced, shimmering background of virgin cypress, myriad egrets, fabulous flowers — a deep South still nearly untouched by exploitation or settlement.

It is a land of fantasy, spun out in cadenced and skillful prose. It is, in Miss Miller's own words, "a foundering maze of beauty." As author she miraculously has founded very little. Nor does she misstep into the bogs of

AMERICA HAS A NEW Bestseller!



THE AMERICAN MERCURY: "He has lassoed the heart of American folklore . . . a gold mine of humor, laughter and folk song . . . It is the greatest thing of its kind to come down the pike."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW: "A monumental tome, a Behemoth, a Paul Bunyan among books . . . You'll find a lot of surprisingly engrossing, purely American stories in it . . . It will wear for the next hundred years."

PHILADELPHIA RECORD: "This massive and merry collection of the droll and the dizzy, the tangy and the slangy has everything!"

STERLING NORTH: "This book is a ring-tailed wonder . . . In parts it's sweeter than wild strawberries in June, cool as spring water after mint. In other parts it's mean as a western bad-man full of red dog liquor and rattlesnake juice."

5th large printing!

50,000 COPIES IN PRINT

ALMOST
1,000 PAGES

OVER
500 STORIES

OVER
100 SONGS (Words & Music)

\$3.00

THE COMPLETE ETCHINGS OF GOYA

With a Foreword by ALDOUS HUXLEY

268 ETCHINGS. Beautifully reproduced by a special deep-etch process, here are all the etchings ever made by one of the greatest artists of all time.

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE: "The book is a boon . . . 'Goya remains incomparable,' says Mr. Huxley, and these prints confirm the justice of the phrase."

N. Y. POST: "One of the year's outstanding publications."

\$3.50

TWENTY BEST FILM PLAYS

Edited by JOHN GASSNER and DUDLEY NICHOLS

CONTAINS the complete text in readable stage play form, of *It Happened One Night*, *The Women*, *My Man Godfrey*, *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, *Rebecca*, *Wuthering Heights*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, *How Green Was My Valley*, *Make Way for Tomorrow*, *Little Caesar*, *Fury*, *The Life of Emile Zola*, *Juarez*, *Mrs. Miniver*, etc.

PHILADELPHIA RECORD: "Delightful. Give this book five stars, then give it to anybody who likes both books and movies,"

1152 pages, \$3.50

CROWN Publishers, 419 Fourth Ave., New York 16, New York

whimsy or bathos. She believes — and if you go along with her, you believe too.

Lebanon herself is the only character who emerges nearly flesh and blood from this delicate imagery piled on delicate imagery, and Lebanon's nobility is of poetic rather than human proportion. Her ill-starred great love was for Sebastian Ratcliffe, a weakling. Her first marriage was to Fernald, whose complete degeneration sets something of a speed record. We leave her marrying for the second time, a sort of shadowy, aging preacher-saint. There have been other pioneer women in fiction whose courageous and enduring strength put to shame the weak or evil men who pioneered with them. One wonders, reading such books, how this country got settled at all.

The words of the book are lovely words. The winds and the trees and the black water of the cypress creeks are fragrant and authentically beautiful. Miss Miller loves first the dark, secret earth — and perhaps that is why the human beings who people it must inevitably come out second-best. *Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.*

FRANCES WOODWARD

The Rest of Your Life

By LEO CHERNE

+ + +



LEO CHERNE

HERE is a projection of the American post-war future with a maximum of factual deduction and a minimum of wishful thinking. The author starts out with two important premises about the war: it will "have solved no basic problems," and it "has struck no real emotional response." This is a dash of cold water both for those who saw in the war an ennobling crusade, and for those who have assumed that the unprecedented wartime production foreshadows a higher standard of living in time of peace.

But Mr. Cherne is in agreement with most of the observers who have been in close contact with the soldiers in reporting that their predominant impulse is to beat the enemy and come home. And he points out very clearly the fundamental differences between wartime and peacetime industrial production. To beat tanks and airplanes and warships into automobiles and washing machines and low-cost houses is very difficult. Instead of dealing with one customer, Uncle Sam, whose money reserves are inexhaustible and whose needs are relatively few and simple, industry must reckon with the changing tastes, whims, and fears of 135 million individual customers, large and small.

The author indicates the formidable task ahead when he points out that America has recently been producing goods to a value of one and a half times what was sold in the most prosperous pre-war year. In a half-humorous illustration of what would be necessary to ensure full employment, he lists such items as: lay three tombstones in 1946 for two in 1940, wear three shoes, travel 150 miles for every pre-war 100 miles.

He frankly doubts whether this can be done under private enterprise, and anticipates a swing back to government intervention, although he believes that the mood in the country will be conservative, that labor unions will be curbed, and that there will be little favor for radical innovations. His horoscope also forecasts a growth in race and class tensions and a spotty growth of unemployment. He discounts the danger of runaway inflation and believes that people will hold their war savings.

Dealing largely with what has been called the dismal science of economics, the book is lightly written; and one can imagine an Oxford don searching vainly in a dictionary for the meaning of the following phrases: "Small business will really need the hay. . . . The chap with the biggest bank roll will continue to get the gravy." But for all its breezy American slang this is a hardheaded analysis of the American that is shaping up, and its predictions will probably wear well. *Doubleday, Doran, \$2.75.*

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Leave Her to Heaven

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

+ + +



B. A. WILLIAMS

IT is hard to imagine anyone more selfish or cruelly possessive than Ellen Harland, the heroine of Mr. Williams's new novel. She is as venomous and ensnaring as a black-widow spider. "I will never let you go," whispered Ellen to Richard as she was seducing him into marriage. And thus began for Ellen the insidious struggle for the exclusive rights to this man's love and interest — and for Richard began dreadful, tempestuous years, filled with a strange devotion that held a strong admixture of hate.

The plot is everything in this novel — and it is a humdinger. It has all the high suspense of a first-rate mystery story, and to disclose the content or sequence of the chilling scenes would be unpardonable. It must suffice here to present the stuff of which the yarn is woven: Richard Harland, young Bostonian novelist, virile, straightforward; Ellen Harland, his wife, whose avowed desire was to monopolize any thing or person she set her eye on; Danny Harland, victim of infantile paralysis and the hero-worshipping younger brother of Richard, who was devoted to him; Ruth, the adopted sister of Ellen, and as unlike her as anyone could be; Pettingill, a shrewd and likable Maine lawyer whose job it was to get an acquittal for his client, the defendant in one of the more amazing legal cases in fiction.

Once the skillful Mr. Williams has your interest in his grasp, you are caught for the night. The ingenious and fantastically contrived tale moves before a background of nature which varies its moods with the moods of the story, providing floods, forest fires, and at last, when peace descends on these tormented beings, a calm, beneficent countryside. *Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50.*

LT. (j.g.) ROBERT W. ANDERSON

Lillian SMITH

For years—as a teacher, as an editor, as a child psychologist, as an American, as a citizen of the world her career has been distinguished. It is natural therefore that she should write not merely a successful work but a distinguished novel.

STRANGE FRUIT

Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. \$2.75

Photo courtesy of SKVIRSKY, Atlanta, Ga.



THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

THE WORLD OF WASHINGTON IRVING

by VAN WYCK BROOKS

FOREWORD. — In *The Flowering of New England*, Van Wyck Brooks conceived and animated a new form of literary history. Perceptive and illuminating, his studies of American writers are a skillful blending of the individual essence with the temper of the times. In his new book, of which we shall publish more than a third, Mr. Brooks turns to New York and Philadelphia to appraise those authors and artists who were at their zenith in the early nineteenth century.

The opening chapters, which appeared in the *Atlantic* in June and July, introduced us to that traveling bookseller and shrewd, gossipy biographer, Parson Weems; to the fantastic and pathetic refugees from the French Revolution; to William Bartram, the naturalist who saw Florida in its untouched beauty; to William Dunlap, who made the New York theater cosmopolitan; to young Washington Irving, a collector of stories, who loved the Hudson and the wilderness beyond it and who sought out the dwindling Dutch settlers; and to James Fenimore Cooper, who had served in the American navy, talked with survivors of the American Revolution, and whose knowledge of the sea and the forest was to yield the material of his novels.

19

IN 1822,¹ James Fenimore Cooper settled in New York, in order to be near his publisher, and he presently founded a little club, called the Bread and Cheese, at which he and his friends might lunch together. Among the older members were William Dunlap and Chancellor Kent, who was soon to edit his *Commentaries* on American law, and others were James De Kay, the naturalist, the painters Jarvis, Durand, and Morse, and the poet Fitz-Greene Halleck, the author of *Fanny*. Morse had returned from England and, setting up as a portrait painter, had painted President Monroe for the city of Charleston, while Durand, who engraved for the annuals later, searched Philip Hone's collection for subjects and the gallery of Joseph Bonaparte at Bordentown. The engraving of Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence" had established Durand's reputation. Another member of the club was Gulian C. Verplanck, a writer on law and theology and an editor of Shakespeare. In Verplanck's old family house at Fishkill the Society of the Cincinnati had been formed at the close of the Revolution, and he was himself a lover of literature, history, and art and the intellectual spokesman of the New York Dutch. He had been one of those who grieved over Irving's *History of New York* as a coarse and painful travesty of the manners of his forebears, and he was especially noted for his public discourses. In these he praised Las Casas, Roger Williams, and William Penn as well as De Witt and Grotius and the Dutch

¹ At this time Cooper had published virtually nothing but *The Spy*, but he was already nationally and even internationally famous. *The Pioneers* and *The Pilot* appeared in 1823, *The Last of the Mohicans* in 1826, and *The Prairie* in 1827. After this Cooper's books were published at the rate of about one a year, although five were published in 1838. Two of the Leather-Stocking tales appeared much later than the first three — *The Pathfinder* in 1840 and *The Deerslayer* in 1841.

Republic. A friend of every liberal mind, Verplanck impersonated well the fading Dutch spirit of the town.

In this little group of illuminati, the rising "commercial emporium" was by way of becoming a focus for things of the mind. New York was replacing Philadelphia as the literary center,² although most of the writers regarded their work as a pastime: they usually had one foot at least in politics, business, or law, into which they relapsed altogether at the slightest pressure. There were still a few old landed families who held trade in low esteem, and Cooper was one who shared this prejudice, but the merchants ruled the little city — the "queen of business" certainly, though not yet of the world. Brisk and youthful, New York still had a country look, and the scavenger hogs ran wild through the half-built streets. The pavements were atrocious, the corner-lamps were dim, and marble mansions were flanked by wooden shanties. It was a "hobbledehoy metropolis, a rag fair sort of place," as Cooper liked to annoy the citizens by saying, but everybody marveled at the brilliant New York air, the neatness of many of the houses, and the freshness of the paint.

There were miles of low brick dwellings with a blood-red coating and white lines setting off the bricks, and even these humbler houses, with their French clocks and Brussels carpets, Italian alabaster and curtains from Lyons, were proofs of the far-flung enterprise of the New York merchants. The statelier aristocratic houses were stiffly furnished with high buffets, high-backed, hair-bottomed chairs and family portraits, and silver trays with

² Speaking of New York, the editor of the *Port Folio* observed in 1820, "With such rivalry Philadelphia must yield the proud title which she has borne or rouse from the withering lethargy in which she slumbers."

cordials for morning callers, while some of the more recent mansions were as sumptuous as the Hudson steamboats, adorned with carvings, gilt, and bird's-eye maple.

The older families still maintained their taste for English modes, and the authority of England was scarcely questioned either in the sphere of literature or the sphere of religion; but in other circles and other matters, since the War of 1812, this taste had yielded to a passion for everything French.³ Every ship that came into port turned the *bon ton* topsy-turvy, creating in one week, as a writer observed, a French Revolution among hats, gowns, and scarves. Parisian chefs were much in vogue, and there were many French boarding-houses and French cafés with marble-topped tables where one played chess and dominoes under pictures of Paris. Meanwhile, the bogus count and baron were already a part of the picture, drawn by the gayety and grace of the New York girls and the dollars that rose in fountains from their gullible fathers. Such was the famous Baron von Hoffmann, who serenaded the young ladies under their Broadway windows with Tyrolese airs. But the fountains of dollars that rose one day too often vanished overnight; and Fitz-Greene Halleck's *Fanny*, which appeared in 1819, was the story of the rise and fall of a fountain and a belle.

For New York was accustomed to sudden changes of fortune. It was the home of the speculator and the *nouveau riche*, especially when, with the Erie Canal, the market-town of the Hudson valley became the leading port and metropolis of the country. It was "Clinton's ditch," indeed, that made New York the "Empire State," as it procured for the city the commerce of the northern West; and a hundred hamlets, Buffalo and Rochester among them, were to owe their rapid growth to the canal. All thanks to the imagination of De Witt Clinton. For Governor Clinton spent fourteen years preparing and planning for the canal, which was opened in 1825, when the waters of Lake Erie were mingled into those of the Hudson and the products of the vast farms of the interior of the country began to flow through the port of New York.

Of mixed Irish and Dutch descent, the Presbyterian Clinton had long since been a friend of Thomas Paine, and, like Jefferson, whom he followed, he was always at home with artists, writers, scholars, pathfinders, and dreamers. As mayor, he had virtually founded the New York public-school system, and in 1822 he published the *Letters*, signed "Hibernicus," that described his explorations for the canal. He had followed its future route with the zest of a naturalist born, pausing to examine old fortifications while he studied the birds and the flowers

³ "The time has already arrived when America is beginning to receive with great distrust fashions and opinions from England. Until within the last fifteen years, the influence of the mother country, in all things connected with mere usages, was predominant to an incredible extent; but every day is making a greater change." — Cooper, *Notions of the Americans*, 1828.

Two years later, Mrs. Trollope, noting in New York the long-established taste for everything French, observed, "Everything English is decidedly *mauvais ton*; English materials, English fashions, English accent, English manner, all are terms of reproach; and to say that an unfortunate looks like an Englishwoman is the cruellest satire which can be uttered."

along the way, the orchards and poultry farms, the cornfields and gristmills. He tried the rafters of Fort Niagara, with its memories of the "old French war," and at Crooked Lane he picked up tales of Jemima Wilkinson and her coach, inscribed with her initials and a star. In the luxuriant Mohawk valley he watched the Indians spearing fish, while the Indian girls made wampum, and he delighted in the cataracts, the picturesque lakes and growing spas, exulting in the limitless destiny of the people and the country.

20

NEW YORK was a curious mixture of the countrified and the cosmopolitan. Many of the merchants had come to town from farms. Their rural habits clung to them, and there were still farms on Broadway, while the villages of Greenwich, Chelsea, Yorkville, Bloomingdale, and Harlem were all but innocent as yet of the encroachments of the town. One could shoot snipe in the marshes and meadows of Chelsea, where Clement C. Moore, who wrote *'Twas the Night Before Christmas*, presently laid out streets on his family farm. Moore, whose father had been bishop of New York, presented a large square of land to the General Theological Seminary, where Verplanck was one of the lecturers and he himself was professor of Hebrew and Greek.

At the same time, exiles and wanderers of many races found an asylum in New York, a retreat or a home. There were fugitives from South America, Mexico, and Cuba, which were undergoing an epoch of revolutions; and in 1819 Lorenzo da Ponte, who had first arrived in 1805, returned to his "ever-blessed city of New York." Meanwhile in 1823, the most famous of the Cuban poets, José María Heredia, appeared in New York, with Felix Varela, also from Cuba, and José Antonio Miralla, who published in Philadelphia his fine translation of Gray's *Elegy*. For these were the years of the great revolutions that freed the Latin American countries, although Cuba remained attached to Spain, and New Yorkers remembered the *Leander*, when it lay in the Hudson in 1806, at the time of Miranda's insurrection.

Henry Clay had warmly supported the Latin American states, and the speeches of Clay, translated into Spanish, were read, like Paine's writings in earlier days, to these other revolutionary armies. Clay was filled with a passionate zeal for the South American patriots. He saw the Holy Alliance darkly plotting to restore the imperial despotism of Spain, and he longed to form a league of New World republics to oppose this odious relic of the Middle Ages.

He hoped to see the Western Hemisphere the ark of a higher and freer civilization. By 1822, his name had become a household word in many a South American village and town, while William Cullen Bryant, soon to settle in New York, was the first American poet whose mind was awake to the literature of these countries. Later Bryant visited Mexico and Cuba, and for many years to come he discussed relations with Latin America in the

Evening Post, of which he was editor-in-chief. In New York, Heredia supported himself by teaching Spanish, and there he published his first collection of poems, of which Bryant translated one or two;⁴ and thus began in North America an interest in Latin American culture that was to grow in time, though slowly indeed. For neither of the continents was culturally independent enough to be deeply concerned about the other: both still looked towards Europe in literary matters in a way that scarcely conduced to a mutual respect.

As for Lorenzo da Ponte, who had written three librettos for Mozart, — *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Così fan tutte*, — he opened a bookshop in New York and the first Italian opera-house, and he was professor of Italian at Columbia also. This romantic Venetian adventurer had led a variegated life before he arrived in America in 1805, and he saw his whole existence as a series of beneficent acts rendered to a set of ungrateful wretches and traitors. A converted Jew in the Sybaris of Goldoni's Venice, he had been a youthful abbé there, one of those little perfumed abbés who danced minuets and improvised madrigals and spent their nights in amorous adventures and intrigues. He had become there a friend of Casanova, whom he visited years later at the castle of Dux, and, teaching rhetoric at Treviso, he was denounced by the Inquisition — he was banished from the country and sought refuge in Vienna. His talent impressed Metastasio, the old court-poet, and he became for a while the court-poet himself and a favorite of the emperor Joseph II, and there he adapted *The Marriage of Figaro* and wrote his other librettos for Mozart.

Once more a victim of human perfidy, not to mention his own wiles, he was dismissed from Vienna and went to London, where he had a third career as a publisher of Italian poetry and the poet of the theater in Drury Lane. He arrived in America ruined again, pursued by malignant humanity, with a box of violin strings and Italian classics, and living in Elizabeth and later in Sunbury, Pennsylvania, he established himself for a while as a grocer and distiller. He weighed tea and measured tobacco, with his poet's hand, for cobblers and carters, and poured out their three-cent morning dram, and he had a run of luck at Sunbury that he could not understand till he found that he was taken for Du Pont, the powder-maker.

Then his guardian angel Clement C. Moore urged him to settle in New York, where he could have no rivals as a teacher of Italian. He set up his bookshop, he was an impresario, and he built in his house a little theater where his classes acted Italian comedies. This charming, disarming old humbug enjoyed a sunny senescence at last amid scores of young ladies who read the poets with him, and he spread through all New York a taste for Italian music and letters. Late in life, he wrote the *Memoirs*, modeled in part on Rousseau's *Confessions*, that suggested the memoirs of Cellini and were almost as amusing.

The poet Fitz-Greene Halleck was one of Da Ponte's

⁴ Bryant included in his poetical works a translation of Heredia's "The Hurricane." He is also believed to have made the translation of Heredia's "Ode to Niagara," which appeared in the *United States Review and Literary Gazette*, of which Bryant was one of the editors.

hundreds of pupils,⁵ and Bryant, when he arrived in New York, lodged with a family of singers whom the old man drew across the ocean. These were the Garcias and their children, one of whom, Marie Félicité, soon became Madame Malibran, and Pauline, Madame Viardot, Turgenev's mistress. As for Halleck and Bryant themselves, they were country young men, like many of the merchants, and, like Horace Greeley, who presently came from Vermont, they were both from the west of New England; for the Yankees of the hinterland drifted as naturally to New York as the Yankees of the eastern seaboard drifted to Boston.

Halleck had come from Guilford, Connecticut, where his father kept a country store. He himself had opened there an evening school for bookkeeping, for he was a methodical man with the habits of a clerk. Arriving in New York, as early as 1811, he later became the private clerk of John Jacob Astor, meanwhile developing a graceful talent as a writer of light verse who was known as a sort of local Horace. He had the sprightly step and the jaunty air that were supposed to characterize New Yorkers; and his *Fanny* pleased the town with its touch-and-go allusions to Weehawken, Saratoga, and the Falls of Cohoes. These spots had scarcely been celebrated in rhymes before, and even John Randolph quoted the poem, while the young student of history in Boston, William Hickling Prescott, admired and praised it. Then Halleck wrote lines on moonlight evenings, sailing up the Hudson or on the boat to New Haven that passed through the Sound. A devotee of Scott, Byron, and Campbell, he translated a psalm into Campbellese, but his most stirring poem was the well-known "Marco Bozzaris," in honor of the hero of the Greek revolution. Of this, one might have said that, if Byron had never existed, it could have represented Byronism; but Halleck's talent was wholly mimetic and within a few years it faded away, though it made him for a time the most popular poet in the country. By 1832, he was "broad awake with both eyes from the morning dream of poetry," as he said, and his happiest days were those he had spent with Joseph Rodman Drake, the young poet who had died in 1820. When, in 1813, they fell in with each other, Drake was a medical student, five years the younger, and he had become a doctor with an office in the Bowery and Halleck's inseparable friend. They spent their holidays in walks along Drake's "bonny Bronx," or strolling on the Battery, or sailing in the bay, often meeting at the Shakespeare Tavern or another favorite ale-house, where Charlotte Temple was once supposed to have lived. They had written together the *Croakers*, a poetical *Salmagundi*, which more or less paralleled Irving's papers in prose, referring in their nimble verses to the lamps in front of the mayor's house, Niblo's, Cato's, Burnham's Hotel, and various milliners, tailors, and bankers.

These topical trifles amused New York; and the editor, William Coleman, who was delighted to print them in the *Evening Post*, was all but swamped with imitations of

⁵ One of his other pupils was Julia Ward Howe, who maintained for three generations the mood and style of the old Italian improvisatori.

them. Then Drake wrote "The Culprit Fay," a pretty, musical, fanciful poem evoking a midsummer night over the Hudson. Drake had brought home from a visit to England a copy of Keats's *Endymion*, and in much of his work he was influenced as largely by Keats as Halleck by Byron and Campbell.⁶ It was in his memory that the sorrowful Halleck wrote "Green be the turf above thee."

21

THE attractive Drake had vanished before Cooper or Bryant came to New York—he died at twenty-five of consumption; but the chilly and limited Halleck was not the only poet there, and the best-known writer after Cooper was James Kirke Paulding. In Irving's absence, Paulding had become a leading New York writer, casual and hasty as he was, — and light-hearted about it, — a shadow and understudy of Irving who cherished his memories of "Cockloft Hall" and continued *Salmagundi* in a second series. He shared the antiquarian feeling that was strong in his old comrade, together with Irving's conservatism in social matters, satirizing Robert Owen and ridiculing "new views" of society and poking all manner of fun at the "perfection of reason"; while, as a man of Dutch descent, he loved the Knickerbocker past that Irving had made merry with and laughed at. This feeling grew in him as the old Dutch houses vanished from New York one by one, and it gave birth to the best of his novels, *The Dutchman's Fireside*, a charming tale of the northern country in the days of the French and Indian war. The Dutch tradition was rapidly fading, but Paulding blew on its dying embers, reviving the years when Schenectady was the frontier town and Sir William Johnson reigned in the Mohawk valley, and he re-created the life and fortunes of a Dutch mansion near Albany that was built of yellow bricks brought over from Holland. While the picture of the household there with its Doric, heroic simplicities was based on the memoirs of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, the feeling and fancy were Paulding's own, as the fine portrait of Johnson was and the checkered romance of young Sybrandt and his cousin Catalina. Dim as it seemed in later times beside Cooper's *Satanstoe*, this liveliest of Paulding's stories still opened a window on an otherwise irrecoverable scene of the past, while of all his other stories scarcely a trace remained in the mind save the nursery jingle "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

For thirty years a prolific writer in almost every form, Paulding was memorable only in his *Letters from the South* and his parodies of English authors of American travels. In 1816, he sailed for Norfolk, setting out on horseback from there, carrying his "plunder" behind

⁶ "The American Flag" is perhaps the poem for which Drake is best remembered: —

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air, etc.

Cooper quoted from "The Culprit Fay" several times in his chapter headings. Later Albert P. Ryder painted a series of panels from it.

him in a Jersey wagon, riding to the Virginia Springs, following the Blue Ridge mountains, and returning by way of the Shenandoah and Harpers Ferry. He stopped at the houses of planters where Northerners appeared, forgot they were not at home, and remained for months, with their wives and their carriages and servants, and he passed processions of manacled slaves, sold in Maryland, marching south, half-naked, without shoes or stockings, bound with ox-chains. The children were tumbled like pigs together in carts, and the armed white drivers looked Paulding straight in the eye. He was happier among the woodsmen, in the western Virginia mountains, ready for the wildest weather in the pathless forest, ready for the North Pole, if any errand carried them there, and skillful enough to shoot out the eye of the wind. The prairie schooners charmed him, heaving in sight like ships on the sea, with the peaked ends of their canvas covers that might have been gaff-topsails. In all these regions, so diverse, and for all the scenes that saddened him, he felt the deep ties that drew the country together, in noiseless opposition to the little local feelings that were really matters only for good-natured banter.⁷

The patriotic Paulding detested the spirit of imitation that filled the cities along the Atlantic coast, the want of national self-respect that gave such an unmanly tone to the modes, manners, and opinions of the fashionable classes. Why this toadying to Europe and especially to England — when, month after month, the British reviews, the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's*, decried and insulted America as a barbarous land? They carried on a bitter campaign, perhaps to discourage emigration and arouse a distrust of republicanism in the rising English masses. One might have supposed that in beggarless, crimeless New York there was nothing to be seen but drunkenness, bundling, and gouging, and the chief amusement of Charleston people, according to *Blackwood's Magazine*, was to curse and beat their slaves at the dinner table.

Paulding's *John Bull in America*, a sort of new Munchausen, was a mildly amusing burlesque of these books, in which an imagined Englishman surpassed the real ones in his ignorance, gullibility, and exaggerations: he was stopped by a footpad in Connecticut, and he saw Thomas Jefferson reduced to appearing for his bread on the boards as an actor; he went through an earthquake three times a week and found that half of the people of Boston were black; it interested him to discover that terrapin soup was made from the fingers and toes of pickaninnies. While a little of this went a long way, the satire was not ineffective, thanks chiefly to the sobriety and dryness of the style.⁸ Unhappily, in another book, which he called

⁷ "Distinctions that an acute observer may detect do certainly exist between the eastern and the western man, between the northerner and the southerner, the Yankee and the Middle States man; the Bostonian, Manhattanese and Philadelphian; the Tuckahoe and the Cracker; the Buckeye or Wolverine and the Jersey Blue. Nevertheless, the world cannot probably produce another instance of a people who are derived from so many different races, and who occupy so large an extent of country, who are so homogeneous in appearance, characters and opinion." — Cooper, *The Sea Lions*.

⁸ "About five in the afternoon we arrived at Bellows Falls, at the mouth of the Ohio, where I embarked on a steamboat for

A Sketch of Old England, Paulding carried the war into the enemy's country. He meant to turn the tables here on the English travel-writers, but he had on his hands a theme that required a powerful book or none at all. His poor little drops of acid were mere brackish water.

Such was the literary scene of New York when the "father of American song" — as Bryant was called later — came to live there, a poet certainly far from great, but novel and surprising, so clear, pure, natural, and simple was the note of his work. He was the first American poet who was wholly sympathetic with the atmosphere and feeling of the country and who expressed its inner moods and reflected the landscape, the woods, and the fields as if America itself were speaking through him. Save here and there for some casual poem, the earlier American rhymesters were quite without this native original tone, and Americans by general consent agreed to forget them;⁹ for of what permanent value were poems that merely echoed English models with faint hints now and then of native themes? Bryant's models were English too, but the feeling in his verse sprang from another world and a fresh inspiration.

The grave, austere, and sensitive Bryant sincerely expressed a whole-souled joy alike in the American spirit and the American scene, and it was this that won for him the pride of his own countrypeople and the slight measure of interest he aroused in England. He was unique in this respect even among the newer poets. It was observed that Fitz-Greene Halleck rose to an unwonted pitch under the excitement and stimulus of a visit to England, for many regarded "Alnwick Castle" ¹⁰ as by far the best of Halleck's poems, in which for once he had broken his leading-strings. An English theme had given him the freedom as a poet which he had never achieved on American ground. There were few American writers indeed who did not lose all their American moorings when they set foot in Europe, and especially England, whereas Bryant was free as an American and as a poet, and he only felt abroad, in the course of many journeys, the absence of the wild scenes that he loved at home: —

New York. These steamboats, all the world knows, were invented by Isaac Watts, who wrote the Book of Psalms. Yet the spirit of democracy, as usual, has claimed the honour for one Moulton, or Fulton, I forget which. . . . Being determined to hold as little communication as possible with the turbulent spirit of democracy, without asking any questions I took the stage, crossed a bridge to the north of Boston, which bestrides the Potomac river, and in less than half an hour arrived in Charleston, the capital of the state of North Carolina, a city famous for eating negroes," etc. — *John Bull in America*.

⁹ See Cooper's report of his talks in England with William Godwin and Samuel Rogers: "He [Godwin] wished to learn, in particular, if we had any poets — 'I have seen something of Dwight's, and Humphreys', and Barlow's," he said, 'but I cannot say that either pleased me much.' I laughed and told him we could do better than that now. . . . Mr. Rogers introduced the subject of poetry. . . . It was silently agreed to treat all who had gone before the last ten years as if they had not written." This, after Bryant began to write, was the general attitude at home.

¹⁰ This poem expressed a typically American regret for the fall of the romanticized old order in England: —

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglas in red herrings.

Lone lakes — savannas where the bison roves —

Rocks rich with summer garlands — solemn streams —
Skies, where the desert eagle wheels and screams —
Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves.¹¹

He missed the noble sweep of forest, the broad expanse of pasture land, the towering trees that bordered shaggy streams; and his indifference to other effects — the romantic picturesqueness of Europe — bore witness to the reality of his feeling for these. He was at home with his own, like Cooper, who shared his tenacious Americanism and who celebrated in prose the mystery and grandeur of the forest and wilderness world of the poems of Bryant.

A Massachusetts man, a lawyer at Great Barrington, Bryant was thirty-one when he settled in New York, and he had already written and published some of the best of his poems — he never surpassed the work of his early youth. Destined as he was to live and write for three generations, he had begun in the heyday of John Trumbull and Dwight, and he must have encountered Philip Freneau in the circle of Gulian Verplanck, who befriended the forgotten old "poet of the Revolution."

For Freneau was often in New York, dressing to the end in the small-clothes, the buckled shoes, and the cocked hat of colonial days, but he had had to mend clocks and work on the roads to pay his taxes; and although he still published verses in the country papers, he had passed out of the memory of most men living. But he was loyal to New York, his birthplace, and the Knickerbocker writers were loyal to him: they liked the tolerant, frank old man, with his eighteenth-century culture, and Verplanck especially mourned when he heard that Freneau had been caught in a blizzard and was picked up dying at the door of his New Jersey farmhouse.

Verplanck alone praised Bryant when he was wholly unknown in New York and had just published a few of his verses in Boston, but he did not know perhaps that Bryant's first poem was like Freneau, though it came from the other side of the political fence. This was *The Embargo*, by "a youth of thirteen," which had appeared as a pamphlet in 1808, a rhymed political invective, a bitter attack on Jefferson, such as Freneau had launched from the opposite camp. For Bryant, a Jeffersonian later, expressed the feelings of a Federalist household who were all for the secession of New England at the time of the Embargo, and neither Timothy Dwight nor Fessenden could have surpassed the virulence with which he assailed the "wretch" in the president's chair: —

Go, scan, Philosopher, thy Sally's charms,
And sink supinely in her sable arms;
But quit to abler hands the helm of state.

22

WHEN Bryant began to think for himself, he found that he too was a democrat, as Philip Freneau had always been, and all that gave the incident meaning was that the verse was adroit and showed a precocious knowledge of poetical

¹¹ "To Cole, the Painter, Departing for Europe."

form. This, too, like the sentiment of the poem, was a fruit of the household, for the forebears of this clever boy had been writing verses for three generations and the Bryants, like so many Yankees, were scholarly in grain. When Bryant was around ten years old, his farmer grandfather set him the task of turning into rhymes the Book of Job, and gave him a ninepenny coin when he had achieved it; and, what was quite as important for him, his father ridiculed the rhymes and would not "allow this doggerel," as he said, "to stand." Both these two interested elders really cared for poetry, and one of them cared enough to be critical also, so that Bryant was encouraged to produce it and subjected as well to a more or less rigorous standard. Later he showed in all his work a feeling for perfection that was again without precedent in American verse, and for this no doubt he was largely indebted to his father.

Dr. Bryant, a Harvard man, a member of the legislature, known throughout Hampshire and Berkshire as a country physician, was well versed in Latin and Greek and all the classical English poets, whom he loved and often echoed in rhymes of his own. He seldom returned from one of his journeys without a book by some new poet, Henry Kirke White, perhaps, or Southey or Wordsworth, to share the shelves with Cowper, Blair, and Burns, and he cared enough about music too not only to play a violin but to fashion a bass viol with his own hands. He had been for a while a surgeon on a merchant vessel that carried him once as far as the Cape of Good Hope, and during two years that he passed in Mauritius he learned to read and speak French and followed the footsteps of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.

The atmosphere of the Cummington farmhouse where Bryant spent his childhood — surrounded by the craggy hills of the Hampshire country, with its narrow, circuitous valleys and rushing streams — was all compact of the hardy culture of the old New England settlers, while the morning spirit of the young republic dwelt there. The words of the patriot fathers, so many of whom were still alive, filled the air that was breathed in church and schoolhouse, together with the Biblical precepts of the Puritan teaching, so that Bryant shared from his earliest years the fervent faith of the Revolution and remained, as if by instinct, politically-minded. Politics in later years all but engulfed his life as a poet, while he sang the cause of the revolutionists in South America, Poland, and Greece, when the children of Leonidas rose against the Moslems.

Every herald of freedom appealed to Bryant, who was born with the ardors of '76 in his blood, whether the Green Mountain Boys or Francis Marion or William Tell or Bolivar, Mazzini, Louis Kossuth, or O'Connell. At the same time he shared the passion for learning that often prevailed on the loneliest New England farms. Working in the fields, hoeing, planting, haying, and reaping, between apple-parings, house-raisings, and husking-bees, he studied Latin with one of his uncles and Greek with another minister, whose fee was a dollar a week for instruction and board. At the end of two or three months he was dreaming in Greek, and the versions he made of

some of the poets, Anacreon, Bion, Simonides, were remembered for years at Williams College. Too poor to remain for long there, he kept up his study of languages, German, Spanish, Provençal, Portuguese, which he learned at intervals during his life, translating poems from these and others that appeared with his own collected work. For he was writing continuously at home and in college, and he was only seventeen when he composed "Thanatopsis," the lines that opened an epoch in American verse.

Bryant had not yet read Wordsworth when he conceived this "view of death," suggested by the autumnal decay of nature, so youthful in its melancholy, so noble in its feeling, so typically an expression of the moment and the place. For its eighteenth-century rhetoric, recalling the somber Young and Blair, and its half-Calvinistic, half-stoical obsession with death reflected the older New England mind¹² as its evocations of earth and forest, the rock-ribbed hills, the rivers, the meadows, and the sea revealed an American feeling of the present and the future. As a versified oration, this poem was the diploma-piece of a day when every boy was taught to declaim, while it possessed a sincerity and majesty that poetry in America had never embodied before. It was this note of sincerity, so marked in Bryant from the first, that carried the day for him later, when his diction seemed so often faded and threadbare, an element of character that somehow triumphed over the flaws which resulted from his indubitable coldness of temper.

It was enough, meanwhile, for Americans that Bryant had really discovered his country and freed it from the "faded fancies of an elder world," and first of all in the selfsame region where Emily Dickinson later also awoke to the wonder of the flowers and the birds. Like this other and greater New England poet, Bryant was a botanist who had studied Linnaeus as closely as the Bible and Homer, and the delicate descriptive touches in his flower pieces were drawn from exact observation and definite knowledge. They had an authenticity that set them altogether apart from the vague generalities of ordinary nature-poems, and Americans recognized this at once, for everyone knew the countryside, and Linnaeus himself was almost a popular author. Bryant belonged to the world and the moment of time that produced the drawings and writings of Audubon and Wilson. Then, while virtually all the earlier poets had clung to conventional imagery, his images were often fresh and clear, and one heard in his poems the sounds of the woods, the hum of the bee and the chirp of the wren, as one scented the stream of odors flowing by. One listened to the bobolink, which had never appeared in verse before, the sound of dropping nuts on withered leaves, the ruffed grouse drumming in the woods, the call of the crow in the treetops, the plash of the brook as it fell through the elder glen. One saw the squirrel's raised paws, the snowbird on the beechen bough, the chipping sparrow in his coat of brown, the hawk that

¹² "The main business of life is to prepare for death." — Letter of Mrs. Jedidiah Morse to her son Samuel F. B. Morse, 1805. As Emerson often pointed out, this was the ruling sentiment of the New England of his childhood.

hovered overhead, the maples where the wood thrush sang, the clover field, the shadbush white with flowers. It somehow seemed miraculous that anyone could have caught so well the sights and the voices and the perfumes of the rural scene, the bowers of fragrant sassafras, the frail wood plants, the wastes of snow, the prodigal beauty of the flowers at the return of spring.

Then, for Bryant, on his lonely walks, the woods abounded in Indian legends, and he liked to weave these into his poems as well — the story of the Indian maiden, for instance, that lingered round Monument Mountain, the lament of the brave at the burial place of his fathers. In the forest solitudes, scarcely broken as yet by man, he thought of the flowing of time and the flight of the ages, and he pictured with his mind's eye the history of the wilderness and the days when the lodges of the Indians peopled the streams. He saw the coming of the white man, swinging his axe, the buckwheat sweetening the wind on its broad white acres, the cottage rising by the pond, the reapers in the field, the children laughing where once the redmen hunted. These fancies were blended in Bryant's mind with a deep ancestral piety and a calm religious faith in human progress. Bryant and Fenimore Cooper were closely related in many ways, and the "Forest Hymn," for instance, — "The groves were God's first temples," — might almost have been uttered by Natty Bumppo. Like Bryant, the Pathfinder felt God most on a calm and solemn day in the forest where all was fresh and beautiful as it came from his hand, and even his words recalled the lines of Bryant, "The woods are the true temple, for there the thoughts are free to mount higher even than the clouds."

23

BRYANT had found himself as a poet before he arrived in New York, and his note never changed in later years. Moreover, his work was accepted at once, like the novels of Cooper and *Rip Van Winkle*, that earlier forest tale. Its freshness, its veracity, its rendering of a world of nature that had never before appeared in moving verse — all this gave Bryant an immediate place that others had to struggle for, and raised him for a decade or two above all rivals. That his poems were often tame and bald, that his verse-forms were of the simplest kind, that his reflections were frequently flat and trite, was less important at the time than that his work as a whole was elevated, new, sincere, and touching. With all his diffuseness and lack of intensity, there was something noble in his air that lifted him over the heads of common poets, and in the minds of remote generations and by virtue of some of his poems, Bryant remained the bard of the early republic. There was a touch of the seer in him and something heroic and hardy that sang in "A Forest Hymn," "The Sowers," and "The Tides," and especially "To a Waterfowl," the most intense of all his poems, in which for a moment he entered the realm of magic.

If Bryant had settled in Boston, where he published his first work, his life as a poet might have been ampler and

richer, for he would have gained much, no doubt, from the intellectual ferment in Boston at a time when politics absorbed him wholly in New York. There he was engaged for a while on a literary magazine before he joined William Coleman on the *Evening Post*, reviewing books, translating and lecturing on poetry, spending his afternoons in solitary walks. He explored the city for historical remains that most of the New Yorkers had quite forgotten: the house overlooking the Battery that had once been Wolfe's headquarters, the little chapel in John Street where Whitefield preached in former days. In Pine Street there was the small dark room where Charles Brockden Brown had framed some of his gloomy and interesting fictions, and there was the garret in William Street where Billaud-Varennes once lived obscurely, he who had swayed the mob of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

In Broadway stood the shop of the barber Huggins, whose fame as a wit had spread from Georgia to Maine when, having shaved Tom Moore and Joel Barlow, he began to write squibs and satires to emulate them. His epigrams on Jefferson, Randolph, and others had long been the joy of the Federalists in the *Evening Post*, and all the wits and fashionables had thronged his shop in order to be able to say they had been barbered by Huggins. The jokes and lampoons of all the wags had been stuck on this Pasquin of New York, and they had even been collected in a volume of *Hugginsiana*, with woodcuts by Alexander Anderson and designs by Jarvis. As for John Jay's hewn-stone dwelling, it was now a Broadway boarding-house, while the great mansion of Aaron Burr was lost in a maze of dingy streets. Richmond Hill had been dug away beneath it, and the house had been let down when the hill was leveled: it had lost its view over the Hudson and the Lispenard meadows, but there it stood in Varick Street, with its lofty portico and pilasters, recalling the days when John Adams had lived in this mansion.

On Broadway, Aaron Burr was still a well-known figure, usually walking along with his eyes on the ground or glancing under his eyelids at an approaching acquaintance to see whether or not he meant to cut him; and one met the Pomeranian alchemist, too, the plump quick-striding Lichenstein in his Dutch black broadcloth, who had managed the finances of Prince Potemkin. Lichenstein lived in a little house in Wall Street, — already a resort of banks and bankers, — and, as a foretaste of the future of the street, he had built in the cellar a furnace for making gold. As for Aaron Burr, friendless save for the Cyprian nymphs, distrusted and discredited in every circle, he was as lively and witty as ever when he found a sympathetic ear for his memories of "my friend Hamilton, whom I shot."¹³ No one could deny that Burr was a good sportsman, who never complained of his losses or his bad luck. His enjoyment of life was infectious, moreover, and one could understand why Jeremy Bentham and Godwin had loved him in England when he fled abroad to further his Mexican plot. A courtier himself, he had been

¹³ "If I had read Sterne more and Voltaire less, I should have known that the world was wide enough for Hamilton and me." — Aaron Burr.

a success at three or four courts, and he had seen something of Wieland and Goethe and much of David and Volney in Paris, where he had to borrow from Vanderlyn, whom he had befriended.¹⁴ He had been shunned by his fellow Americans, and Napoleon gave orders to have him watched, but he was received in the highest society in Sweden and Germany as well as in England, and he had studied Spanish and Swedish and even Swedish law, for he constantly worked his wits to keep them bright. In order to pay for his passage home he had had to sell the trinkets and ribbons that he had bought for Theodosia, and yet he brought with him several trunkfuls of books. One of these, and not the dullest, was the journal — as frank as Rousseau's *Confessions* — which he wrote for the amusement of his daughter.

Bryant often passed Burr, and he found one New Yorker, at least, who shared his taste for historical memories. Later Gulian Verplanck collaborated with him in writing the *Reminiscences of New York*. Meanwhile, every afternoon, Bryant escaped from the city, where his country muse wilted in the heat and the glare, seeking refuge among the groves that lined the quiet Hudson and the rocks and forested bays above Canal Street. He liked to linger about the spot, just north of Barclay Street, where Jonathan Edwards walked on the pebbly shore, when for a while he was pastor of the church in Wall Street; or he explored the Weehawken dells or took the ferry over to Brooklyn, strolling through winding lanes past old Dutch farms. Years later he sometimes joined Walt Whitman there, when this young man was editing the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Bryant avoided the so-called respectables. He liked stage-drivers, woodsmen, and farmers and he and Whitman shared a taste for odd and humble people.

These afternoons left many traces in the poems that he continued to write, although he turned more and more to the writing of prose, especially after William Coleman, Hamilton's old editor, died, and he became the editor of the *Evening Post*. This was in 1829, and for nearly fifty years Bryant remained in this position, promoting reforms and free discussion and the intellectual life of New York in a way that was wholly new in journalism. He had begun at Great Barrington the study of economics that was to make him an eminent political writer — he had read Ricardo and Adam Smith and become an outspoken free-trader, when the manufacturers clamored for a protective tariff, and he had taken a stand, moreover, against the Missouri Compromise and broken with his Federalist connections and the rising Whigs. In short, before he came to New York he was predisposed to the Jacksonism for which he was famous later on the *Evening Post*, as Cooper and Washington Irving, too, who had both grown up in Federalist circles, shared Jackson's popular sympathies against the Whigs. Bryant remained a persistent foe of all financial and class legislation, and he was ostracized for years as a democrat and leveler. All this might well have made him a theme for other

poets, for Bryant was a great citizen and a lover of his country. The only pity was that this career should have proved so unpropitious for the poet in himself.

24

IN 1826 Washington Irving set out for his visit to Spain, and Cooper too stopped in England during this same year, the first of seven that he was to spend abroad. Irving's Spanish journey was a sort of second birth for him, depressed and more or less idle as he was in Paris, turning into a hack-writer, with no compelling themes in mind, and tired of wandering aimlessly from country to country. As a boy he had delighted in stories of Spain and the Moors, and recently he had been studying Spanish in Paris, and he was deep in Calderón and racing through histories of Spain when he received an appointment at the legation. A book on Columbus had appeared, the great work of Navarrete, assembling a mass of documents about the explorer, and the American minister, who knew it would interest the public at home, begged Irving to come and make a translation of it.

Thus began a stable, calm, productive time for him that led to a whole cycle of new books. He lived in Madrid with Obadiah Rich, the Massachusetts bibliophile and consul, who owned the largest existing collection of works on Hispano-America and whose house brimmed over with manuscripts and the rarest books. With letters of Cortes and unpublished plays of Lope de Vega, this house was all but unique, even in Spain, and Irving, who was a bookman born and always loved to rummage in libraries, turning over worm-eaten papers, was at home there at once. Near-by was the Jesuit College of San Isidro, where he passed many of his mornings, exploring the galleries, lined with books that were bound in parchment, dealing with the days of the Moors in Spain. Even the writing of history was not new to Irving, and his *Knickerbocker*, burlesque as it was, had shown his erudition, while serving as a cause of historical writing in others; for this work in its way had provided the Hudson with a past, and it stirred actual historians to undertake the task of editing the archives of the province. But now, with all his forces focused, he was attempting the real thing, and his gifts as a story-teller were brought into play; for he found that the work of Navarrete was rather a budget of materials than a life of Columbus and he set it aside to write a life of his own. He wove together the various chronicles, enlivening those that were dull, while he softened the extravagances of others, reducing the whole composition to a unity of tone. The book, with its admirable structure, was a triumph of literary art, a masterpiece of narrative style and color.

He had fallen completely under the spell of the literature of old Spain, the luxuriance and vigor of its chronicles, romances, and plays, abounding in generous sentiments and Oriental flavor; and before he finished his life of Columbus he was at work on another book, sometimes writing from dawn till dusk or midnight. This was *The Conquest of Granada*, a lively and skillful repro-

¹⁴ "Have left in cash two half-pence, which is much better than one penny, because they jingle, and thus one may refresh oneself with the music."

duction of the style of the medieval story-tellers, in which he introduced an imaginary chronicler in order to heighten the illusion. The pious and garrulous monk, Fray Antonio Agapida, related the tale with his own ejaculations and comments, quickening what might have been a far too monotonous series of battles, sieges, ambushes, and marches.

Later, in *The Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*, Irving returned to the first of his Spanish themes, recounting the adventures of the admiral's disciples who in various ways fulfilled his intentions and hopes. Among these were Balboa and Ponce de Leon, who were stirred by the zeal of Columbus and set out to conclude the enterprise he had begun. While Irving's own imagination never rose to great intensity, it played with zest over the thoughts of his heroes, in the most ferociously cruel of whom he always found redeeming traits, for they were full of daring, resolution, and pluck. They were, moreover, one and all, devoted to a cause that was greater than the advancement of their own fortunes, while they climbed magical mountains and sailed fabulous seas in quest of golden temples and fountains of youth. They were seeking the most splendid prizes that had ever dazzled the mind of man, beside which the dreams of the alchemists were paltry; and Irving re-created this vision of the Western Hemisphere as it hung before the eyes of the conquistadors.

25

BETWEENWHILES, he visited many parts of Spain, traveling sometimes alone, sometimes with friends, among them Wilkie, the Scottish painter, whom the publisher Murray commissioned to paint a portrait of Irving for a frontispiece. With Wilkie he set out for Seville, which still seemed Oriental, and they searched obscure churches and convents for wonderful bits of Spanish art of the unappreciated masters earlier than Murillo. Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, the American naval officer, had appeared before this in Madrid, collecting the impressions he published in *A Year in Spain*, and he and Irving were intimate friends already.

Mackenzie too had long loved everything Spanish. As a boy, shut up with other sailors, leading a monastic life, he had read *Gonzalve de Cordone* over and over, — Florian's old French romance of the conquest of Granada, — abandoning his fancy to its pictures of romantic love and the Vega, the silver Genil, and the golden Daro. He dreamed of knights and lady-loves, musing at the masthead, with nothing before his eyes but the dreary sea, and he had always longed for a glimpse of Granada, the last refuge of the Saracen greatness in Spain. He knew Cervantes by heart, and *Gil Blas* too. He had spent a year in France before he began his Spanish tour, and had smuggled over the border some books of Voltaire, including the forbidden *Henriade*, and, living for a few months in Madrid, in the Puerta del Sol, he observed the splendid pageantry and the misery of Spain.

A threadbare Cordovan gentleman, jaunty under his pea-green frock, gave Mackenzie lessons in Castilian,

while flocks of sheep and droves of swine and mules laden with charcoal or straw passed all day through the square. The costumes of all the provinces were visible from his windows. In order to keep the cold wind out, he rolled himself up in a cloak till he looked like John Gilpin or one of the black-robed brigands whom he met on the road, for his own coach was robbed and the driver was murdered, an everyday experience in those years in Spain. The country was torn with revolutions and counter-revolutions, and in 1826 the diligence was robbed ten times between Madrid and Barcelona. Sometimes on donkey-back, Mackenzie traveled all over the country, and his book was so constantly entertaining that it would not have been forgotten if so many writers of genius had not visited Spain.¹⁵ Before he left Madrid, he read Irving's manuscript, especially the parts that dealt with the route of Columbus, and he gave Irving some nautical information.

Then Irving rode off to Granada on horseback with another friend he had made in Madrid, the youthful Russian attaché, Prince Dolgourouki. He visited Andalusia and the Moorish ruins there, fortresses, castles, and towns, stopping at inns that recalled the days of Don Quixote, where one had to supply one's own provisions and spread one's own mattress on the floor; and he traveled through lonely defiles of a chaos of mountains where bandits and contrabandistas roamed at large. At Palos, the port where Columbus embarked, a wretched hamlet on a beach, he found the descendants of the Pinzons, and he settled down for work near Cadiz, at Puerto de Santa Maria. There, in an old country-house, with olive groves and ancient walls, he finished *The Conquest of Granada*, writing on a balcony that overlooked the plain where Roderick the Goth met defeat. This was a foretaste of the enchanted summer that Irving passed in the Alhambra in the following year, when all Granada was buried in a wilderness of roses, among which the nightingales sang even by day.

He felt, as he looked back on this dreamy sojourn, as if he had lived in the midst of an Arabian tale; and, what with the perfume of the flowers and the murmur of the fountains, the softness of the air, the serenity, the silence, he could scarcely work at first in the ruined old palace. The Alhambra had not yet undergone any restoration, and the roses and the weeds grew wild on the terraces and gates, while the fires of beggars smoked the Moorish arches and criminals hid in the grottoes and in holes of the walls.

A ragged brood of peasants and invalid soldiers inhabited the corridors and courts, and whenever a tower fell into decay it was seized upon by tatterdemalions who became joint tenants there with the owls and the bats. They hung their rags in the gilded halls and out of

¹⁵ This book was so good indeed that one can understand Irving's own excitement as he reread it.

"One of his favourite books, during his long [last] illness, was [Mackenzie's] *Year in Spain*. He read it again and again. Its graphic pictures seemed to carry him back to pleasant scenes, and out of himself. When reading to him, as we did constantly, to produce sleep, we always avoided it, as we found it excited his imagination, and roused rather than soothed him." — Pierre M. Irving, *Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, IV, 312.

the windows and loopholes, while gypsies strayed in from caverns of the neighboring hills, and foxes and wildcats roamed about at night, mingling their cries with the shouts of the maniac in one of the chambers below. Water-carriers swarmed about the cisterns, and at the Moorish well inside the palace a kind of perpetual club was kept up all day. There old women, vagrants, and curious do-nothing folk sat on the stone benches and dawdled and gossiped, while loitering housewives listened to the endless tattle. Idle maidservants with pitchers on their heads questioned new arrivals for news of the town.

There was one little old woman who lived in a closet under a staircase and who sat in the cool corridor plying her needle, singing from morning till night. She had as many tales as Scheherazade, and she made every hall and tower and vault the scene of some marvelous tradition. She might have been truly an Oriental, like the other wool-gathering wits of the desolate fortress, all of whom shared her passion for story-telling: they listened with insatiable delight to miraculous legends of saints, perilous adventures of travelers, and exploits of robbers. Many of their stories of the Alhambra dealt with buried Moorish treasures and ghosts of Moors in towers and caves where gold was supposed to be hidden; and Irving heard many a tale of talismans, charms, and magic spells and jewels guarded by monsters and fiery dragons. Sometimes it was a henchman of Boabdil, in armor, sword in hand, who maintained a sleepless watch for ages. These tales were marked by a mixture of the Arabic and the Gothic, and they were improvisations, occasionally in verse. One evening a young girl in an Andalusian dress appeared with a guitar in the Court of Lions. She poured forth couplets and, excited by her theme, extemporized wonderful descriptions of events of the past.

Sometimes Irving dined there, under the arcades, when the fountains cooled the air, amid the fragrance of flowers. The rills ran along the channels in the marble pavement. Sometimes his meals were served in one of the Moorish halls. For a while, at the governor's invitation, he occupied a royal apartment; then he moved into rooms that opened on one of the courtyards. From the balcony he looked across to the stern mountains above Granada, where he watched the shepherds driving their flocks on the slopes. The muleteers urged their animals along the mountain roads, while the convent bells rang over the valley. On moonlight nights he sat for hours inhaling the sweetness of the garden, musing on the gay chivalry of Moorish Granada, or he explored the ruined towers,

stealing from chamber to chamber, much to the alarm of the family who cared for his wants.

He even made discoveries in the Alhambra. He had found in some old chronicle the story of the door through which Boabdil had finally left the palace, asking that it might never be used again. The door had been bricked up and long forgotten, and Irving, searching the walls, traced it out. Sometimes, with an assiduous guide, he left the palace for a walk to one of the romantic retreats in the valley or the mountains, but he passed the greater part of his days reading and writing in one of the courts, assembling the tales that later appeared in his book. He put them together from scraps and hints that he had picked up in the palace, or perhaps in Rich's library months before, or elsewhere in the course of his perambulations. He mingled history and fiction together, gathering the scattered members of popular traditions and skillfully working them into shape and form.

Then he set out in a covered cart, drawn by a mule, on his way to London, for he had received an appointment at the legation there. He carried with him a trunkful of manuscripts, miscellaneous notes and fragments for other books on Spain to be written later, among them plans for a series of writings on the Arab domination, to be introduced by a life of Mahomet. This latter, after several revisions, was ultimately published, together with another collection of legends of Spain; but even *The Alhambra* did not appear in print until after his return to America in 1832. In the absence of the American minister, Irving was chargé d'affaires in London, where the new minister to Russia, John Randolph, appeared, insisting on being presented at court in black small-clothes and white stockings, with silver knee-buckles and a sword. People stared at this Virginian who did not know that times had changed and who flaunted his antiquated costume, — for he was still living in the days of the Peace of Ghent, — though his old-school manner and turn of thought charmed others who met him in England, eager as they were for anything original and odd. Presently, Martin Van Buren turned up, as minister to England, the tavern-keeper's son from Kinderhook who had risen with the fortunes of Andrew Jackson, and, setting out on a tour with Irving for a taste of country life, he shared in the festivities of an English Christmas. At the Red Horse Inn at Stratford, the landlady was much excited when the author of *The Sketch Book* appeared again. She showed him the room he had slept in before, where his portrait now hung on the wall; and he found his name engraved on Geoffrey Crayon's scepter, the poker he had used to stir the fire.

(To be continued)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR